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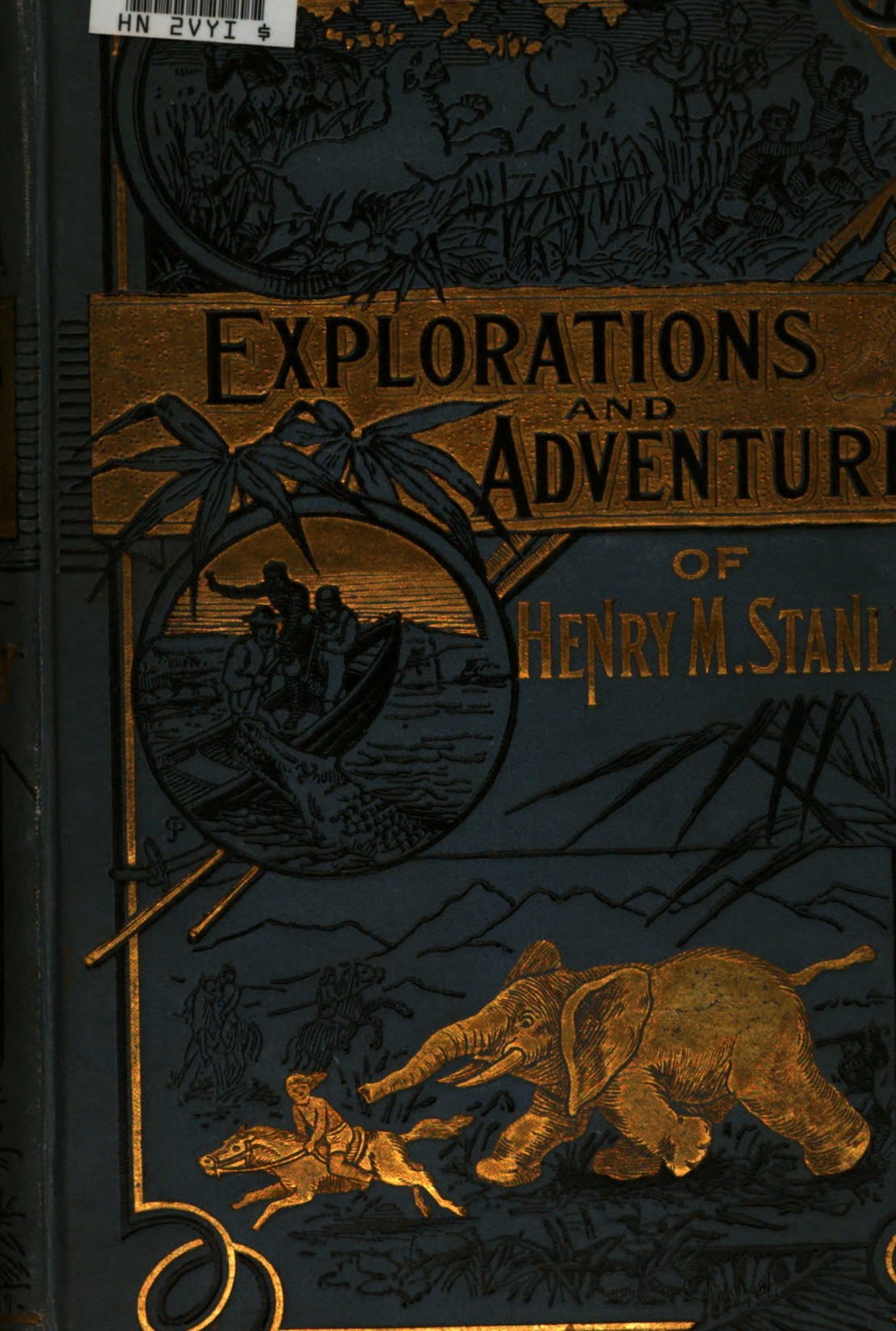

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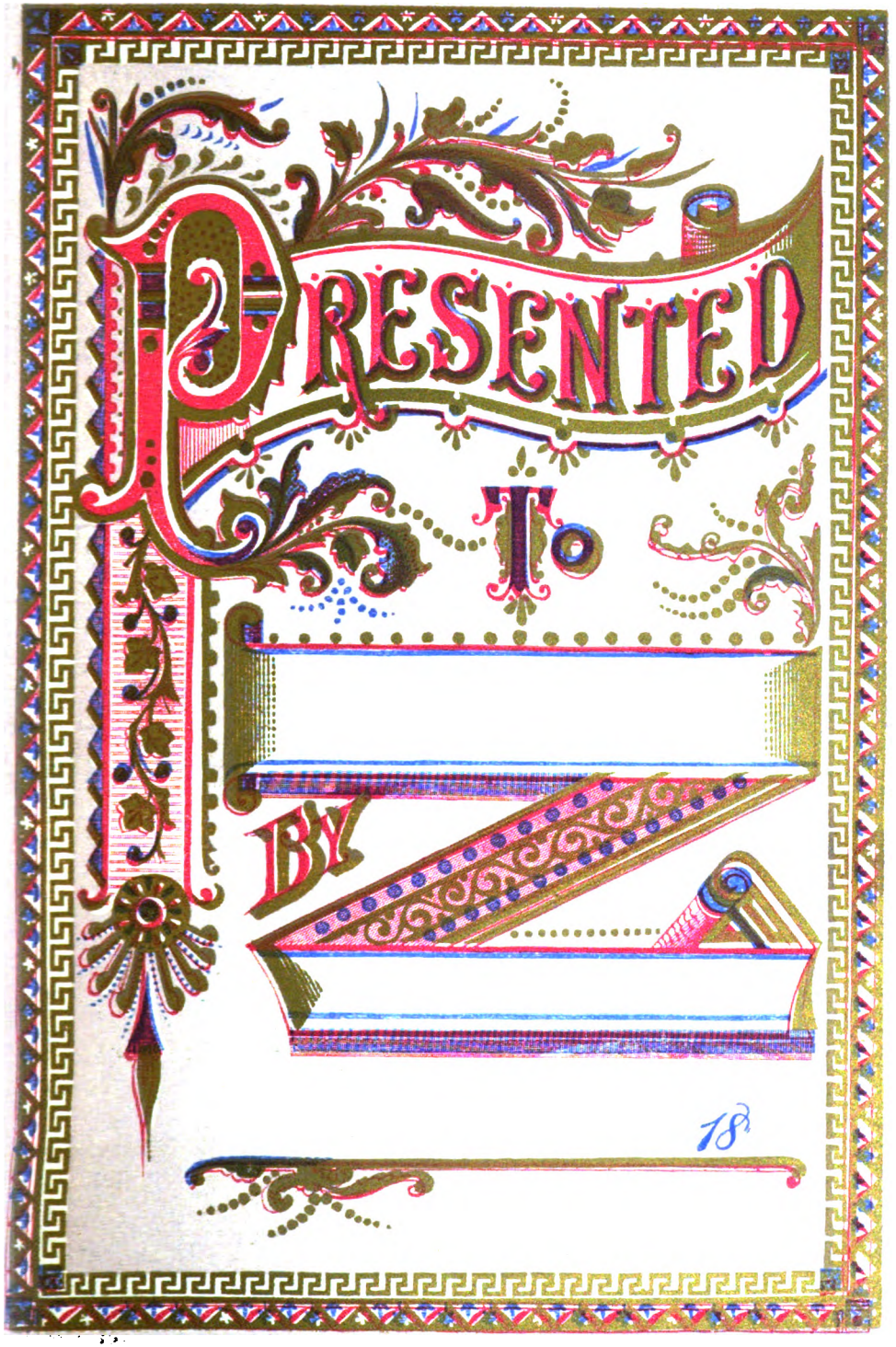

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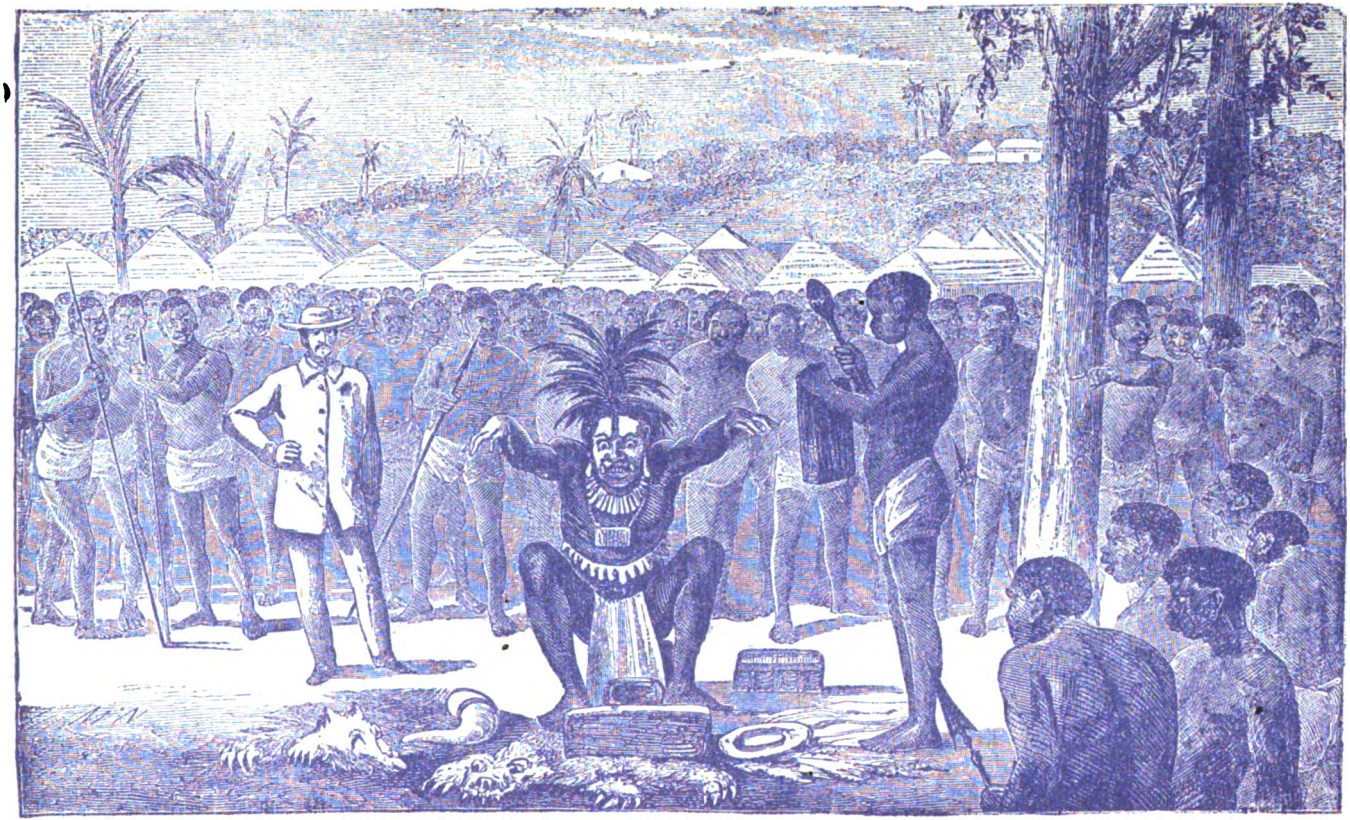

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WONDERS OF THE TROPICS

OR

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THE WHOLE COMPRISING A

Vast Treasury of all that is Marvelous and Wonderful IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

By HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP, D. D.,
Author of "Earth, Sea, and Sky," etc., etc.

Embellished with more than 200 Striking Illustrations.

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PREFACE.

The wonderful discoveries and thrilling adventures of the world's greatest explorer, Henry M. Stanley, are related in this new work. It is a record of the most daring achievements and heroic deeds of modern times, describing the long and perilous journeys, the terrible sufferings, the brilliant conflicts with ferocious men and beasts, the grand discoveries, which have awakened intense interest and aroused the enthusiastic admiration of all civilized nations.

The work depicts the brave struggles and hard-earned successes of Stanley's early life, from the poor boy, dependent on charity, to the sturdy young soldier, carrying the knapsack and rifle. He becomes a correspondent of one of our great daily journals, is suddenly despatched to Africa to find the famous explorer, Livingstone, and enters upon his marvelous career.

Stanley's first great journey in the Dark Continent is vividly described. The reader follows the mighty explorer, becomes a sharer of his hardships and perils, and journeys with him through a land wonderful for the richness and variety of its recources, the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, the abundance of its animal life, and the remarkable traits and customs of its savage races.

Before the onward march of the famous explorer, a path opens through the thickest jungle; broad rivers shrink to rivulets; the rugged pass becomes a smooth highway; wild animals flee in dismay; the American axe hews down sturdy forests; the frail canoe descends foaming rapids and crosses inland seas; the Dark Continent gives up the secrets that have baffled the world for thousands of years.

The reader shares the thrill of excitement, joy and triumph, as Stanley after the most heroic struggle, finds Livingstone and grasps his hand!

Stanley's next expedition, from Zanzibar right across the continent to the Congo, is so full of perilous adventure, so remarkable for pluck and resolution, that it stands out boldly as the greatest achievement of our times. He vanishes from the sight of the civilized world. Weeks and months pass, and no intelligence comes from the intrepid explorer. Curiosity as to his fate becomes anxiety, and the anxiety grows into terrible suspense. Seasons roll their rounds and still no news from Stanley!

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After untold privations, daring deeds and amazing triumphs, Stanley emerges from the wilds of the Dark Continent amidst the acclamations of both hemispheres. The nineteenth century records no triumph more sublime than that of crossing, from sea to sea, this wild country, which had hitherto baffled all attempts to explore its silent mysteries. But the dazzling achievements of our great hero were not completed. Emin Pasha was located somewhere in the tropical wilderness, and struggling to hold the country of which he was ruler. Again Stanley hastened to the rescue; again he was lost in the wilds of Africa; again the interest of the world was awakened concerning his fate; and in this last great triumph he has put the climax upon all his previous explorations and victories, having crossed the Dark Continent again, this time from west to east.

This work also gives a full and thrilling account of the marvelous discoveries of other world-renowned travelers in the Tropics. The reader is made a fellow-explorer with the immortal Livingstone, who traversed boundless regions where the foot of civilized man had never trod; with Sir Samuel Baker, Speke and Grant, whose daring expeditions in Central Africa place them in the front rank of modern heroes; with Du Chaillu, Cameron, Andersson, Baldwin and others, whose undaunted bravery in the face of danger, and victories over bloodthirsty savages and wild beasts, have a resistless fascination.

A brilliant panorama of tropical wonders passes before the reader's gaze. He traverses vast and fertile plains, luxuriant valleys and desert wastes. He sees savage tribes in their curious costumes; their strange marriage customs; their ludicrous superstitions; their reckless deeds of violence; their monstrous social and religious rites, involving the frightful sacrifice of human life. He witnesses grotesque war-dances; singular freaks of medicine men and rain makers; and strange antics of wizards. He beholds the majestic lion, the gigantic hippopotamus and fierce crocodile, monkey tribes, gorillas and venomous boa-constrictors, the fleet-footed ostrich, giraffe and zebra, the huge rhinoceros and bounding gazelle, and the ponderous elephant jarring the earth with his heavy tread. He witnesses the adventures of the chase, and deeds of daring surpassing the most startling tales of romance. He is captivated with tropical birds, arrayed in plumage of unrivalled beauty, and with brilliant forms of insect life, wonderful as the gigantic beasts of the plain and jungle.

Stanley's recent expedition for the relief of the world-renowned Emin Pasha fixes upon him the gaze of all civilized peoples. The latest adventures and discoveries are fully narrated in this work.

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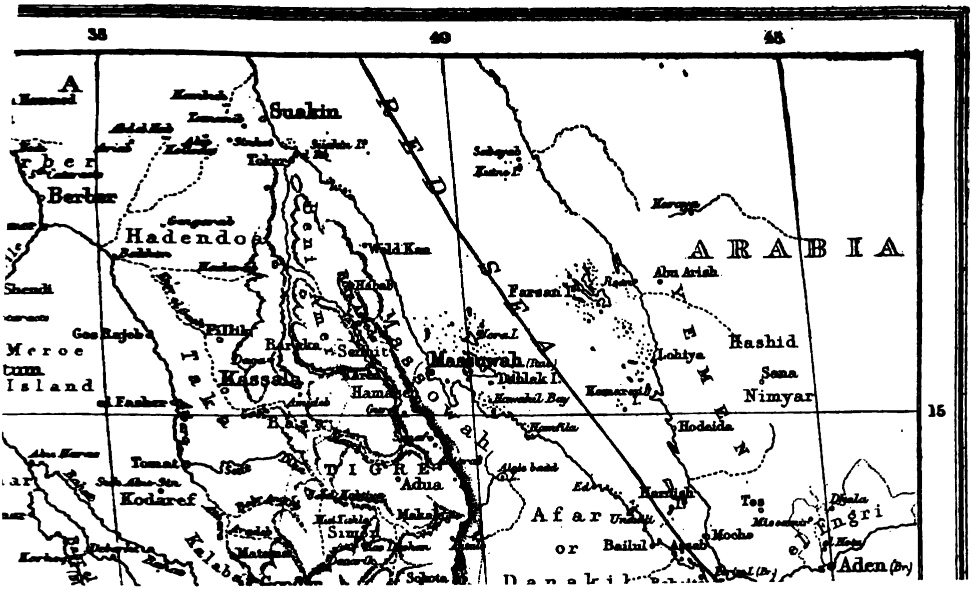

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WONDERS OF THE TROPICS

OR

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES

OF

HENRY M. STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

STANLEY'S EARLY LIFE.

A Remarkable Man—Solving the Mysteries of the Dark Continent—Stanley's Birth in Wales—Sent in Early Life to the Almshouse at St. Asaph—A Teacher in Flintshire—Struggling to Obtain Means for an Education—The Restless Spirit Showing itself—Seeking the New World—A Cabin Boy, Bound from Liverpool to New Orleans—The Welsh Boy Adopted by Stanley of New Orleans—Honesty and Capacity of the Boy—Death of Stanley's Benefactor—No Property Falls to the Adopted Son—Stanley in California—A Free and Happy Life Among Bold Adventurers—The School of Human Nature—Power of Endurance and Readiness for Daring Enterprises—Carrying the Knapsack and Rifle—A Soldier in the Confederate Army—Captured by Union Forces—Becomes Connected with the New York Herald—Off for the Battle-field in Turkey—Robbed by Brigands—Stanley Returns to England—The Children's Dinner at the Poorhouse—Sent by James Gordon Bennett with the British Abyssinian Expedition—Stanley's Messages First to Reach London—Livingstone Lost in Africa—Remarkable Midnight Interview with Mr. Bennett—"Find Livingstone at any Cost."

THE world is filled with the fame of Henry M. Stanley. What Cicero was in eloquence, what Newton was in science, what Gladstone is in statesmanship, this Stanley is in exploration and adventure. For bold enterprise, for daring achievement, for unconquerable perseverance, for singular command of men, for intrepid bravery in the face of danger, he stands unrivalled among the heroes of modern times; and this is saying much considering that modern history boasts of such names as Livingstone, Baker, Emin Bey, Cameron and Speke in Tropical discoveries, and Franklin, Kane and Greeley in Arctic voyages and perils.

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To this man the eyes of the world are drawn; the Dark Continent has yielded to him its mysteries, and when it shall be changed by the onward march of civilization, the eulogies pronounced upon him will be even more eloquent, and a large share of the credit of redeeming the uncivilized wastes of Africa will be freely accorded to him.

Like many men who have distinguished themselves in every field of enterprise and discovery, Stanley came from very humble life, and by force of native genius, resolute will and self-sacrificing devotion to his work, has gained the foremost rank among the noble band of explorers whose thrilling achievements have an interest surpassing that of the most marvelous tales of fiction.

Henry M. Stanley, although an American by residence and education, was born at Denbigh, in Wales, in 1840. The names of his parents were Rowland. They belonged to the very poor, yet, like many of the peasantry in old countries, they possessed some sterling qualities of mind and heart and character. These have been reproduced in their son, who has risen far above the surroundings of his childhood, and has become celebrated by achievements which never could have been predicted from the circumstances of his early life. As it was not possible for him to be cared for and supported at home, at the early age of three years he was placed in the almshouse at St. Asaph. Here it was expected he would receive the care and training, both meagre indeed, which such an institution was able to furnish.

Seeking the New World.

Stanley remained at the almshouse until he was thirteen years old. It seems probable that there is just here a space of several years which is not accounted for, since the next we hear of him he was a teacher at Mold, in Flintshire, endeavoring by this occupation to provide himself with the means of taking a thorough course of study and completing his education. ' It appears, however, that he remained at Mold only one year. By this time the restless spirit of the youth had begun to show itself and he gave signs that his life would be one of adventure. Having shipped at Liverpool as a cabin-boy on a vessel that was bound for New Orleans, he thought he would try the New World and learn what fortune might await him there. His youthful mind had been awakened by glowing accounts of the open fields on this side of the Atlantic, and the larger opportunities which awaited industrious and enterprising young men.

Having arrived at New Orleans, he soon obtained employment with a merchant named Stanlev. This man was attracted by the frank, open-

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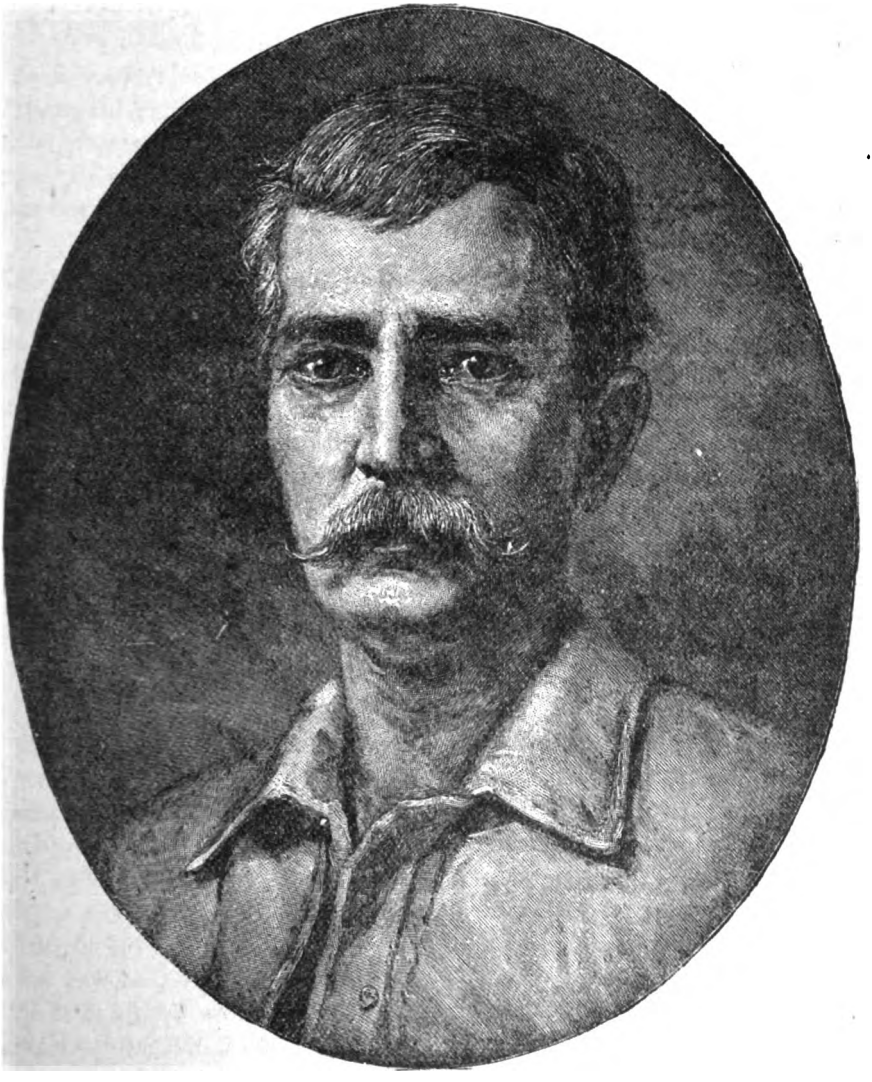
hearted manner of the boy, and not only received him into his family, but soon adopted him as his own. His friend and benefactor soon learned that his confidence had not been misplaced; that the impulsive Welsh



HENRY M. STANLEY, THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPLORER.

boy was capable of great things; that he was honest and competent; and although at that time no prediction could have been made of the wonderful career which lay before him, yet, even then, it could safely have been

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said that in some capacity or other he was likely to become distinguished above ordinary men.

Stanley's benefactor died intestate, or at least none of his property fell to his adopted son. By the sudden bereavement which had overtaken him, he was left alone in the world and brought face to face with the startling fact that he was to be the architect of his own fortune; that he was to find his surest helper in himself; that he could accomplish in life just what his own capacity and push and genius would enable him to bring to pass. In his case, as in that of others, it is interesting to trace the chain of circumstances which led him on to the great undertakings which have since startled the world.

Stanley in California.

He was seized with a strong desire to visit the Pacific coast. It is not worth while here to recount the adventures and hardships which he underwent in carrying out his cherished wish to acquaint himself with the western part of our country; the old saying that "where there is a will there is a way," was fully illustrated in this instance. For a time he roamed over different parts of California; gazed upon the romantic scenes which that country affords; made the acquaintance of miners as they sat around their camp-fires; listened to the tales of their exploits; wondered at the magnificent products of nature, the lofty trees of the Sierras and the sublime scenery of the Yosemite Valley, and became familiar with the character of the bold men who were attracted to this region by the fascinating tales which had been related of the discovery of gold.

During this time he was not only familiarizing himself with the natural scenes which had for him a strong fascination, but he was studying human nature, learning the ways of men, and, by his genial qualities and ready adaptation to circumstances, making friends wherever he went. Scarcely any school could have been better for him at this time. The hardy life that he led developed his physical strength and made him a man of nerve and iron. His power of endurance already showed itself. Few could travel farther or endure more fatigue than he. If any little enterprise was planned which required a brave spirit, Stanley was the young man who was found equal to the occasion. He was a brave, strong character; just the one to cross seas, climb mountains, wade rivers, endure hardships, explore continents.

Carrying the Knapsack and Rifle.

Returning from California, it was but natural that, as he had previously resided in the South, he should identify himself with the Confederate

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Army. To one like him there was something captivating about the life of a soldier; he was not in the habit of turning back from the face of danger. His life hitherto had prepared him for just those exploits which are connected with bold military achievements. And although his connection with the Confederate Army was brief, it was evident that he had the material in him for a good soldier; in fact, it was while carrying out one of his adventurous projects that he was captured by the Union troops and was made prisoner of war.

He was confined on board the iron-clad Ticonderoga, and here again his manly bearing and frank, genial manner won him friends. The commander of the vessel was willing to release him on condition that he should join the United States Navy. This he consented to do, although there was not much about the life of a sailor that attracted him. By this voluntary act he separated himself from the Confederate Army, and became an ally of the Federal forces. He remained, doing such service as was required of him, until the close of the war. Suddenly his occupation was gone, and again he seemed to be thrown upon the world. This fact had no discouragements for him; he took it as a matter of course. It was not in the nature of things that so bright and spirited a young man should long remain idle. Having had a taste of the excitement of military campaigns, he conceived the bold project of crossing the Atlantic, and, if opportunity offered, continuing his military career.

Off to the Battle-field.

There was trouble in Turkey at this time on account of the uprising of the Cretans, who, having borne their oppression until endurance ceased to be a virtue, resolved to throw off the yoke under which they had suffered. It was but natural that Stanley should feel sympathy for any tribe or nation struggling for independence, and at once he resolved to ally himself with the Cretans and take again the chances of war.

At this time he formed a connection which has influenced his career ever since, and which was the most important that he ever entered into. As he was going East, and would be an eye-witness of the stirring scenes transpiring in the Orient, he secured the position of correspondent for the *New York Herald*, and immediately, in company with two Americans, set sail for the Island of Crete. The old saying that "distance lends enchantment to the view" was fully illustrated in his case, for after he had arrived upon the ground and had become acquainted with the movement that was in progress for securing the independence of Crete, he became thoroughly disgusted with the leaders of the rebellion, and entirely changed his opinion as to the merits of the case. He recalled

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at once his resolve and determined that he would not identify himself with the malcontents whose cause, after he had investigated it, did not appeal to his sympathies.

Again he was a "free lance" and was at liberty to undertake any labor or occupation that presented itself. Fortunately he had received from New York full permission to go wherever he pleased. He could travel in any direction, gain a knowledge of what was transpiring in other countries, describe the active scenes that were taking place, and send his letters to the journal which was now employing him, with the certainty that they would be read with interest. Americans are quick in obtaining information from other parts of the world, and their eagerness for it is exhibited by the fact that so many of our enterprising journals have their correspondents in other countries. The education of our people peculiarly fits them for an active interest in whatever of importance is going on throughout the world.

Robbed by Brigands.

Stanley and his friends soon met with an adventure which shows the dangers through which they passed and the kind of people they encountered. A party of Turkish brigands made an attack upon them and robbed them of all their money and extra clothing. This is not an unusual occurrence in many parts of the East, where travellers run continuous risks and are constantly exposed to the marauding disposition of reckless robbers and brigands. At this time Mr. Morris was our United States Minister at Constantinople, and the case was presented to him; he immediately interested himself in behalf of Stanley and his friends and brought the matter to the attention of the Turkish officials. Mr. Morris was extremely helpful to his fellow Americans, and having loaned them whatever was needful, they continued their wanderings. It will be understood that during this time letters were forwarded to the *New York Herald*, containing graphic descriptions of eastern life and manners. Having accomplished what he desired in this direction, Stanley set his face toward England and once again arrived in the land of his birth, where the scenes of his early boyhood were laid.

It is one of the characteristics of a noble nature that it does not forget its early struggles and experiences. The remembrance of poverty has no pain for the man who has risen above it and made himself the master of circumstances. It is a tribute to Mr. Stanley's worth that he did not forget the old almshouse, where his early days were spent. One of the first things he did after arriving in England was to visit this very place, there recalling scenes through which he had passed years before.

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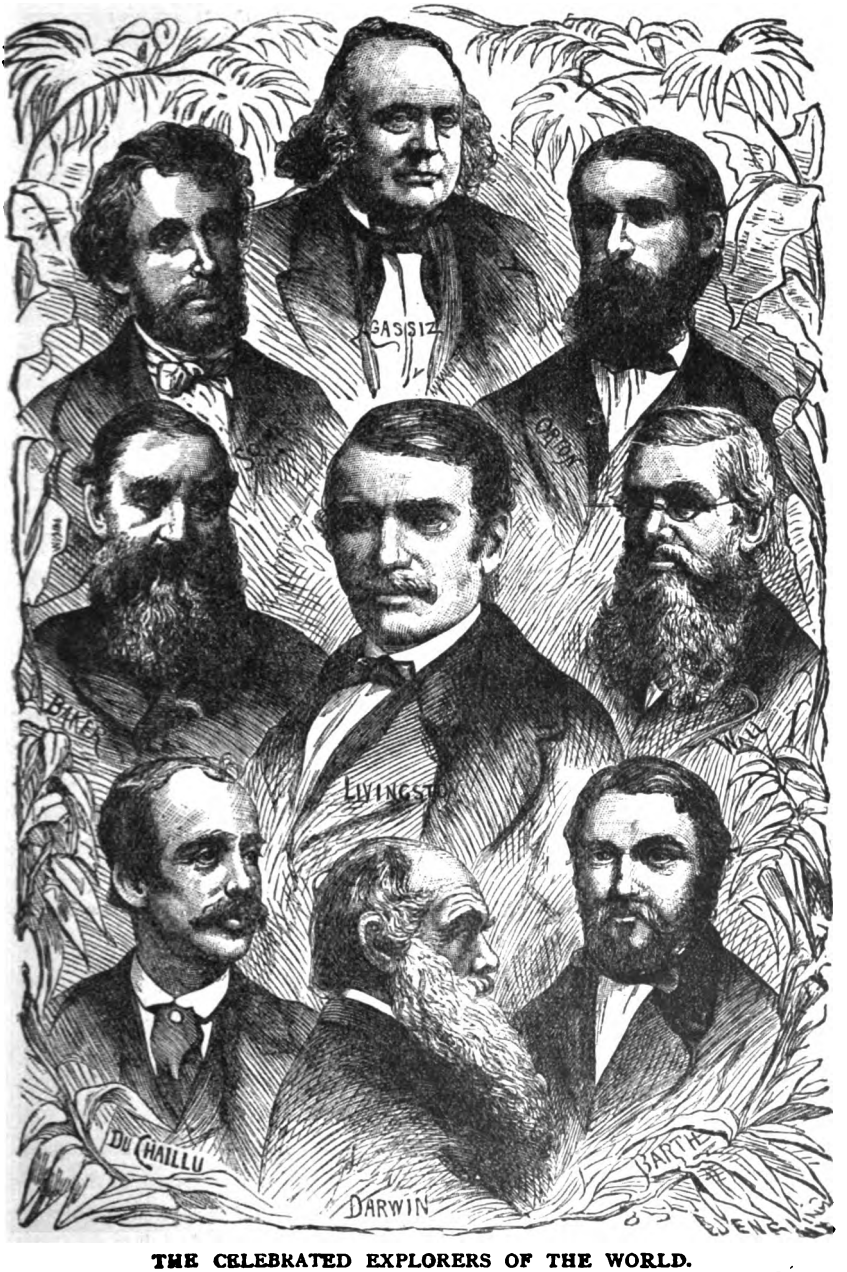

THE CELEBRATED EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD.

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All accounts agree that this visit was very interesting; it was so to the one who was making it and also to those who were receiving it. The children whom Stanley knew as inmates of this place had grown up and most of them had gone out into the world, but "the poor ye have always with you," and there were other little ones, with wan faces, whose sad life appealed to the heart of the great traveller.

Stanley resolved to give these little people a right good dinner, and we may be sure the intention was received with as much enthusiasm on the part of those who were to partake of the dinner as it was formed on the the part of the benefactor.

The Children's Dinner at the Poorhouse.

On this occasion Stanley appeared in his true light, the nature of the man showing itself. That nature is one of essential kindness, as has been shown through all his explorations, becoming severe and haughty only for effect and when such exhibition of sternness is absolutely required. Of course the little people at the poorhouse of St. Asaph were delighted; their efficiency in disposing of that dinner was both conspicuous and admirable, and after they had been fed and filled, there was another treat in store for them. They were to have a talk from the one who had made them so happy, and were to hear a brief account of some of his travels and wanderings. Stanley addressed them in plain, simple, child's language, showing at once his adaptation to all classes and conditions of people. The little folks were delighted to hear his stories; more than this, they received from him words of instruction and encouragement, which, if remembered and heeded, must have made them by this time strong men and women.

We next find Stanley back again in the United States. This was in the year 1867; he was then but little more than twenty-five years of age, but he had passed through more than most men do in a long lifetime; had already seen more of the world than many well-known travellers; had been in more dangers than many who have written strange tales of their adventures; and had obtained a general knowledge of the world at large, which is some considerable part of the capital of every well-furnished man. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, gave him a hearty reception, and with his shrewd eye saw at once the prize he had obtained and the kind of man with whom he had to deal.

About this time the King of Abyssinia, who was one of the subjects of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, became very restless, thought he was entitled to the management of his own affairs, and created such a dis-

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turbance and mutiny against the formidable powers of Britain that an expedition was sent out to straighten his tangled affairs and bring him into becoming submission. A spirit of adventure always gathers about such an expedition as this. Not only among the regular forces is there sometimes an eagerness for the new country and the excitement of the campaign, but there are always followers who have business of one kind or another, and who are captivated with the opportunities afforded to gratify their roving dispositions. The war correspondent may not always be of this description, but he must be a man of peculiar characteristics.

Graphic Description of Abyssinian Warfare.

It is scarcely necessary to say that as Abyssinia was the central point of interest at this time, Stanley received permission to accompany the English forces and give detailed accounts of their operations. His letters attracted wide attention and were read with eager interest. While not the letters of a highly educated man, they were the productions of one who was peculiarly fitted for his work, and who could seize upon just those points which were of interest to the general public, and who could express them in language at once graphic and plain, and could thus fascinate a wide circle of readers.

Stanley was not disheartened by any difficulties; in short, he was rather looking for some opportunity to perform achievements such as other men would not be likely to undertake, and such as would give him reputation and renown. When the last battle was fought in this Abyssinian campaign, official dispatches, of course, were sent to London. Stanley's messages outstripped all official dispatches and brought the first news of the victory to the ears of the British people. When inquiries were made in London as to the progress of the battle, they were answered by the government officials with the statement that it was not yet over. Suddenly Stanley's dispatches arrived, with the statement that the battle was over, and at a later period this announcement was officially confirmed.

This of itself was enough to give Stanley fame as a newspaper correspondent. It was not a little humiliating to those ponderous official bodies, which move slowly, to learn that a live Yankee had outstripped them and got ahead of all their calculations. Not only was he expert in getting the news ahead, but his description of this campaign is universally considered as the very best and most accurate that has ever been written.

Visit to Spain.

The next year, 1868, found Stanley again in the United States, not long to remain, however. A civil war was raging at this time in Spain. Very soon we find Stanley again in Europe, actually taking his position

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upon the battle-fields to be a spectator of the conflicts, then relating with minuteness what had taken place, and giving a graphic description of the scenes which he had witnessed. His letters at this time gave a very accurate idea of Spanish affairs. He not only saw the events, but he saw the forces which had produced them. For a long time there had been political strife in Spain; the position of the contending parties, the ideas that were clamoring for the ascendant, all this was given as with a photographic lens by the brilliant correspondent, and was made known to the world at large. The same promptness and energy which had previously distinguished him came out vividly in his life in Spain. Just here we have one of the most striking chapters in the career of the great explorer.

"What Has Become of Livingstone?"

It must be evident by this time to the reader that Stanley was at home everywhere. He did not stop to consider climate, country, language or hardships when he was to undertake one of his daring enterprises. His first plan had been to remain in Spain for a long period of time, contenting himself to sojourn in that land which, for Americans, has comparatively few attractions. This plan, however, was suddenly abandoned. There was another and more famous field for his spirit of adventure. David Livingstone was in Africa. This man, whose name has gone into all the earth, was the marvel of his time, possessing, and in an equally eminent degree, many of those characteristics which belong to the hero whose early life we are relating. It was a bold conception on the part of Livingstone to enter the wilds of the Dark Continent, explore the mysteries that had puzzled the world for ages, learn the character of the African tribes, obtain a knowledge of the geography of that vast continent, and thereby prepare the way for commerce and for those missionary labors which were to bring civilization to the land that had long been lying in darkness.

Livingstone had long been absent and the curiosity which was awakened concerning his fate amounted even to anxiety. He had many personal friends in England and Scotland who had taken great interest in his travels, and who were eager now to obtain some information concerning him. The probabilities of his fate were freely discussed in newspapers and journals, and among many the opinion prevailed that the great discoverer would never return to his native land alive. The question, "What has become of Livingstone?" was agitating both hemispheres; a singular instance of the interest which, by forces of circumstances, will sometimes gather around a single great character.

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EXPEDITION STARTING FOR THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

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James Gordon Bennett was just the one to solve the all-perplexing question. Was Livingstone alive? If alive, in what part of Africa was he located? Or was he dead? Could any intelligence of him be obtained? Where was the bold spirit who would venture out into that wild and threatening region and answer the questions which were so freely raised concerning this one man? It was believed that if the great explorer was alive, his trail could be followed, and, although it would cost an almost superhuman effort, he could be found. To find him would be sufficient glory for any one man, and the journal that should record such an achievement as this would stand in the front rank of the great newspapers of America and England. Mr. Bennett resolved to make the trial, and, of course, Henry M. Stanley was the one selected for this daring expedition. Mr. Bennett was in Paris and suddenly summoned Mr. Stanley from Spain. This unexpected recall somewhat astonished Stanley, yet there was an intimation in his mind that some bold undertaking was planned, and with high hopes he immediately made the journey to Paris. He arrived late at night, but would not sleep until after an interview with the one who had summoned him. For a long time the project was discussed, and before that first interview was concluded, it appeared to both to be a practicable scheme to undertake the discovery of Livingstone.

Offers of Help Rejected.

It came to the ears of the Royal Geographical Society of London that an attempt was to be made to obtain information concerning the lost explorer. This Society, which has had a long and honorable career and has done much towards opening parts of the world that had hitherto been sealed against all the advances of civilization, offered to bear a part of the expenses that would be incurred in sending Mr. Stanley into the continent of Africa. Mr. Bennett, however, was willing to undertake the matter alone, bear all the expenses and keep himself free from any dictation on the part of those who would have all sorts of opinions to express and plans to propose, and would think that these should be regarded because they were bearing a part of the expenses. The decision was a wise one, and Stanley was left perfectly free to follow out his own ideas, go where he wished, remain as long as he pleased, only agreeing to do his utmost to solve the problem which all the nations of Christendom had on hand.

The account given by Stanley himself of the commission received from Mr. Bennett is somewhat amusing. It is as follows: On the sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight

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hundred and sixty-nine, I was in Madrid, fresh from the carnage at Valencia. At 10 A.M. I received a telegram. It read, "Come to Paris on important business." The telegram was from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the young manager of the *New York Herald.*

Sudden Start for Paris.

Down came my pictures from the walls of my apartments on the second floor; into my trunks went my books and souvenirs, my clothes were hastily collected, some half washed, some from the clothes-line half dry, and after a couple of hours hasty hard work my portmanteaus were strapped up and labelled "Paris."

At 3 P.M. I was on my way, and being obliged to stop at Bayonne a few hours, did not arrive at Paris until the following night. I went straight to the "Grand Hotel," and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"Come in," I heard a voice say.

Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stanley," I answered.

"Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his robe-de-chambre, Mr. Bennett asked, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not," I answered.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

"What!" said I, "do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

"Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps"—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—"the old man may be in want: —take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best —BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, "Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?"

"What will it cost?" he asked abruptly.

"Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500."

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"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; but, FIND LIVINGSTONE."

Surprised but not confused at the order—for I knew that Mr. Bennett when once he had made up his mind was not easily drawn aside from his purpose—I yet thought, seeing it was such a gigantic scheme, that he had not quite considered in his own mind the pros and cons of the case; I said, "I have heard that should your father die you would sell the *Herald* and retire from business."

"Whoever told you that is wrong, for there is not money enough in New York city to buy the *New York Herald*. My father has made it a great paper, but I mean to make it greater. I mean that it shall be a newspaper in the true sense of the word. I mean that it shall publish whatever news will be interesting to the world at no matter what cost."

"After that," said I, "I have nothing more to say. Do you mean me to go straight to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?"

"No! I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. I hear Baker is about starting for Upper Egypt. Find out what you can about his expedition, and as you go up describe as well as possible whatever is interesting for tourists; and then write up a guide—a practical one—for Lower Egypt; tell us about whatever is worth seeing and how to see it.

A Long Journey Planned.

"Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warren is making some interesting discoveries there. Then visit Constantinople, and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan.

"Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may get through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis.

"Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there, and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then, when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proofs of his being dead. That is all. Good-night, and God be with you."

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"Good-night, sir," I said; "what it is in the power of human nature to do I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon, God will be with me."

The foregoing is Mr. Stanley's interesting account of the manner in which he received one of the most important and difficult commissions ever given to mortal man. The whole story shows the bold, quick, impulsive nature of men who move the world. To think, is to decide; to decide, is to act; to act, is to achieve.

Without anticipating those striking experiences through which Stanley has to pass in the narrative we have before us, suffice it to say that in due time he arrived in Africa. Having started from Zanzibar with an expedition, the formation of which gave him an opportunity to show his perseverance and tact, he began his long search. Difficulties that would have appalled other men at the outset were as nothing to him; obstacles were cast aside as by a faith that moves mountains into the sea. Threatening dangers did not turn him from his lofty purpose. On he went, across plains, down through valleys, through tangled jungles, over almost impassable rivers, displaying everywhere and always the most wonderful heroism and endurance, until the world was startled at his discovery and will evermore applaud his magnificent achievements.

Wild and Barbarous Country.

No one who has never explored the wilds of Africa can understand the nature of the undertaking which Stanley had before him. In our land we can travel into almost every section by railways, by stage coaches, or by steamboats. None of these facilities for travelling were to be found in Africa, at least in that part of it that Stanley was to visit. Some of these means of transit could be created, but they were not in existence, and to the explorer was left the double work not merely of conducting the expedition, but also of preparing the way for it.

Thrilling tales have been told of the dangers attending all journeys in the Dark Continent. Every book which has been written is alive with these tales of adventure. No work has ever been published on Africa which does not read more like a romance than reality. We look upon the map, we see the location of the various provinces, we trace the great rivers winding their way towards the ocean, and, not understanding the true character of the country, it may seem to us to be a simple thing to pass from one point to another. It is much easier to travel by map than in any other way.

When Livingstone went to Africa he could go but a little way inland from the coast without finding his progress barred. While it was left to

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Stanley to follow in his track, there was sometimes a difficulty in learning the path which Livingstone had taken, and it was also very difficult for a man unused to African exploration to complete so long a journey without any previous experience. These things render Stanley's final success all the more wonderful, and it is not surprising that all readers become intensely interested in the story of the man and his exploits.

Many have been the failures on the part of other explorers, while those who have gone out like Gordon Cumming, merely for the purpose of sport, have learned the dangers which lie in every step of progress through the jungles of Africa. It requires a man of a venturesome spirit, a strong nerve, an indomitable will, and a ready disposition to make all manner of sacrifices, to do what has been done in modern times toward opening the Tropics to the advance of civilization. It will be seen by the following pages what Stanley has accomplished, and the wonder is that one man should have succeeded not only in finding Livingstone but also in crossing the continent from sea to sea.

The manner in which the world has followed the travels of Mr. Stanley would indicate a personal interest in him and his welfare. He becomes better known than most men whom we do not see, and we are compelled to enter heartily into sympathy with his plans, his trials, his victories. This is the mysterious influence which one strong character has over others. We become absorbed in the marvelous story of this man's adventures. We follow him eagerly step by step. We are amazed at each new revelation, and inquire what greater achievement is to follow. Henry M. Stanley is one of the great heroes of modern times.

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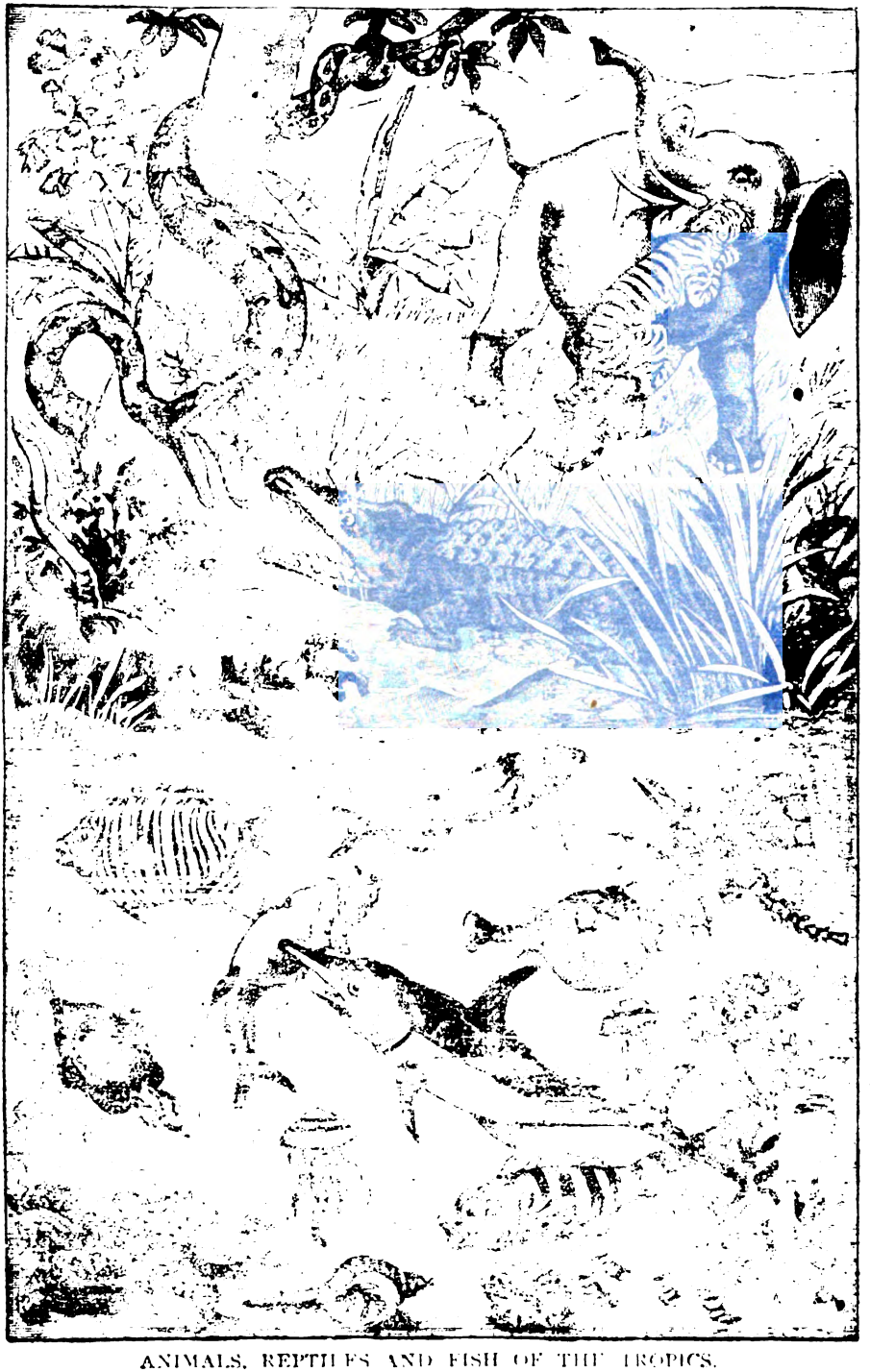

ANIMALS, REPTILES AND FISH OF THE TROPICS.

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CHAPTER II.

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

Africa a World of Surprises and Wonders—Journeys of Livingstone—The Young Scotch Boy—Born of Noble Parentage—An Ancestry of Sturdy Scotch Qualities—David's Factory Life—Eager Thirst for Knowledge—Tending the Loom, with One Eye on His Book—Studying Latin—A Lover of Heroic Deeds—Early Promise of Rising to Distinction—Resolves to Become a Medical Missionary in China—Departure for Africa—Physical Nerve and Endurance—Encounter with a Ferocious Lion—Livingstone's Narrow Escape—Gordon Cumming's Description of the Noble Beast—A Powerful Animal—Beauty of the Lion—Roar of the Forest King—Frightful Ferocity—The Lion's Fearlessness—Requirements of Lion Hunters—Brave Character of Livingstone.

A WORLD of surprises, of captivating wonders, opens before us as we approach the Continent of Africa. Before relating in detail the great achievements of Stanley, particularly his world-renowned achievement of finding Livingstone, it will be interesting to the reader to have some account of the life and travels of the celebrated explorer whom Stanley sought and found. The journeys of Livingstone have a thrilling interest and are here narrated.

David Livingstone was a sturdy Scotchman. There appeared to be somewhat of the granite in him which belongs to the highlands of his native country. His child-life was at Blantyre, by the beautiful Clyde, above Glasgow, in Scotland. He was born there in the year 1813. The humble home entertained some proud traditions, treasured through eight generations of the family. The young David listened with bounding heart and glowing spirit while his grandfather told the histories and legends of the olden time. Culloden was in the story. His great-grandfather fell there, fighting for the old line of kings; and "Ulva Dark," the family home, had been there. Old Gaelic songs trembled off the lips of his grandmother, beguiling the social hours. There was the spirit of heroism in the home.

And among the traditions there were those of singular virtue and integrity. He classed the dying precept of a hardy ancestor the proudest distinction of his family; that precept was, "Be honest." Honesty is a matchless birthright; he claimed it; he was not proud of anything else. His father was a man of "unflinching honesty," and was employed by the proprietors of Blantyre Works, in conveying very large sums of

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money from Glasgow, and by the honorable kindness of the firm his integrity was so rewarded that his declining years were spent where he had lived, in ease and comfort. He was a man who kept the hearts of his children. His kindness and real love were sweeter to them than all that wealth sometimes bestows as its peculiar gift. He brought his

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

children up religiously; it was in connection with the Kirk of Scotland.

It is a beautiful tribute of his illustrious son: "My father deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from my infancy with a continuously consistent pious example. I revere his memory." The

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mother of the man appears briefly, and passes from the public view. She was a quiet, loving, industrious, self-denying, praying mother. God knows how to choose mothers for the chosen men. This mother was the mother of a great and good man. She was a woman who, by her virtue and modesty, and fortitude and courage, could bear a hero and inspire him for his destiny. "An anxious house-wife, striving to make both ends meet," found time and place to exert a true woman's singular and mighty influence upon her little boy. We will not presume to estimate the magnitude of that influence. We will not say how much his home had to do with the singular thoughtfulness and distinguished precocity of the child that toiled all day long in the mill with the hundreds who worked there. David Livingstone was only ten years old when he was put into the factory.

People ought not to despise little factory-boys. He worked from six in the morning until eight at night; that makes fourteen hours a day, and a child just ten years of age. There were very good schools at Blantyre; the teachers were paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. The schools were free to the children of the working people. David had been in one of these schools. He must have been well advanced for his age. The impulse that his mind received in the common school was aided by the attractions of the great University at Glasgow.

A Lover of Heroic Deeds.

Boys in the neighborhood of great colleges have earlier and loftier aspirations perhaps. Anyhow we are informed that a part of David Livingstone's first week's wages went for "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin," and that he pressed the study of that language with peculiar ardor, in an evening school, from eight to ten o'clock, during a number of years. There are many grown men who mourn over their ignorance whose work does not fill fourteen hours a day. In those evening hours, with a little tired child-body, Livingstone mastered the Latin language, and accomplished much in general reading. When he was sixteen years old, he was quite in advance of his age. The diligence and self-control of the boy was the prophecy of the man. At this early age, too, the peculiar tastes and talents which rendered his subsequent life singularly successful and vested his work with singular interest began to appear.

He did not love novels: he loved facts. He was not charmed with the woven fancies of effeminacy. He delighted in stories of adventure; he was always glad to put his hand in the hand of the historian, and be led away from familiar scenes to the new and the strange and the difficult.

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The hero spirit was in him. This love of the new and eagerness for travel were tempered and sanctified by an appreciation of the real and the useful. He had delight in scientific books and experiments. The home of his childhood was admirably adapted for the development of noble character. There was a population of nearly three thousand.

The people were "good specimens of the Scottish poor," as he tells us himself, "in honesty, morality and intelligence." There were all sorts of people, of course; they were generally awake to all public questions; their interest was intelligent; there were some characters of uncommon worth; these persons felt peculiar interest in the thoughtful, studious lad. There were near at hand many spots hallowed in Scottish history—spots with venerable associations. The Scottish people love old associations; they treasure the dear memorials of the past. The ancient domains of Bothwell stood with open door to these respected villagers. David Livingstone was one of the people, and loved these scenes; he knew their history, all their old traditions were in his heart. Even the boy seemed to be more than a boy; the man stood in the background, and was outlined clearly in the character of the youth.

Departure for Africa.

At this early age David gave sign of rising above his mates, gaining distinction in some honorable calling, and becoming an illustrious example of self-reliance and energy. When promoted at the age of nineteen to cotton-spinning, he took his books to the factory, and read by placing one of them on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. He was well paid, however, and having determined to prepare himself for becoming a medical missionary abroad, was enabled, by working with his hands in summer, to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlow. He was thus able to pass the required examinations, and was at length admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

Having been charged by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to carry on and extend the work of Moffat, Livingstone arrived in Cape Town in the summer of 1840, and, after a short rest, started for the interior by way of Algoa Bay. A journey of seven hundred miles, of which, so far as we have been able to ascertain, no record has been published, brought him to Lattaku, then the furthest missionary station of South Africa. Here he remained only long enough to recruit his oxen before he pressed on northwards to that part of the country inhabited by the section of the Bechuana tribe known as the Bakwains. Having satisfied

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himself of the existence of a promising field for missionary effort, he returned to the Kuruman station, rested there for three months, and then took up his quarters in the Bakwain country itself, at the present Litubaruba, at that time known as Lepelole.

Determined to neglect nothing which could in any way promote his success with the natives, Livingstone now cut himself off from all intercourse with Europeans for six months, devoting himself to acquiring an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of the Bechuanas, and in laying the foundations of a settlement by making a canal for irrigation purposes from a river near by.

A Man Stronger Than He Looked.

These preliminaries being well advanced, our hero paid a visit to the Bakaa, Bamangwato, and the Makalaka. The greater part of this trip was performed on foot, the draught oxen being ill, and some of the natives forming the escort observed in Livingstone's hearing, not knowing that he understood them—"He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those bags [trousers]; he will break down." Stung by these derogatory remarks on his appearance, Livingstone revenged himself by keeping the whole party at highest speed for several days, and was rewarded later by hearing them speak more respectfully of his pedestrian powers.

Having, without knowing it, approached to within ten days' journey of Lake N'gami, afterwards discovered by him, our hero went back to Kuruman to bring his luggage to the site of his proposed settlement, but before he could do so, came the disappointing news that the Bakwains, with whom he had become friendly, had been driven from Lepelole by the Baralongs, rendering it impossible for him to carry out his original plan. With the courage and energy which distinguished him from the first, Livingstone at once set about looking for some other site, and after a journey to Bamangwato, to restore to chief Sekomi several of his people who had come down with him to the Kuruman, and for whose safety he felt responsible, he selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, the home of the Makatla branch of the Bechuana tribe, where he removed in 1843

Here the chief difficulty to contend with at first was the number and ferocity of the lions, which not only leaped into the cattle pens of the village of Mabotsa at night, but sometimes attacked the herds in broad daylight. Expeditions sent out against the marauders returned without having achieved any success, and knowing that if but one of the troop of lions were killed the others would take alarm and leave the country, Livingstone determined himself to join a sortie against them.

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Great was the consternation of the natives, who firmly believed that a neighboring tribe had given them into the power of these merciless animals. Their attacks upon them were feeble and half-hearted, so that hitherto the lions had come off victors. Livingstone now came to their aid, and the cry was—

"Mount! mount for the hunting! the lion is near!
The cattle and herdsmen are quaking with fear.
Call the dogs! light the torches! away to the glen!
If needs be, we'll beard the fierce brute in his den."

They discovered their game on a small tree-covered hill. The circle of hunters, at first loosely formed around the spot, gradually closed up, and became compact as they advanced towards it. Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster, who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired but missed him, the ball striking the rock by the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him in the attempt, as they should have done. The circle re-formed, having yet within it two other lions, at which the pieces could not be fired, lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound and a roar, and yet again; and the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations.

"He is Shot! He is Shot!"

But they did not seem to have retreated far, for as the party was going round the end of a hill on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes sitting quietly, as though he had purposely planted himself there to enjoy their defeat, and wish them "Good-day." It was but a little distance from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels. "He is shot! He is shot!" is the joyful cry, and the people are about to rush in; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger. He is just in the act of ramming down his bullets for another fire, when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground; of two glaring eyes, and hot breath upon his face; a momentary anguish, as he is seized by the shoulder and shaken as a rat by a terrier; then comes a stupor, which was afterwards described as a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, although there was a perfect consciousness of all that was happening.

Being thus conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone knew

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WOUNDED LION TURNING ON LIVINGSTONE.

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that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and, turning round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute and bitten in the thigh. Another man also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and, with a quiver through all his huge frame, the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side dead.

A Narrow Escape.

All this occurred in a few moments; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the Lion sprang upon him in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No less than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant's arm, and crushed the bone; it was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter, and felt its effects in the injured limb. The tartan jacket which he had on, wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so preserved him from much after-suffering, such as was experienced by the others who were bitten and had not this protection.

These ferocious beasts are a constant menace to travellers in some parts of Africa. Of course, if one goes out for the purpose of indulging in sport and shooting game, he is not disconcerted when he meets the king of the forest in his native lairs. Cumming's account of his encounters with lions is so graphic and interesting that it is here inserted in connection with the thrilling story, already related, of Livingstone and the lion.

Mr. Cumming first describes the appearance and habits of the noble beast. This is the account of one of the world's most famous hunters, whose journeys in the Tropics in pursuit of adventure, have attracted universal attention, and have awakened the most eager interest. The dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion, says Mr. Cumming, has long rendered him famous among his fellow quadrupeds. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature.

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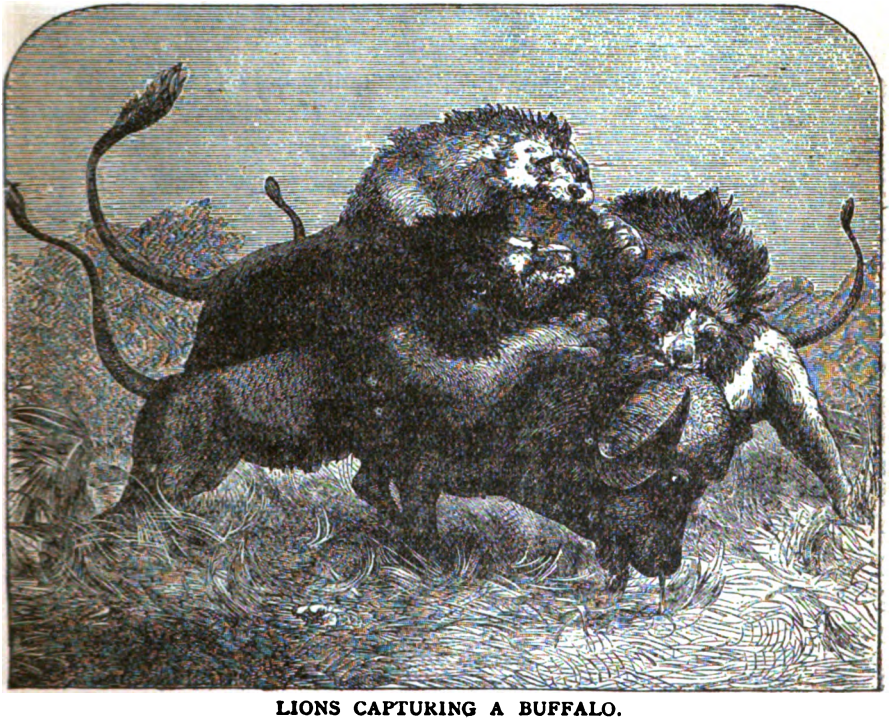
Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of American cattle; the lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and on both varie-



LIONS CAPTURING A BUFFALO.

ties of the gnoo. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit.

Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feed upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcases of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle.

The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two families of

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lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake.

Beauty of the Lion.

It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large ones nearly full grown; at other times, full-grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship; two, three, and four full-grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together.

The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life" and "Chiel fore life;" this idea, however, is erroneous. The color of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color.

These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting fertile districts.

The Roar of the Forest King.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder.

At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like Scottish stags, they

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roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued.

Frightful Ferocity.

It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vales. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

Lions are ever most active, daring and presuming in dark and stormy nights, and consequently, on such occasions, the traveler ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night.

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By this acute system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forest of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my gun.

The Lion's Fearlessness.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outlines of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath.

One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation, which confirmed the reports I had before heard from the natives.

One day, when out elephant-hunting in the territory of the Baseleka, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards us with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid Bechuanas, he approached.

A Lion Puts to Flight 250 Men.

A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs, which they had been leading, were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with which the lioness was retreating in the back-ground. Facing about, he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on each side of him. Three troops of elephants having been discovered

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DEADLY ATTACK OF A LION ON A NATIVE.

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a few minutes previous to this, upon which I was marching for the attack, I, with the most heartfelt reluctance, reserved my fire. On running down the hill side to endeavor to recall my dogs, I observed, for the first time, the retreating lioness with four cubs. About twenty minutes afterward two noble elephants repaid my forbearance.

Among Indian Nimrods, a certain class of royal tigers is dignified with the appellation of "man-eaters." These are tigers which, having once tasted human flesh, show a predilection for the same, and such characters are very naturally famed and dreaded among the natives. Elderly gentlemen of similar tastes and habits are occasionally met with among the lions in the interior of South Africa, and the danger of such neighbors may be easily imagined. I account for lions first acquiring this taste in the following manner: some tribes of the far interior do not bury their dead, but unceremoniously carry them forth, and leave them lying exposed in the forest or on the plain, a prey to the lion and hyæna, or the jackal and vulture; and I can readily imagine that a lion having thus once tasted human flesh, would have little hesitation, when opportunity presented itself, of springing upon and carrying off the unwary traveler or native inhabiting his country.

The Man-Eater at Work.

Be this as it may, man-eating occurs; and on my fourth hunting expedition, a horrible tragedy was acted one dark night in my little lonely camp by one of these formidable characters, which deprived me, in the far wilderness, of my most valuable servant. In winding up these observations on the lion, I may remark that lion-hunting, under any circumstances, is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may nevertheless be followed, to certain extent, with comparative safety by those who have naturally turn for that sort of thing. A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession, an acquaintance with the disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts.

Livingstone himself narrates minutely his dreadful encounter with a lion. He always regarded it as one of his most thrilling experiences in Africa, and he had occasion to remember it from the fact that he was so severely injured. The wonder is that when the ferocious beast had the great explorer in his power and might easily have taken his life, he should have been prevented from doing it. A few moments more and the life of one of the world's greatest heroes would have been terminated

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CHAPTER III.

LIVINGSTONE AMONG SAVAGES.

Livingstone's Life Among the Backwains—An Intelligent Chief—Trying to Whip the Heathen into Conversion—Appearance of the Backwains—Peculiar Head-Dress—Expert Thieves—A Bewitched Kettle—A Horrible Deed—An African Congress—Thrilling War Songs—Carrying on War for Glory—Livingstone's Interest in this Tribe—Singular Superstitions—Medicine Men and Rain Doctors—Barbarous Practices—Severe Training for Boys—The Girls' Ordeal—Romantic Dances—Construction of Houses—Curious Burial Customs—Funeral Dances Among the Latookas—An Active Chief—The Rich No Better Than the Poor—Odd Decorations—Graceful Movements.

FOR years Livingtone labored among the Backwains, at Chonuane, whose chief was a man of great intelligence, but who had some amusing ideas and ways. When he embraced Christianity he wanted to make his subjects converts by thrashing them with whips of rhinoceros hide. Livingstone could not approve of this new mode of conversion, and the chief was persuaded to pursue a milder course.

As Livingstone labored for years among the Backwains, or Bechuanas, a full account of the manners, customs, and singular character of this tribe will be of interest to the reader.

In appearance they are a fine race of men, in some respects similar to the Kaffirs, with whom they have many customs in common. Their dress is not very remarkable, except that they are perhaps the best dressers of skins that are to be found in Africa, the pliancy of the skin and the neatness of the sewing being unrivalled. They are good workers in metal, and supply many of the surrounding tribes both with ornaments and weapons.

As to dress, the Bechuanas, as a rule, use more covering than many of the surrounding tribes. The women especially wear several aprons. The first is made of thongs, like those of the Kaffirs, and over that is generally one of skin. As she can afford it she adds others, but always contrives to have the outside apron decorated with beads or other adornments.

This series of aprons, however, is all that a Bechuana woman considers necessary in the way of dress, the kaross, or outside garment, being adopted merely as a defence against the weather, and not from any idea that covering to the body is needed for the purpose of delicacy. In

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figure they are not so prepossessing as many of the surrounding tribes, being usually short, stout, and clumsy, which latter defect is rendered still more conspicuous by the quantities of beads which they hang in heavy coils around their waists and necks, and the multitude of metal rings with which they load their arms and ankles. They even load their hair as much as possible, drawing it out into a series of little spokes, and dressing them so copiously with grease and sibilo, that at a few yards they look as if their heads were covered with a cap composed of metallic prongs, and at a greater distance as if they were wearing bands of polished steel on their heads.

They consider a plentiful smearing of grease and red ochre to be the very acme of a fashionable toilet, and think that washing the body is a disgusting custom. Women are the smokers of the tribe, the men preferring snuff, and rather despising the pipe as a woman's implement.

PECULIAR HEAD-DRESS.

The Bechuanas can hardly be selected as examples of good moral character. No one who knows them can believe a word they say, and they will steal everything they can carry. They are singularly accomplished thieves, and the habit of stealing is so ingrained in their nature, that if a man is detected in the very act he feels the least shame, but rather the blame to himself for being so inexpert as to be found out. Some articles they steal in the most ingenious manner. Should it be handing up, they contrive to handle it carelessly and let it fall on the ground, and then they begin active operations. Standing near the coveted article, and trying to look as if they were not aware of its existence, they quietly scrape a hole in the sand with one of their feet, push the object of their desire into the hole, cover it up again with sand, and smooth the surface so as to leave no trace that the ground has been disturbed.

They steal each other's goods, whenever they can find an opportunity, but they are only too glad to find an opportunity of exercising their skill on a white man, whose property is sure to be worth stealing. A thief in their country has therefore a hard life, for he knows that the

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not a single article in his possession which will not vanish if he leaves it unguarded for a few minutes. Indeed, as Mr. Baines well observes, there is not an honest nerve or fibre in a Bechuana's body; from the root of his tongue to the tips of his toes, every muscle is thoroughly trained in the art of thieving. If they merely sit near an article of moderate size, when they move off it moves with them, in a manner that no wearer of trousers can conceive. Even Mr. Moffatt, who had a singular capacity for discovering good qualities which had lain latent and unsuspected, writes in very forcible terms respecting the utter dishonesty of the Bechuanas.

Stealing Cattle by Night.

Some mornings, says Mr. Moffatt, we had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours, in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. These they have more than once driven into a bog or mire, at a late hour informing us of the accident, as they termed it; and, as it was then too dark to render assistance, one or more would fall a prey to the hyænas or hungry natives. One night they entered our cattle-fold, killed one of our best draught oxen, and carried the whole away, except one shoulder. We were compelled to use much meat, from the great scarcity of grain and vegetables; our sheep we had to purchase at a distance, and very thankful might we be if out of twenty we secured the largest half for ourselves. They would break their legs, cut off their tails, and more frequently carry off the whole carcass.

Tools, such as saws, axes, and adzes, were losses severely felt, as we could not at that time replace them, when there was no intercourse whatever with the colony. Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted; our metal spoons they melted; and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return.

An Iron Kettle Bewitched.

The following ludicrous circumstance once happened, and was related to the writer by a native in graphic style. Two men had succeeded in stealing an iron pot. Having just taken it from the fire, it was rather

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warm for handing conveniently over a fence, and by doing so it fell on a stone, and was cracked. "It is iron," said they, and off they went with their booty, resolving to make the best of it; that is, if it would not serve for cooking, they would transform it into knives and spears. After some time had elapsed, and the hue and cry about the missing pot had nearly died away, it was brought forth to a native smith, who had laid in a stock of charcoal for the occasion. The pot was further broken to make it more convenient to lay hold of with the tongs, which are generally made of the bark of a tree. The native Vulcan, unacquainted with cast iron, having with his small bellows, one in each hand, produced a good heat, drew a piece from the fire. To his utter amazement, it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer. Another and another piece was brought under the action of the fire, and then under the hammer, with no better success. Both the thief and the smith, gazing with eyes and mouth dilated on the fragments of iron scattered round the stone anvil, declared their belief that the pot was bewitched, and concluded pot-stealing to be a bad speculation.

Expert Thieves.

To the thieving propensities of these people there was no end. They would peep into the rude hut that was used for a church, in order to see who was preaching, and would then go off to the preacher's house, and rob it at their ease. When the missionaries, at the expense of great labor, made a series of irrigating canals, for the purpose of watering their gardens, the women would slyly cut the banks of the channels, and divert the water. They even broke down the dam which led the water from the river, merely for the sake of depriving somebody of something; and when, in spite of all their drawbacks, some vegetables had been grown, the crops were stolen, even though a constant watch was kept over them.

These accomplished thieves have even been known to steal meat out of the pot in which it was being boiled, having also the insolence to substitute a stone for the pilfered meat. One traveller found that all his followers were so continually robbed by the Bechuanas, that at last he ceased from endeavoring to discover the thieves, and threatened instead to punish any man who allowed an article to be stolen from him. They do not even spare their own chief, and would rob him with as little compunction as if he were a foreigner.

There was need among such people of more than one Livingstone to teach them the virtue of honesty.

Dr. Lichtenstein, who certainly had a better opinion of the Bechuanas than they deserved, was once cheated by them in a very ingenious

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manner. He had purchased three ivory rings with some tobacco, but when he left the place he found that the same ring had been sold to him three successive times, the natives behind him having picked his pockets with the dexterity of a London thief, and then passed the ring to their companions to be again offered for sale.

Altogether, the character of the Bechuanas does not seem to be an agreeable one, and even the missionaries who have gone among them, and naturally are inclined to look on the best side of their wild flocks have very little to say in their favor, and plenty to say against them. They seem to be as heartless toward the infirm and aged as the Namaquas, and if one of their number is ill or wounded, so that he cannot wait upon himself, he is carried outside the camp, and there left until he recovers or dies. A small and frail hut is built for him, a portion of food is given to him daily, and in the evening a fire is made, and fuel placed near so that it may be kept up. On one occasion the son of a chief was wounded by a buffalo, and, according to ancient custom, was taken out of the camp. The fire happened to go out, and in consequence a lion came and carried off the wounded man in the night. It was once thought that this cruel custom arose from the fear of infection, but this is evidently not the case, as persons afflicted with infectious diseases are not disturbed as long as they can help themselves. Superstition may probably be the true reason for it.

A Horrible Deed.

They have but little regard for human life, especially that of a woman, and a husband may kill his wife if he likes, without any particular notice being taken of it. One traveller mentions that a husband became angry with his wife about some trifling matter, seized his assagai, and killed her on the spot. The body was dragged out by the heels, and thrown into the bush to be devoured by the hyænas, and there was an end of the whole business. The traveller, being horrified by such an action, laid an information before the chief, and was only laughed at for his pains, the chief thinking that for anyone to be shocked at so ordinary an occurrence was a very good joke.

Still, the Bechuana has his redeeming qualities. They are not quarrelsome, and Burchell remarks that, during all the time which he spent among them, he never saw two men openly quarrelling, nor any public breach of decorum. They are persevering and industrious in the arts of peace, and, as has been seen, learn to work in iron and to carve wood with a skill that can only be attained by long and careful practice. They are more attached to the soil than many of the neighboring tribes, culti-

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vating it carefully, and in this art far surpassing the Kaffirs. Their houses, too, are of elaborate construction, and built with a care and solidity which show that the inhabitants are not nomads, but residents on one spot.

The government of the Bechuanas is primarily monarchical, but not entirely despotic. The king has his own way in most matters, but his chiefs can always exercise a check upon him by summoning a parliament, or "Picho," as it is called. The Picho affords a truly wild and picturesque spectacle. The warriors, in their full panoply of war, seat themselves in a circle, in the midst of which is the chair of the king. The various speakers take their turns at addressing the assembly, and speak with the greatest freedom, not even sparing the king himself, but publicly arraigning him for any shortcomings, real or fancied, and sometime gaining their point. As to the king himself, he generally opens the parliament with a few sentences, and then remains silent until all the speeches have been delivered. He then answers those that have been made against himself, and becomes greatly excited, leaping about the ring, brandishing his spear and shield, and lashing himself into an almost frantic state. This is the usual procedure among savages, and the more excited a man becomes, the better he is supposed to speak afterward.

An African Congress.

An extract from Mr. Moffatt's account of a Picho will give a good idea of the proceedings: Although the whole exhibits a very grotesque scene, business is carried on with the most perfect order. There is but little cheering, and still less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly states his own sentiments. The audience is seated on the ground, each man having before him his war-club. Many were adorned with tiger-skins and tails, and had plumes of feathers waving on their heads. In the centre a sufficient space was left for the privileged—those who had killed an enemy in battle—to dance and sing, in which they exhibited the most violent and fantastic gestures conceivable, which drew forth from the spectators the most clamorous applause.

When they retire to their seats, the speaker commences by commanding silence. "Be silent, ye Batlapis, be silent, ye Barolongs," addressing each tribe distinctly, not excepting the white people, if any happen to be present, and to which each responds with a groan. He then takes from his shield a spear, and points it in the direction in which the enemy is advancing, imprecating a curse upon them, and thus declaring war by repeatedly thrusting his spear in that direction, as if plunging it into an enemy. This receives a loud whistling sound of applause. He next

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SUCCESSFUL WARRIORS CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORY.

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directs his spear toward the Bushman country, south and southwest, imprecating also a curse on those "ox-eaters," as they are called.

The king, on this, as on all similar occasions, introduced the business of the day by "Ye sons of Molchabanque"—viewing all the influential men present as the friends or allies of his kingdom, which rose to more than its former eminence under the reign of that monarch, his father—"the Mantatees are a strong and victorious people; they have overwhelmed many nations, and they are approaching to destroy us. We have been apprised of their manners, their deeds, their weapons, and their intentions! We cannot stand against the Mantatees; we must now concert, conclude, and be determined to stand.

Thrilling War-Songs.

"The case is a great one. I now wait to hear what the general opinion is. Let every one speak his mind, and then I shall speak again." Mothibi manœuvred his spear as at the commencement, and then pointing it toward heaven, the audience shouted "Pula" (rain), on which he sat down amidst a din of applause. Between each speaker a part or verse of a war-song is sung, the same antics are then performed, and again universal silence is commanded.

When several speakers had delivered their sentiments, chiefly exhorting to unanimity and courage, Mothibi resumed his central position, and after the usual gesticulations, commanded silence. Having noticed some remarks of the preceding speakers, he added: "It is evident that the best plan is to proceed against the enemy, that they come no nearer. Let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be the scenes of bloodshed and destruction. No! let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children." Turning to the aged chief, he said: "I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true, they are good for the ear; it is good that we be instructed by the Makoöas; I wish those evil who will not obey; I wish that they may be broken into pieces."

Then addressing the warriors, "There are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot; think on what has been said, and obey without murmuring. I command you, ye chiefs of the Batlapis, Batlares, Bamairis, Barolongs, and Bakotus, that you acquaint all your tribes of the proceedings of this day; let none be ignorant; I say again, ye warriors, prepare for the battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes as sharp as hunger. Be silent, ye kidney-eaters" (addressing the old men), "ye are of no further use but to hang about for kidneys when

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an ox is slaughtered. If your oxen are taken, where will you get any *more?*" This was the chief's spirited address to the men.

Eloquent Appeal to Women.

Turning to the women he said, "Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning insinuations. No, rouse the warrior to glory, and he will return with honorable scars, fresh marks of valor will cover his thighs, and we shall then renew the war-song and dance, and relate the story of our conquest." At the conclusion of this speech the air was rent with acclamations, the whole assembly occasionally joining in the dance; the women frequently taking the weapons from the hands of the men and brandishing them in the most violent manner, people of all ages using the most extravagant and frantic gestures for nearly two hours.

In explanation of the strange word, "kidney-eaters," the reader must be made aware that kidneys are eaten only by the old of both sexes. Young people will not touch them on any account, from the superstitious idea that they can have no children if they do so. The word of applause, "pula," or rain, is used metaphorically to signify that the words of the speaker are to the hearers like rain on a thirsty soil.

In the last few lines of the king's speech, mention is made of the "honorable scars upon the thighs." He is here alluding to a curious practice among the Bechuanas. After a battle, those who have killed an enemy assemble by night, and, after exhibiting the trophies of their prowess, each goes to the prophet or priest, who takes a sharp assagai and makes a long cut from the hip to the knee. One of these cuts is made for each enemy that has been slain, and some distinguished warriors have their legs absolutely striped with scars.

The Order of the Scar.

As the wound is a tolerably deep one, and as ashes are plentifully rubbed into it, the scar remains for life, and is more conspicuous than it would be in an American, leaving a white track upon the dark skin. In spite of the severity of the wound, all of the successful warriors join in a dance, which is kept up all night, and only terminates at sunrise. No one is allowed to make the cut for himself, and anyone who did so would at once be detected by the jealous eyes of his companions. Moreover, in order to substantiate his claim, each warrior is obliged to produce his trophy—a small piece of flesh with the skin attached, cut from the body of his foe.

When the ceremony of investiture with the Order of the Scar takes place, a large fire is made, inside which no one may pass except the priest and those who can show a trophy. On the outside of the fence are con-

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gregated the women and all the men who have not been fortunate enough to distinguish themselves. One by one the warriors advance to the priest, show the trophy, have it approved, and then take their place round the fire. Each man then lays the trophy on the glowing coals, and, when it is thoroughly roasted, eats it. This custom arises from a notion that the courage of the slain warrior then passes into the body of the man who killed him, and aids also in making him invulnerable. The Bechuanas do not like this custom, but, on the contrary, view it with nearly as much abhorrence as Europeans can do, only yielding to it from a desire not to controvert the ancient custom of their nation.

Butchery for Glory.

It may well be imagined that this ceremony incites the warriors, both old and young, to distinguish themselves in battle, in order that they may have the right of entering the sacred fence, and be publicly invested with the honorable scar of valor. On one such occasion, a man who was well known for his courage could not succeed in killing any of the enemy, because their numbers were so comparatively small that all had been killed before he could reach them. At night he was almost beside himself with anger and mortification, and positively wept with rage at being excluded from the sacred enclosure. At last he sprang away from the place, ran at full speed to his house, killed one of his own servants, and returned to the spot, bringing with him the requisite passport of admittance. In this act he was held to be perfectly justified, because the slain man was a captive taken in war, and therefore, according to Bechuanan ideas, his life belonged to his master, and could be taken whenever it might be more useful to him than the living slave.

In war, the Bechuanas are but cruel enemies, killing the wounded without mercy, and even butchering the inoffensive women and children. The desire to possess the coveted trophy of success is probably the cause of their ruthlessness. In some divisions of the Bechuana tribes, such as the Bachapins, the successful warriors do not eat the trophy, but dry it and hang it round their necks, eating instead a portion of the liver of the slain man. In all cases, however, it seems that some part of the enemy has to be eaten.

The weapons used in war are not at all like those which are employed by the Kaffirs. The Bechuanan shield is much smaller than that of the Kaffirs. The assagai is not intended to be used as a missile, but as a weapon for hand-to-hand combat. Indeed, the amount of labor which is bestowed upon it renders it too valuable to be flung at an enemy, who might avoid the blow, and then seize the spear and keep it.

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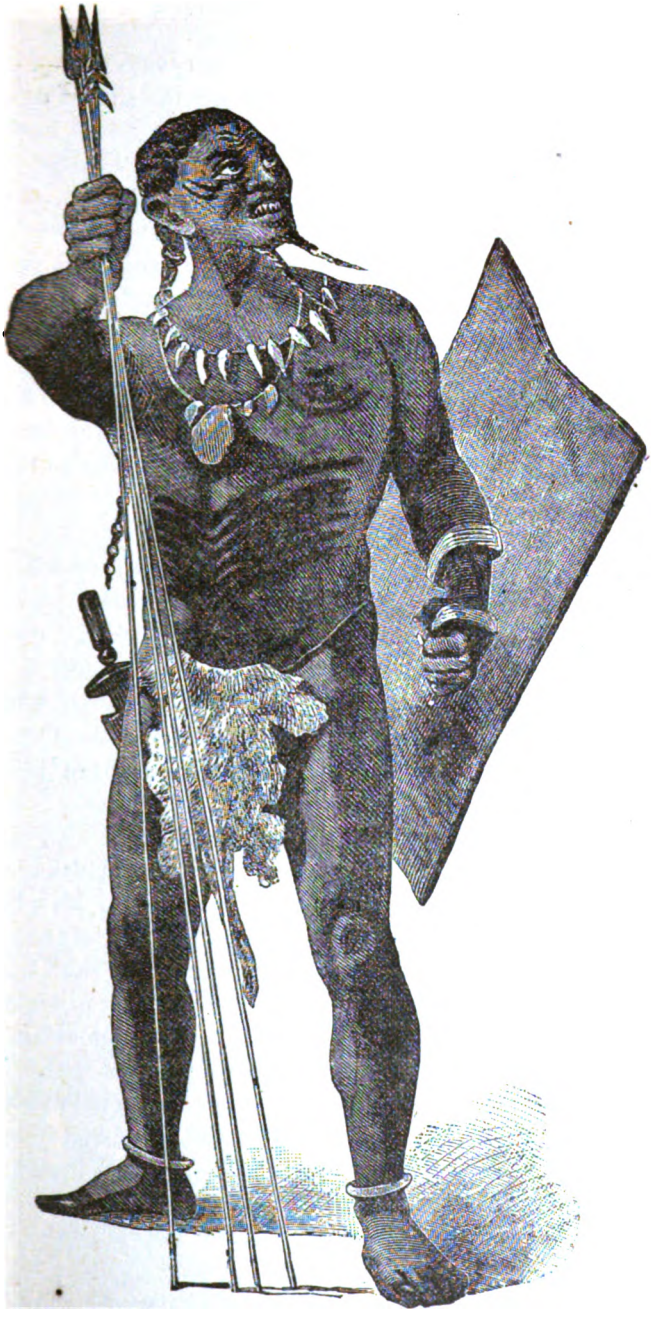

WARRIOR WITH SPEARS AND SHIELD.

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The Bechuanas have one weapon which is very effective at close quarters. This is the battle-axe. Various as are the shapes of the heads, they are all made on one principle, and, in fact, an axe is nothing more than an enlarged spearhead fixed transversely on the handle. The ordinary battle-axes have their heads fastened to wooden handles, but the best examples have the handles made of rhinoceros horn.

Dr. Livingstone was greatly interested in these barbarous people. He studied their customs, their domestic life, their warfare, their traditions, their very thoughts. By a long residence among them he became thoroughly acquainted with everything of interest pertaining to them. The wild life of Africa did not daunt our renowned explorer; he had gone to the Dark Continent knowing how dark it was. To Livingstone belongs the credit of carrying the light of knowledge and religion to this remarkable people.

Strange Superstitions.

Of religion the Bechuanans knew nothing, though they have plenty of superstition, and are as utter slaves to their witch doctors as can well be conceived. The life of one of these personages is full of danger. He practises his arts with the full knowledge that if he should fail, death is nearly certain to be the result. Indeed, it is very seldom that a witch doctor, especially if he should happen to be also a rain-maker, dies a natural death, he generally falling a victim to the clubs of his quondam followers.

These men evidently practice the art of conjuring, as we understand the word, and they can perform their tricks with great dexterity. One of these men exhibited several of his performances to Mr. Baines, the well-known traveller, and displayed no small ingenuity in the magic art. His first trick was to empty, or to appear to empty, a skin bag and an old hat, and then to shake the bag over the hat, when a piece of meat or hide fell from the former into the latter. Another performance was to tie up a bead necklace in a wisp of grass, and hand it to one of the white spectators to burn. He then passed the bag to the most incredulous of the spectators, allowed him to feel it and prove that it was empty, while the hat was being examined by Mr. Baines and a friend. Calling out to the holder of the bag, he pretended to throw something through the air, and, when the bag was duly shaken, out fell the beads into the hat.

This was really a clever trick, and, though any reader who has some practical acquaintance with the art of legerdemain can see how it was done, it is not a little surprising to see such dexterity possessed by a sav-

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FETISHMEN SELLING CHARMS AND IMAGES.

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age. The success of this trick was the more remarkable because the holder of the bag had rather unfairly tried to balk the performer.

The Conjurer Exposed.

On a subsequent occasion, however, the conjurer attempted the same trick, varying it by requesting the beads should be broken instead of burned. The holder of the beads took the precaution of marking them with ink before breaking them, and in consequence all the drumming of the conjurer could not reproduce them until after dark, when another string of beads, precisely similar in appearance, was found under the wagon. Being pressed on the subject, the conjurer admitted that they were not the same beads, but said that they had been sent supernaturally to replace those which had been broken.

The same operator was tolerably clever at tricks with cord, but had to confess that a nautical education conferred advantages in that respect to which his supernatural powers were obliged to yield. He once invited Mr. Baines to see him exhibit his skill in the evening. A circle of girls and women now surrounded the wizard, and commenced a pleasing but monotonous chant, clapping their hands in unison, while he, seated alternately on a carved stool and on a slender piece of reed covered with a skin to prevent its hurting him, kept time for the hand-clapping, and seemed trying to work himself up to the required state of inspiration, till his whole flesh quivered like that of a person in the ague.

A few preparatory anointings of the joints of all his limbs, his breast and forehead, as well as those of his choristers, followed; shrill whistlings were interchanged with spasmodic gestures, and now it was found that the exhibition of the evening was a *bona fide* medical operation on the person of a man who lay covered with skins outside of the circle. The posterior portion of the thigh was chosen for scarification, but as the fire gave no light in that direction, and the doctor and the relatives liked no one to touch the patient, no one could ascertain how deep the incisions were made. Most probably, from the scars seen of former operations of the kind, they were merely deep enough to draw blood.

Curing a Sick Man.

The singing and hand-clapping now grew more vehement, the doctor threw himself upon the patient, perhaps sucked the wound, at all events pretended to inhale the disease. Strong convulsions seized him, and, as he was a man of powerful frame, it required no little strength to hold him. At length, with upturned eyes and face expressive of suffocation, he seized his knife, and, thrusting it into his mouth, took out a large piece apparently of hide and flesh, which his admiring audience supposed him to

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have previously drawn from the body of the patient, thus removing the cause of the disease.

Sometimes the Bechuana doctor uses a sort of dice, if such a term may be used when speaking of objects totally unlike the dice which are used in this country. In form they are pyramidal, and are cut from the cloven hoof of a small antelope. These articles do not look very valuable, but they are held in the highest estimation, inasmuch as very few know how to prepare them, and they are handed down from father to son through successive generations. The older they are, the more powerful are they supposed to be, and a man who is fortunate enough to possess them can scarcely be induced to part with them.

These magic dice are used when the proprietor wishes to know the result of some undertaking. He smooths a piece of ground with his hand, holds the dice between his fingers, moves his hands up and down several times, and then allows them to fall. He then scans them carefully, and judges from their position what they fortell. The characters or figures described on the surface have evidently some meaning, but what their signification was the former possessor either did not know, or did not choose to communicate.

A Charm for the Neck.

The children, when they first begin to trouble themselves and their parents by the process of teething, are often furnished with a kind of amulet. It is made of a large African beetle. A number of them are killed, dried, and then strung on leathern thongs, so as to be worn round the neck. These objects have been mistaken for whistles. The Bechuanas have great faith in their powers when used for teething, and think that they are efficacious in preventing various infantile disorders.

Like the Kaffirs, the Bechuanas make use of certain religious ceremonies before they go to war. One of these rites consists of laying a charm on the cattle, so that they shall not be seized by the enemy. The oxen are brought singly to the priest, if we may so call him, who is furnished with a pot of black paint, and a jackal's tail by way of a brush. With this primitive brush he makes a certain mark upon the hind leg of the animal, while at the same time an assistant, who kneels behind him, repeats the mark in miniature upon his back or arms. To this ceremony they attribute great value; and, as war is almost invariably made for the sake of cattle, the Bechuanas may well be excused for employing any rite which they fancy will protect such valued possessions.

Among one branch of the Bechuana tribe, a very remarkable ceremony is observed when the boys seek to be admitted into the rank of men.

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The details are kept very secret, but a few of the particulars have been discovered. Dr. Livingstone, for example, happened once to witness the second stage of the ceremonies, which last for a considerable time.

A number of boys, about fourteen years of age, without a vestige of clothing, stood in a row, and opposite those was an equal number of men, each having in his hand a long switch cut from a bush belonging to the genus Grewia, and called in the native language moretloa. The twigs of this bush are very strong, tough, and supple. Both the men and boys were engaged in an odd kind of dance, called "koha," which the men evidently enjoyed, and the boys had to look as if they enjoyed it too. Each boy was furnished with a pair of the ordinary hide sandals, which he wore on his hands instead of his feet. At stated intervals, the men put certain questions to the boys, respecting their future life when admitted into the society of men.

Barbarous Practices.

For example, the youth is tried in some such way as the following:

"Will you herd the cattle well?" asks the man.

"I will," answers the boy, at the same time lifting his sandalled hands over his head. The man then leaps forward, and with his full force strikes at the boy's head. The blow is received on the uplifted sandals, but the elasticity of the long switch causes it to curl over the boy's head with such force that a deep gash is made in his back, some twelve or eighteen inches in length, from which the blood spirts as if it were made with a knife. Ever afterward, the lesson that he is to guard the cattle is supposed to be indelibly impressed on the boy's mind.

Then comes another question, "Will you guard the chief well?"

"I will," replies the boy, and another stroke impresses that lesson on the boy's mind. And thus they proceed, until the whole series of questions has been asked and properly answered. The worst part of the proceeding is, that the boys are obliged, under penalty of rejection, to continue their dance, to look pleased and happy, and not to wince at the terrible strokes which cover their bodies with blood, and seam their backs with scars that last throughout their lifetime. Painful as this ordeal must be, the reader must not think that it is nearly so formidable to the Bechuanas as it would be to Americans. In the first place, the nervous system of a white man is far more sensitive than that of South African natives, and injuries which would lay him prostrate have but little effect upon them. Moreover, their skin, from constant exposure to the elements, is singularly insensible, so that the stripes do not inflict a tenth part of the pain that they would if suffered by a white person.

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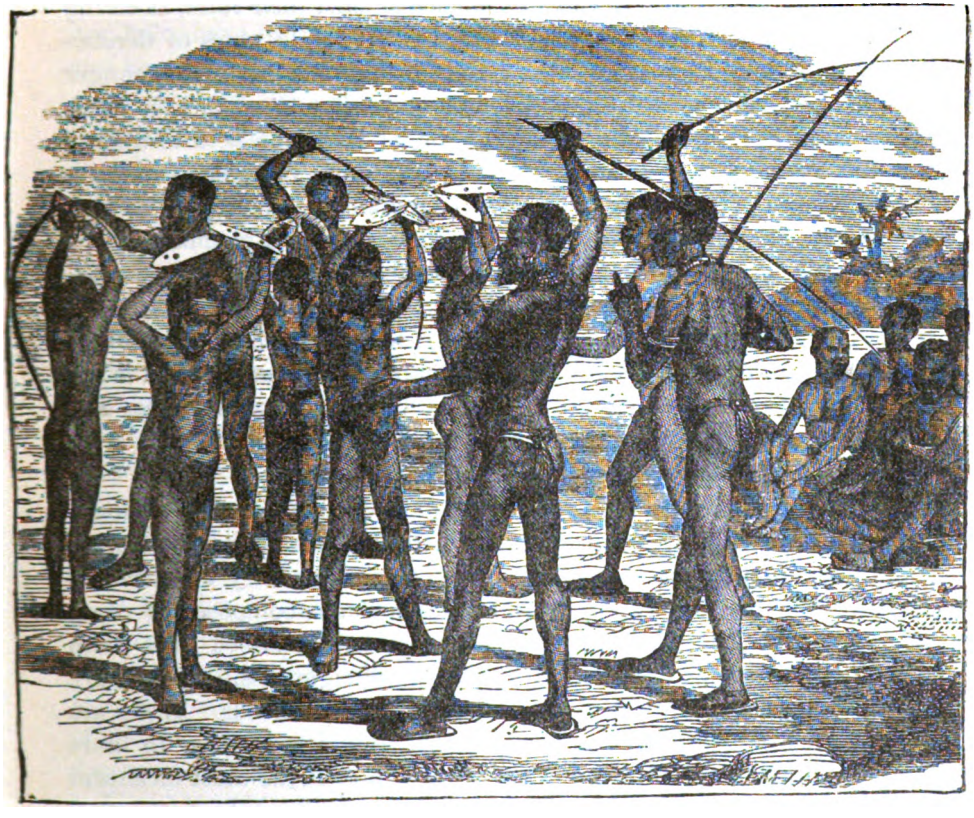
Only the older men are allowed to take part in this mode of instruction of the boys, and if any man should attempt it who is not qualified, he is unpleasantly reminded of his presumption by receiving on his own back the stripes which he intended to inflict on the boys, the old men being in such a case simultaneously judges and executioners. No elevation of rank will allow a man to thus transgress with impunity; and on one occasion, Sekomi himself, the chief of the tribe, received a severe



TRAINING BOYS FOR HARDSHIPS.

blow on the leg from one of his own people. This kind of ordeal, called the Sechu, is only practised among three tribes, one of which is the Bamangwato, of which Sekomi was the chief.

It takes place every six or seven years, so that a large number of boys are collected. These are divided into bands, each of which is under the command of one of the sons of the chief, and each member is supposed to be a companion of his leader for life. They are taken into the woods

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by the old men, where they reside for some time, and where, to judge from their scarred and seamed backs, their residence does not appear to be of the most agreeable description. When they have passed through the different stages of the boguera, each band becomes a regiment or "mopato," and goes by its own name.

According to Dr. Livingstone, they recognize a sort of equality and partial communion afterward, and address each other by the name of Molekane, or comrade. In cases of offence against their rules, as eating alone when any of their comrades are within call, or in cases of dereliction of duty, they may strike one another, or any member of a younger mopato, but never one of an older band; and, when three or four companies have been made, the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children. When a fugitive comes to a tribe, he is directed to the mopato analogous to that to which in his own tribe he belongs, and does duty as a member.

The girls have to pass an ordeal of a somewhat similar character before they are admitted among the women, and can hope to attain the summit of an African girl's hopes, namely, to be married. If possible, the details of the ceremony are kept even more strictly secret than is the case with the boys, but a part of it necessarily takes place in public, and is therefore well known.

How African Girls are Toughened.

The girls are commanded by an old and experienced woman, always stern and determined personage, who carries them off into the woods, and there instructs them in all the many arts which they will have to practise when married. Clad in a strange costume, composed of ropes of melon-seeds and bits of quill, the ropes being passed over both shoulders and across their bodies in a figure-of-eight position, they are drilled into walking with large pots of water on their heads. Wells are purposely chosen which are at a considerable distance, in order to inure the girls to fatigue, and the monitress always chooses the most inclement days for sending them to the greatest distance. They have to carry heavy loads of wood, to handle agricultural tools, to build houses, and, in fact, to practise before marriage those tasks which are sure to fall to their lot afterward.

Capability of enduring pain is also insisted upon, and the monitress tests their powers by scorching their arms with burning charcoal. Of course, all these severe labors require that the hands should be hard and horny, and accordingly the last test which the girls have to endure is holding in the hand for a certain time a piece of hot iron.

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Rough and rude as this school of instruction may be, its purport is judicious enough; inasmuch as when the girls are married, and enter upon their new duties, they do so with a full and practical knowledge of them, and so escape the punishment which they would assuredly receive if they were to fail in their tasks. The name of the ceremony is called "Bogale." During the time that it lasts, the girls enjoy several privileges, one of which is highly prized. If a boy who has not passed through his ordeal should come in their way, he is at once pounced upon and held down by some, while others bring a supply of thorn-branches, and beat him severely with this unpleasant rod. Should they be in sufficient numbers, they are not very particular whether the trespasser be protected by the boguera or not; and instances have been known when they have captured adult men, and disciplined them so severely that they bore the scars ever afterward.

Uncleanly Mode of Eating.

In their feeding they are not particularly cleanly, turning meat about on the fire with their fingers, and then rubbing their hands on their bodies, for the sake of the fat which adheres to them. Boiling, however, is the usual mode of cooking and when eating it they place a lump of meat in the mouth, seize it with the teeth, hold it in the left hand so as to stretch it as far as possible, and then with a neat upward stroke of a knife or spear-head, cut off the required morsel. This odd mode of eating meat may be found among the Abyssinians and the Esquimaux, and in each case it is a marvel how the men avoid cutting off their noses.

The following is a description of one of the milk bags: It is made from the skin of some large animal, such as an ox or a zebra, and is rather more than two feet in length and one in width. It is formed from a tough piece of hide, which is cut to the proper shape and then turned over and sewed, the seams being particularly firm and strong. The hide of the quagga is said to be the best, as it gives to the milk a peculiar flavor, which is admired by the natives.

The skin is taken from the back of the animal, that being the strongest part. It is first stretched on the ground with wooden pegs, and the hair scraped off with an adze. It is then cut to the proper shape, and soaked in water until soft enough to be worked. Even with care, these bags are rather perishable articles; and when used for water, they do not last so long as when they are employed for milk. A rather large opening is left at the top, and a small one at the bottom, both of which are closed by conical plugs. Through the upper orifice the milk is poured into the bag in a fresh state, and removed when

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coagulated; and through the lower aperture the whey is drawn off as wanted. As is the case with the Kaffir milk baskets, the Bechuana milk bags are never cleaned, a small amount of sour milk being always left in them, so as to aid in coagulating the milk, which the natives never drink in a fresh state.

Skillful Carving.

When traveling, the Bechuanas hang their milk bags on the backs of oxen; and it sometimes happens that the jolting of the oxen, and consequent shaking of the bag, causes the milk to be partially churned, so that small pieces of butter are found floating in it. The butter is very highly valued; but it is not eaten, being reserved for the more important office of greasing the hair or skin.

The spoons which the Bechuanas use are often carved in the most elaborate manner. In general shape they resemble those used by the Kaffirs—who, by the way, sometimes purchase better articles from the Bechuanas—but the under surface of the bowl is entirely covered with designs, which are always effective, and in many cases are absolutely artistic from the boldness and simplicity of the designs. Livingstone had some spoons, in all of which the surface had first been charred and polished, and then the pattern cut rather deeply, so as to leave yellowish-white lines in bold contrast with the jetty black of the uncut portion. Sometimes it happens that, when they are traveling, and have no spoons with them, the Bechuanas rapidly scoop up their broth in the right hand, throw it into the palm of the left, and then fling it into the mouth, taking care to lick the hands clean after the operation.

Music and Dancing.

Music is practised by the Bechuana tribes, who do not use the goura, but merely employ a kind of reed pipe. The tunes that are played upon this instrument are of a severely simple character, being limited to a single note, repeated as often as the performer chooses to play it. A very good imitation of Bechuanan instrumental music may be obtained by taking a penny whistle, and blowing it at intervals. In default of a whistle, a key will do quite as well. Vocal music is known better among the Bechuanas than among most other tribes—or, at all events, is not so utterly opposed to American ideas of the art. The melody is simple enough, consisting chiefly of descending and ascending by thirds; and they have a sufficient appreciation of harmony to sing in two parts without producing the continuous discords which delight the soul of the Hottentot tribes.

These reed pipes, called "lichâka," are of various lengths, and are

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blown exactly like Pandean pipes, that is, transversely across the orifice, which is cut with a slight slope. Each individual has one pipe only, and, as above stated, can only play one note. But the Bechuanas have enough musical ear to tune their pipes to any required note, which they do by pushing or withdrawing a movable plug which closes the reed at the lower end.

When a number of men assemble for the purpose of singing and dancing, they tune their pipes beforehand, taking great pains in getting the precise note which they want, and being as careful about it as if they belonged to an American orchestra. The general effect of these pipes, played together, and with certain intervals, is by no means inharmonious, and has been rather happily compared to the sound of sleigh or wagon bells. The correct method of holding the pipe is to place the thumb against the cheek, and the forefinger over the upper lip, while the other three fingers hold the instrument firmly in its place. These little instruments run through a scale of some eleven or twelve notes.

Graceful Movements.

The dances of the Bechuanas are somewhat similar to those of the Amakosa and other Kaffirs; but they have the peculiarity of using a rather remarkable headdress when they are in full ceremonial costume. This is made from porcupine quills arranged in a bold and artistic manner, so as to form a kind of coronet. None of the stiff and short quills of the porcupine are used for this purpose, but only the long and slender quills which adorn the neck of the animal, and, in consequence of their great proportionate length, bend over the back in graceful curves. These headdresses are worn by the men, who move themselves about so as to cause the pliant quills to wave backward and forward, and so contrive to produce a really graceful effect. The headdress is not considered an essential part of the dance, but is used on special occasions.

When dancing, they arrange themselves in a ring, all looking inward, but without troubling themselves about their number or any particular arrangement. The size of the ring depends entirely upon the number of dancers, as they press closely together. Each is at liberty to use any step which he may think proper to invent, and to blow his reed pipe at any intervals that may seem most agreeable to him. But each man contrives to move very slowly in a slanting direction, so that the whole ring revolves on the same spot, making, on an average, one revolution per minute.

The direction in which it moves seems perfectly indifferent, as at one time it will revolve from right to left, and then, without any apparent rea-

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son, the motion is reversed. Dancers enter and leave the ring just as they feel inclined, some of the elders only taking part in the dance for a few minutes, and others dancing for hours in succession, merely retiring occasionally to rest their wearied limbs. The dancers scarcely speak at all when engaged in this absorbing amusement, though they accompany their reed whistles with native songs. Round the dancers is an externa ring of women and girls, who follow them as they revolve, and keep time to their movements by clapping their hands.

Substitute for Handkerchief.

As is usual in this country, a vast amount of exertion is used in the dance, and, as a necessary consequence, the dancers are bathed in perspiration, and further inconvenienced by the melting of the grease with which their heads and bodies are thickly covered. A handkerchief would be the natural resort of an American under such circumstances; but the native of Southern Africa does not possess such an article, and therefore is obliged to make use of an implement which seems rather ill adapted for its purpose. It is made from the bushy tail of jackals, and is prepared as follows: The tails are removed from the animals, and, while they are yet fresh, the skin is stripped from the bones, leaving a hollow tube of fur-clad skin. Three or four of these tails are thus prepared, and through them is thrust a stick, generally about four feet in length, so that the tail forms a sort of long and very soft brush.

This is used as a handkerchief, not only by the Bechuanas, but by many of the neighboring tribes, and is thought a necessary part of a Bechuana's wardrobe. The stick on which they are fixed is cut from the very heart of the kameel-dorn acacia, where the wood is peculiarly hard and black, and a very great amount of labor is expended on its manufacture. A chief will sometimes have a far more valuable implement, which he uses for the same purpose. Instead of being made of mere jackal tails, it is formed from ostrich feathers.

The remarkable excellence of the Bechuanas in the arts of peace should be noticed. They are not only the best fur-dressers and metal-workers, but they are pre-eminent among all the tribes of that portion of Africa in their architecture. Not being a nomad people, and being attached to the soil, they have no idea of contenting themselves with the mat-covered cages of the Hottentots, or with the simple wattle-and-daub huts of the Kaffirs. They do not merely build huts, but erect houses, and display an ingenuity in their construction that is perfectly astonishing. Whence they derived their architectural knowledge, no one knows. Why the Kaffirs, who are also men of the soil, should not have learned from their

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neighbors how to build better houses, no one can tell. The fact remains, that the Bechuana is simply supreme in architecture, and there is no neighboring tribe that is even worthy to be ranked in the second class.

CURIOUS HOUSES BUILT BY WHITE ANTS.

The house of Dingan, the great Kaffir despot, was exactly like that of any of his subjects, only larger, and the supporting posts covered with beads. Now a Bechuana of very moderate rank would be ashamed of

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such an edifice by way of a residence; and even the poor—if we may use the word—can build houses for themselves quite as good as that of Dingan. Instead of being round-topped, as is the case with the Kaffir huts, the houses of the Bechuanas are conical, and the shape may be roughly defined by saying that a Bechuana's hut looks something like a huge whipping-top with its point upward. It resembles the curious houses built by that marvellous insect, the white ant, itself one of the wonders of the Tropics.

A man of moderate rank makes his house in the following manner—or, rather, orders his wives to build it for him, the women being the only architects. First, a number of posts are cut from the kameel-dorn acacia-tree, their length varying according to the office which they have to fulfil. Supposing, for example, that the house had to be sixteen or twenty feet in diameter, some ten or twelve posts are needed, which will be about nine feet in height when planted in the ground. These are placed in a circle and firmly fixed at tolerably equal distances. Next comes a smaller circle of much smaller posts, which, when fixed in the ground, measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, one of them being longer than the rest. Both the circles of posts are connected with beams which are fastened to their tops.

The next process is to lay a sufficient quantity of rafters on these posts, so that they all meet at one point, and these are tightly lashed together. This point is seldom in the exact centre, so that the hut always looks rather lop-sided. A roof made of reeds is then placed upon the rafters, and the skeleton of the house is complete. The thatch is held in its place by a number of long and thin twigs, which are bent, and the end thrust into the thatch. These twigs are set in parallel rows, and hold the thatch firmly together. The slope of the roof is rather slight, and is always that of a depressed cone, but it is sufficient to carry off the water and keep the interior dry.

Singular Walls for Houses.

Now come the walls. The posts which form the outer circle are connected with a wall sometimes about six feet high, but frequently only two feet or so. But the wall which connects the inner circle is eight or ten feet in height, and sometimes reaches nearly to the roof of the house. These walls are generally made of the mimosa thorns, which are so ingeniously woven that the garments of those who pass by are in no danger, while they effectually prevent even the smallest animal from creeping through. The inside of the wall is strengthened as well as smoothed by a thick coating of clay. The family live in the central compartment of

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the house, while the servants inhabit the other portion, which also serves as a verandah in which the family can sit in the daytime, and enjoy the double benefit of fresh air and shade.

Around this house is a tolerably high paling, made in a similar fashion of posts and thorns, and within this enclosure the cattle are kept, when their owner is rich enough to build an enclosure for their especial use. This fence, or wall, as it may properly be called, is always very firmly built, and sometimes is of very strong construction. It is on an average six feet high, and is about two feet and a half wide at the bottom, and a foot or less at the top. It is made almost entirely of small twigs and branches, placed upright, and nearly parallel with each other, but so firmly interlaced that they form an admirable defence against the assagai, while near the bottom the wall is so strong as to stop an ordinary bullet. A few inches from the top the wall is strengthened by a double band of twigs, one band being outside, and the other in the interior.

Protection Against Fire.

The doorways of a Buchuana hut are rather curiously constructed. An aperture is made in the wall, larger above than below, so as to suit the shape of a human being, whose shoulders are wider than his feet. This formation serves two purposes. In the first place it lessens the size of the aperture, and so diminishes the amount of the draught, and, in the next place, it forms a better defence against an adversary than if it were of larger size, and reaching to the ground.

The fireplace is situated outside the hut, though within the fence, the Bechuanas having a very wholesome dread of fire, and being naturally anxious that their elaborately built houses should not be burnt down. Outside the house, but within the enclosure, is the corn-house. This is a smaller hut, constructed in much the same manner as the dwelling-house, and containing the supply of corn. This is kept in jars, one of which is of prodigious size, and would quite throw into the shade the celebrated oil jars in which the "Forty Thieves" hid themselves. There is also a separate house in which the servants sleep.

This corn jar is made of twigs plaited and woven into form, and strengthened by sticks thrust into the ground, so that it is irremovable, even if its huge dimensions did not answer that purpose. The jar is plastered both on the outside and the interior with clay, so that it forms an admirable protection for the corn. These jars are sometimes six feet in height and three in width, and their shape almost exactly resembles that of the oil jars of Europe. The best specimens are raised six or seven inches from the ground, the stakes which form their scaffolding answer-

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ing the purpose of legs. Every house has one such jar; and in the abode of wealthy persons there is generally one large jar and a number of smaller ones, all packed.

Curious Burial Customs.

The burial of the dead is conducted after a rather curious manner. The funeral ceremonies actually begin before the sick person is dead, and must have the effect of hastening dissolution. As soon as the relations of the sick man see that his end is near, they throw over him a mat, or sometimes a skin, and draw it together until the enclosed individual is forced into a sitting, or rather a crouching posture, with the arms bent, the head bowed, and the knees brought into contact with the chin. In this uncomfortable position the last spark of life soon expires, and the actual funeral begins.

The relatives dig a grave, generally within the cattle fence, not shaped as is the case in our own country, but a mere round hole, about three feet in diameter. The interior of this strangely shaped grave is then rubbed with a bulbous root. An opening is then made in the fence surrounding the house, and the body is carried through it, still enveloped in the mat, and with a skin thrown over the head. It is then lowered into the grave, and great pains are taken to place it exactly facing the north, an operation which consumes much time, but which is achieved at last with tolerable accuracy.

When they have settled this point to their satisfaction, they bring fragments of an anthill, which is the best and finest clay that can be produced, and lay it carefully about the feet of the corpse, over which it is pressed by two men who stand in the grave for that purpose. More and more clay is handed down in wooden bowls, and stamped firmly down, the operators raising the mat in proportion as the earth rises. They take particular care that not even the smallest pebble shall mix with the earth that surrounds the body, and, as the clay is quite free from stones, it is the fittest material for their purpose.

How Chiefs are Buried.

As soon as the earth reaches the mouth, a branch of acacia is placed in the grave, and some roots of grass laid on the head, so that part of the grass projects above the level of the ground. The excavated soil is then scooped up so as to make a small mound, over which is poured several bowlfuls of water, the spectators meanwhile shouting out, "Pula! Pula!" as they do when applauding a speaker in parliament. The weapons and implements of the deceased are then brought to the grave, and presented to him, but they are not left there, as is the case with some tribes. The

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THE LATÓÓKA FUNERAL DANCE.

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ceremony ends by the whole party leaving the ground, amid the lamentations of the women, who keep up a continual wailing cry.

These are the full ceremonials that take place at the death of a chief—at all events, a man of some importance, but they vary much according to the rank of the individual. Sometimes a rain-maker has forbidden all sepulchral rites whatever, as interfering with the production of rain, and during the time of this interdict every corpse is dragged into the bush to be consumed by the hyænas. Even the very touch of a dead body is forbidden, and, under this strange tyranny, a son has been seen to fling a leathern rope round the leg of his dead mother, drag her body into the bush, and there leave it, throwing down the rope and abandoning it, because it had been defiled by the contact of a dead body, and he might happen to touch the part that had touched the corpse.

Almost every African tribe has burial customs peculiar to itself. Some of the most remarkable of these are met with among the Latookas:

Funeral ceremonies differ among the Latookas according to the mode of death. If a man is killed in battle, the body is not touched, but is allowed to remain on the spot where it fell, to be eaten by the hyænas and the vultures. But should a Latooka, whether man, woman or child, die a natural death, the body is disposed of in a rather singular manner. Immediately after death, a shallow grave is dug in the enclosure that surrounds each house, and within a few feet of the door. It is allowed to remain here for several weeks, when decomposition is usually completed. It is then dug up, the bones are cleaned and washed, and are then placed in an earthenware jar, and carried about a quarter of a mile outside the village.

Horrible Treatment of Human Remains.

No particular sanctity attaches itself either to the bones or the spot on which they are deposited. The earthen jars are broken in course of time and the bones scattered about, but no one takes any notice of them. In consequence of this custom the neighborhood of a large town presents a most singular and rather dismal aspect, the ground being covered with bones, skulls, and earthenware jars in various states of preservation; and, indeed, the traveler always knows when he is approaching a Latooka town by coming across a quantity of neglected human remains.

The Latookas have not the least idea why they treat their dead in this singular manner, nor why they make so strange a distinction between the bodies of warriors who have died the death of the brave and those who have simply died from disease, accident, or decay. Perhaps there is no other country where the body of the dead warrior is left to the beasts

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and birds, while those who die natural deaths are so elaborately buried, exhumed, and placed in the public cemetery. Why they do so they do not seem either to know or to care, and, as far as has been ascertained, this is one of the many customs which has survived long after those who practise it have forgotten its signification.

During the three or four weeks that elapse between the interment and exhumation of the body funeral dances are performed. Great numbers of both sexes take part in these dances, for which they decorate them-

COMMORO RUNNING TO THE FIGHT.

selves in a very singular manner. Their hair helmets are supplemented by great plumes of ostrich feathers, each man wearing as many as he can manage to fasten on his head, and skins of the leopard or monkey are hung from their shoulders. The chief adornment, however, is a large iron bell, which is fastened to the small of the back, and which is sounded by wriggling the body after a very ludicrous fashion.

A large crowd got up in this style created an indescribable hubbub

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heightened by the blowing of horns and the beating of seven nogaras of various notes. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended round the neck, which he blew occasionally in the height of his excitement. These instruments produced a sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screech of an owl. Crowds of men rushed round and round, brandishing their arms and iron-headed maces, and keeping tolerably in line five or six deep, following the leader, who headed them, dancing backward.

The women kept outside the line, dancing a slow, stupid step, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads round their loins, keep a very good line, beating time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles to keep time to the drums.

One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourdful of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers: the object of the operation no one could understand. The *première danseuse* was immensely fat; she had passed the bloom of youth, but despite her unwieldy state, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed with the excitement of the dance.

These strange dances form a part of every funeral, and so, when several persons have died successively, the funeral dances go on for several months together. The chief Commoro was remarkable for his agility in the funeral dances, and took his part in every such ceremony, no matter whether it were for a wealthy or a poor man, every one who dies being equally entitled to the funeral dance without any distinction of rank or wealth.

The bells which are so often mentioned in those tribes inhabiting Central Africa are mostly made on one principle, though not on precisely the same pattern. These simple bells evidently derive their origin from the shells of certain nuts, or other hard fruits, which, when suspended, and a wooden clapper hung within them, can produce a sound of some resonance.

The next advance is evidently the carving the bell out of some hard wood, so as to increase its size and add to the power of its sound. Next the superior resonance of iron became apparent, and little bells were made, shaped exactly like the before-mentioned nuts. This point once obtained, the variety in the shape of the bells is evidently a mere matter of caprice on the part of the maker.

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CHAPTER IV.

A CELEBRATED AFRICAN TRIBE.

Livingstone's Great Interest in the Makololo Tribe—The Fate of Ancient Nations—Extraordinary Changes in Southern Africa—Obscure Origin of the Hottentots—Displaced by the More Powerful Kaffirs—The Great Chief of the Makololo—Severe Punishment for Cowards—A Royal Young Snob—Fear of the Ferocious Lion—Headlong Charge of the Buffalo upon Hunters—Livingstone's Story of His Wagon—A Race in Eating—Frightful Battle with Hippopotami—Frail Boat Surrounded by Ugly Brutes—Superior Makololo Women—Mode of Building Houses—Strong Walls and Thatched Roofs—Strange Ideas of a Boatman—Offenders Flung to Crocodiles—Dividing the Spoils of Hunting—Sports of African Children—A Queen's Opinion of White People—Better Looking than she Imagined—A Grotesque and Exciting Dance.

LIVINGSTONE also took great interest in another tribe, the famous Makololo, some account of which will prove instructive and entertaining.

In the whole of Africa south of the equator, we find the great events of the civilized world repeated on a smaller scale. Civilized history speaks of the origin and rise of nations, and the decadence and fall of empires. During a course of many centuries, dynasties have arisen and held their sway for generations, fading away by degrees before the influx of mightier races. The kingdoms of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Persia, and the like, have lasted from generation after generation, and some of them still exist, though with diminished powers. The Pharaohs have passed from the face of the earth, and their metropolis is a desert; but Athens and Rome still retain some traces of their vanished glories.

In Southern Africa, however, the changes that take place, though precisely similar in principle, are on a much smaller scale, both of magnitude and duration, and a traveller who passes a few years in the country may see four or five changes of dynasty in that brief period. Within the space of an ordinary life-time, for example, the fiery genius of Tchaka gathered a number of scattered tribes into a nation, and created a dynasty, which, when deprived of its leading spirit, fell into decline, and has yearly tended to return to the original elements of which it was composed.

Then the Hottentots have come from some unknown country, and

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dispossessed the aborigines of the Cape so completely that no one knows what those aborigines were. In the case of islands, such as the Polynesian group, or even the vast island of Australia, we know what the aborigines must have been; but we have no such knowledge with regard to Southern Africa, and in consequence the extent of our knowledge is, that the aborigines, whoever they might have been, were certainly not Hottentots. Then the Kaffirs swept down and ejected the Hottentots, and the Dutch and other white colonists ejected the Kaffirs.

So it has been with the tribe of the Makololo, which, though thinly scattered, and by no means condensed, has contrived to possess a large portion of Southern Africa. Deriving their primary origin from a branch of the great Bechuana tribe, and therefore retaining many of the customs of that tribe together with its skill in manufactures, they were able to extend themselves far from their original home, and by degrees contrived to gain the dominion over the greater part of the surrounding country. Yet in 1861, when Dr. Livingstone passed through the country of the Makololo, he saw symptoms of its decadence.

Cowards Put To Death.

They had been organized by a great and wise chief named Sebituane, who carried out to the fullest extent the old Roman principle of mercy to the submissive, and war to the proud. Sebituane owed much of his success to his practice of leading his troops to battle in person. When he came within sight of the enemy, he significantly felt the edge of his battle-axe and said, "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge." Being remarkably fleet of foot, none of his soldiers could escape from him, and they found that it was far safer to fling themselves on the enemy with the chance of repelling him, than run away with the certainty of being cut down by the chief's battle-axe.

Sometimes a cowardly soldier skulked, or hid himself. Sebituane, however, was not to be deceived, and, after allowing him to return home, he would send for the delinquent, and, after mockingly assuming that death at home was preferable to death on the field of battle, would order him to instant execution.

He incorporated the conquered tribes with his own Makololo, saying that, when they submitted to his rule, they were all children of the chief, and therefore equal; and he proved his words by admitting them to participate in the highest honors, and causing them to intermarry with his own tribe. Under him was an organized system of head chiefs, and petty chiefs and elders, through whom Sebituane knew all the affairs of

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his kingdom, and guided it well and wisely. But, when he died, the band that held together this nation was loosened, and bid fair to give way altogether. His son and successor, Sekeletu, was incapable of following the example of his father. He allowed the prejudices of race to be again developed, and fostered them himself by studiously excluding all women except the Makololo from his harem, and appointing none but Makololo men to office.

A Worthless Ruler.

Consequently, he became exceedingly unpopular among those very tribes whom his father had succeeded in conciliating, and, as a natural result, his chiefs and elders being all Makololo men, they could not enjoy the confidence of the incorporated tribes, and thus the harmonious system of Sebituane was broken up. Without confidence in their rulers, a people cannot retain their position as a great nation; and Sekeletu, in forfeiting that confidence, sapped with his own hands the foundation of his throne. Discontent began to show itself, and his people drew unfavorable contrasts between his rule and that of his father, some even doubting whether so weak and purposeless a man could really be the son of their lamented chief, the "Great Lion," as they called him. "In his days," said they, "we had great chiefs, and little chiefs, and elders, to carry on the government, and the great chief, Sebituane, knew them all, and the whole country was wisely ruled. But now Sekeletu knows nothing, and the Makololo power is fast passing away."

Then Sekeletu fell ill of a horrible and disfiguring disease, shut himself up in his house, and would not show himself; allowing no one to come near him but one favorite, through whom his orders were transmitted to the people. But the nation got tired of being ruled by deputy, and consequently a number of conspiracies were organized, which never could have been done under the all-pervading rule of Sebituane, and several of the greater chiefs boldly set their king at defiance. As long as Sekeletu lived, the kingdom retained a nominal, though not a real existence, but within a year after his death, which occured in 1864, civil wars sprang up on every side; the kingdom thus divided was weakened, and unable to resist the incursions of surrounding tribes, and thus, within the space of a very few years, the great Makololo empire fell to pieces.

According to Dr. Livingstone, this event was much to be regretted, considering the character of its people.

Mr. Baines, who knew both the father and the son, has the very meanest opinion of the latter, and the highest of the former. In his

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notes, which show a man of very keen discernment, he briefly characterizes them as follows:—"Sebituane, a polished, merciful man. Sekeletu, his successor, a fast young snob, with no judgment. Killed off his father's councillors, and did as he liked. Helped the missionaries to die rather

WILD CHARGE OF A BUFFALO UPON HUNTERS.

than to live, even if he did not intentionally poison them—then plundered their provision stores."

The true Makololo are a fine race of men, and are lighter in color than the surrounding tribes, being of a rich warm brown, rather than black,

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and they are rather peculiar in their intonation, pronouncing each syllable slowly and deliberately.

The general character of this people seems to be a high one, and in many respects will bear comparison with the Ovambo. Brave they have proved themselves by their many victories, though it is rather remarkable that they do not display the same courage when opposed to the lion as when engaged in warfare against their fellow-men. Yet they are not without courage and presence of mind in the hunting-field, though the dread king of beasts seems to exercise such an influence over them that they fear to resist his inroads.

The buffalo is really quite as much to be dreaded as the lion, and yet the Makololo are comparatively indifferent when pursuing it. The animal has an unpleasant habit of doubling back on its trail, crouching in the bush, allowing the hunters to pass its hiding-place, and then to charge suddenly at them with such a force and fury that it scatters the hunters before its headlong rush like autumn leaves before the wind.

Hospitality is one of their chief virtues, and it is exercised with a modesty which is rather remarkable. "The people of every village," writes Livingstone, "treated us most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, butter, milk, and meal, more than we could stow away in our canoes. The cows in this valley are now yielding, as they frequently do, more milk than the people can use, and both men and women present butter in such quantities, that I shall be able to refresh my men as we go along. Anointing the skin prevents the excessive evaporation of the fluids of the body, and acts as clothing in both sun and shade.

Famous Story of the Wagon.

"They always made their presents gracefully. When an ox was given, the owner would say, 'Here is a little bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat, with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox!' The women persisted in giving me copious supplies of shrill praises, or 'lullilooing,' but although I frequently told them to modify their 'Great Lords,' and 'Great Lions,' to more humble expressions, they so evidently intended to do me honor, that I could not help being pleased with the poor creatures' wishes for our success."

One remarkable instance of the honesty of this tribe is afforded by Dr. Livingstone. In 1853, he had left at Linyanti, a place on the Zambesi River, a wagon containing papers and stores. He had been away from Linyanti, to which place he found that letters and packages had been sent for him. Accordingly, in 1860, he determined on revisiting

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the spot, and, when he arrived there, found that everything in the wagon was exactly in the same state as when he left it in charge of the king seven years before. The head men of the place were very glad to see him back again, and only lamented that he had not arrived in the previous year, which happened to be one of special plenty.

This honesty is the more remarkable, because they had good reason to fear the attacks of the Matabele, who, if they had heard that a wagon with property in it was kept in the place, would have attacked Linyanti at once, in spite of its strong position amid rivers and marshes. However, the Makololo men agreed that in that case they were to fight in defence of the wagon, and that the first man who wounded a Matabele in defence of the wagon was to receive cattle as a reward. It is probable, however, that the great personal influence which Dr. Livingstone exercised over the king and his tribe had much to do with the behavior of these Makololo, and that a man of less capacity and experience would have been robbed of everything that could be stolen.

How Strangers are Received.

When natives travel, especially if they should be headed by a chief, various ceremonies take place, the women being intrusted with the task of welcoming the visitors. This they do by means of a shrill, prolonged, undulating cry, produced by a rapid agitation of the tongue, and expressively called "lullilooing." The men follow their example, and it is etiquette for the chief to receive all these salutations with perfect indifference. As soon as the new comers are seated, a conversation takes place, in which the two parties exchange news, and then the head man rises and brings out a quantity of beer in large pots. Calabash goblets are handed round, and every one makes it a point of honor to drink as fast as he can, the fragile goblets being often broken in this convivial rivalry.

Besides the beer, jars of clotted milk are produced in plenty, and each of the jars is given to the principal men, who are at liberty to divide it as they choose. Although originally sprung from the Bechuanas, the Makololo disdain the use of spoons, preferring to scoop up the milk in their hands, and, if a spoon be given to them, they merely ladle out some milk from the jar, put it into their hands, and so eat it. A chief is expected to give several feasts of meat to his followers. He chooses an ox, and hands it over to some favored individual, who proceeds to kill it by piercing its heart with a slender spear. The wound is carefully closed, so that the animal bleeds internally, the whole of the blood, as well as the viscera, forming the perquisite of the butcher

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Scarcely is the ox dead than it is cut up, the best parts, namely, the hump and ribs, belonging to the chief, who also apportions the different parts of the slain animal among his guests, just as Joseph did with his brethren, each of the honored guests subdividing his own portion among his immediate followers. The process of cooking is simple enough, the meat being merely cut into strips and thrown on the fire, often in such quantities that it is nearly extinguished. Before it is half cooked, it is taken from the embers, and eaten while so hot that none but a practised meat-eater could endure it, the chief object being to introduce as much meat as possible into the stomach in a given time.

It is not manners to eat after a man's companions have finished their meal, and so each guest eats as much and as fast as he can, and acts as if he had studied in the school of Sir Dugal Dalgetty. Neither is it manners for any one to take a solitary meal, and, knowing this custom, Dr. Livingstone always contrived to have a second cup of tea or coffee by his side whenever he took his meals, so that the chief, or one of the principal men, might join in the repast.

Among the Makololo, rank has its drawbacks as well as its privileges, and among the former may be reckoned one of the customs which regulate meals. A chief may not dine alone, and it is also necessary that at each meal the whole of the provisions should be consumed. If Sekeletu had an ox killed, every particle of it was consumed at a single meal, and in consequence he often suffered severely from hunger before another could be prepared for him and his followers. So completely is this custom ingrained in the nature of the Makololo, that, when Dr. Livingstone visited Sekeletu, the latter was quite scandalized that a portion of the meal was put aside. However, he soon saw the advantage of the plan, and after awhile followed it himself, in spite of the remonstrances of the old men; and, while the missionary was with him, they played into each other's hands by each reserving a portion for the other at every meal.

Great Skill in Using Canoes.

As the Makololo live much on the banks of the river Zambesi, they naturally use the canoe, and are skilful in its management. These canoes are flat-bottomed, in order to enable them to pass over the numerous shallows of the Zambesi, and are sometimes forty feet in length, carrying from six to ten paddlers, besides other freight. The paddles are about eight feet in length, and, when the canoe gets into shallow water, the paddles are used as punt-poles. The paddlers stand while at work, and keep time as if they were engaged in a University boat race, so that they propel the vessel with considerable speed.

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EXCITING BATTLE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI

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Being flat-bottomed, the boats need very skilful management, especially in so rapid and variable a river as the Zambesi, where sluggish depths, rock-beset shallows, and swift rapids, follow each other repeatedly. If the canoe should happen to come broadside to the current, it would inevitably be upset, and as the Makololo are not all swimmers, several of the crew would probably be drowned. As soon, therefore, as such a danger seems to be pending, those who can swim jump into the water and guide the canoe through the sunken rocks and dangerous eddies. Skill in the management of the canoe is especially needed in the chase of the hippopotamus, which they contrive to hunt in their own element, and which they seldom fail in securing, in spite of the enormous size, the furious anger, and the formidable jaws of this remarkable animal.

Terrible Encounter with the River-Horse.

The dangers of travel are seen from the following account given by a traveller while making a trip up the Nile:

It was on this trip that I had a narrow escape from falling into the jaws of "the river-horse,"—hippopotamus, one of the largest of mammals. This animal can never have been very common on the lower part of the river, for you do not see his easily recognized figure among the hieroglyphics with which the temples are filled, between the Delta and the first cataract. Nor does Roman history often mention them in the games or triumphs of the emperors, which is singular, when tigers, lions and elephants figure so often. But farther up the river you meet him still, usually swimming very low in the water, with simply his nose, eyes and ears above its surface, and followed by his mate,—for they travel usually in couples. But on the day to which I refer, this number was increased to three—and huge specimens they were—sunning themselves on the left bank of the river, and on the back of the female rested a young one, uglier, if possible, than its fond parents.

We were six of us, only one a native, rowing along the shore in a skiff; and one of my companions, a Frenchman, with the careless thoughtlessness of his race, raised his rifle and let drive at the youngster. There was a tremendous splashing and racket, and the water for yards was stirred up by the four mighty bodies diving into it simultaneously. A cry of warning came from our guide, who began jabbering away in his own lingo at a great rate.

"What's the beggar raising all this row about?" asked the Frenchman

"Pull for your life!" shouted I. "You'll have the whole party round us in a minute."

The boat was a poor one for speed, and we were still a long way from

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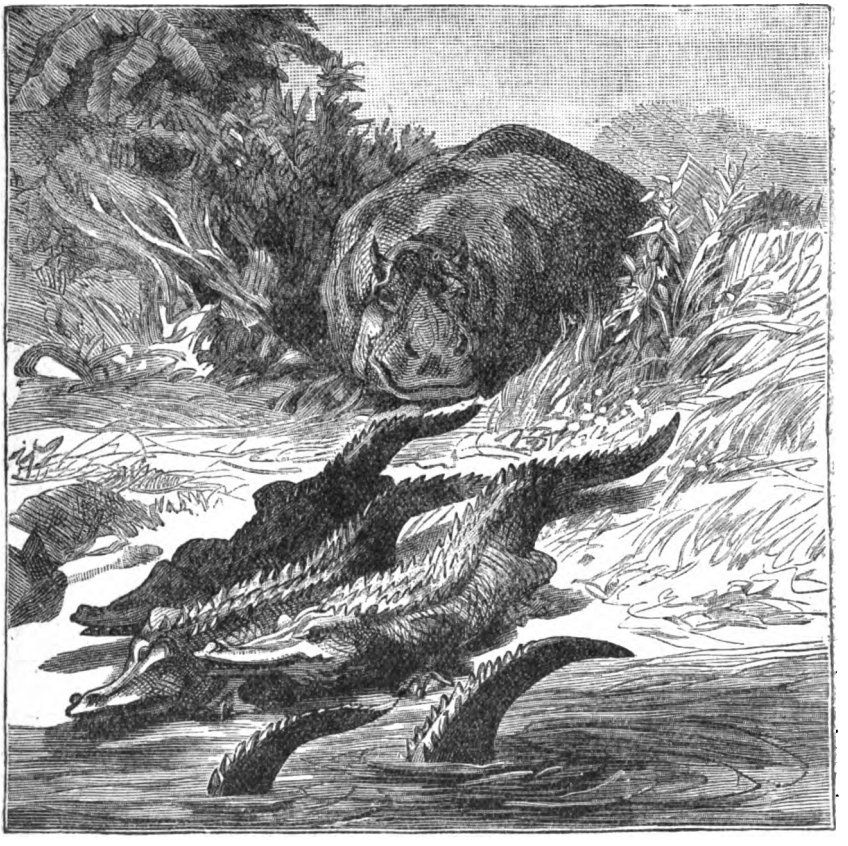
the nearest point of land when the snouts of the hippopotomi came to the surface within pistol-shot of the stern. In a moment they were around us, threatening to crush the thwarts of our craft and make two mouthfuls of the whole party.

We dropped our oars—for flight was out of the question—and seized our guns. Placing my barrel almost against the eye of the largest,



DRIVING CROCODILES INTO THE WATER.

emptied both barrels into his head, and he sank without a gurgle into the muddy water. Meanwhile the other end of the boat had been less fortunate. The remaining male had fastened his massive jaws in the gunwale and was crunching it like paper, while the Frenchman, the cause of all the danger, was ineffectually belaboring his head with an oar, his empty gun being, of course, useless.

Luckily for us, one of the party had a loaded rifle and some presence

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of mind left, and to these hippopotamus number two reluctantly yielded, and went to join his friend at the bottom of the muddy river. It is really curious how easily and quickly so huge an animal will die under modern weapons, when you remember what difficulty the ancients experienced in killing large game, and how an entire army was needed to cope with an elephant or hippopotamus.

But to return to our still rather unpleasant predicament: before the female could reach us, we were all reloaded and ready for her. She seemed to realize this, for, without waiting for our cordial reception, she turned tail and made for the other shore, leaving a wake behind her like a harbor steamboat. Reaching a long tongue of land near the farther bank, she waded through the shallows and across it, disturbing the crocodiles sunning thereon, and driving them into the water beyond, into which she followed them and was lost to our sight. And not one of the party seemed to care!

Singular Habits of the Makololo.

The dress of the men differs but little from that which is in use in other parts of Africa south of the equator, and consists chiefly of a skin twisted round the loins, and a mantle of the same material thrown over the shoulders, the latter being only worn in cold weather. The Makololo are a cleanly race, particularly when they happen to be in the neighborhood of a river or lake, in which they bathe several times daily. The men, however, are better in this respect than the women, who seem rather to be afraid of cold water, preferring to rub their bodies with melted butter, which has the effect of making their skins glossy, and keeping off parasites, but also imparting a peculiarly unpleasant odor to themselves and their clothing.

As to the women, they are clothed in a far better manner than the men, and are exceedingly fond of ornaments, wearing a skin kilt or kaross, and adorning themselves with as many ornaments as they can afford. The traveller who has already been quoted mentions that a sister of the great chief Sebituane wore enough ornaments to be a load for an ordinary man. On each leg she had eighteen rings of solid brass, as thick as a man's finger, and three of copper under each knee; nineteen similar rings on her right arm, and eight of brass and copper on her left. She had also a large ivory ring above each elbow, a broad band of beads round her waist, and another round her neck, being altogether nearly one hundred large and heavy rings. The weight of the rings on her legs was so great, that she was obliged to wrap soft rags round the lower rings, as they had begun to chafe her ankles. Under this weight of

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metal she could walk but awkwardly, but fashion proved itself superior to pain with this Makololo woman, as among her American sisters.

Both in color and general manners, the Makololo women are superior to most of the tribes. This superiority is partly due to the light warm brown of their complexion, and partly to their mode of life. Unlike the women of ordinary African tribes, those of the Makololo lead a comparatively easy life, having their harder labors shared by their husbands, who aid in digging the ground, and in other rough work. Even the domestic work is done more by servants than by the mistresses of the household, so that the Makololo women are not liable to that rapid deterioration which is so evident among other tribes. In fact they have so much time to themselves, and so little to occupy them, that they are apt to fall into rather dissipated habits, and spend much of their time in smoking hemp and drinking beer, the former habit being a most insidious one, and apt to cause a peculiar eruptive disease. Sekeletu was a votary of the hemp-pipe, and, by his over-indulgence in this luxury, he induced the disease of which he afterward died.

Women Who Build Houses.

The only hard work that falls to the lot of the Makololo women is that of house-building, which is left entirely to them and their servants. The mode of making a house is rather remarkable. The first business is to build a cylindrical tower of stakes and reeds, plastered with mud, and some nine or ten feet in height, the walls and floor being smoothly plastered, so as to prevent them from harboring insects. A large conical roof is then put together on the ground, and completely thatched with reeds. It is then lifted by many hands, and lodged on top of the circular tower. As the roof projects far beyond the central tower, it is supported by stakes, and, as a general rule, the spaces between these stakes are filled up with a wall or fence of reeds plastered with mud. This roof is not permanently fixed either to the supporting stakes or the central tower, and can be removed at pleasure. When a visitor arrives among the Makololo, he is often lodged by the simple process of lifting a finished roof off an unfinished house, and putting it on the ground.

Although it is then so low that a man can scarcely sit, much less stand upright, it answers very well for Southern Africa, where the whole of active life is spent, as a rule, in the open air, and where houses are only used as sleeping-boxes. The doorway that gives admission into the circular chamber is always small.

In a house that was assigned to Dr. Livingstone, it was only nineteen inches in total height, twenty-two in width at the floor, and twelve at the

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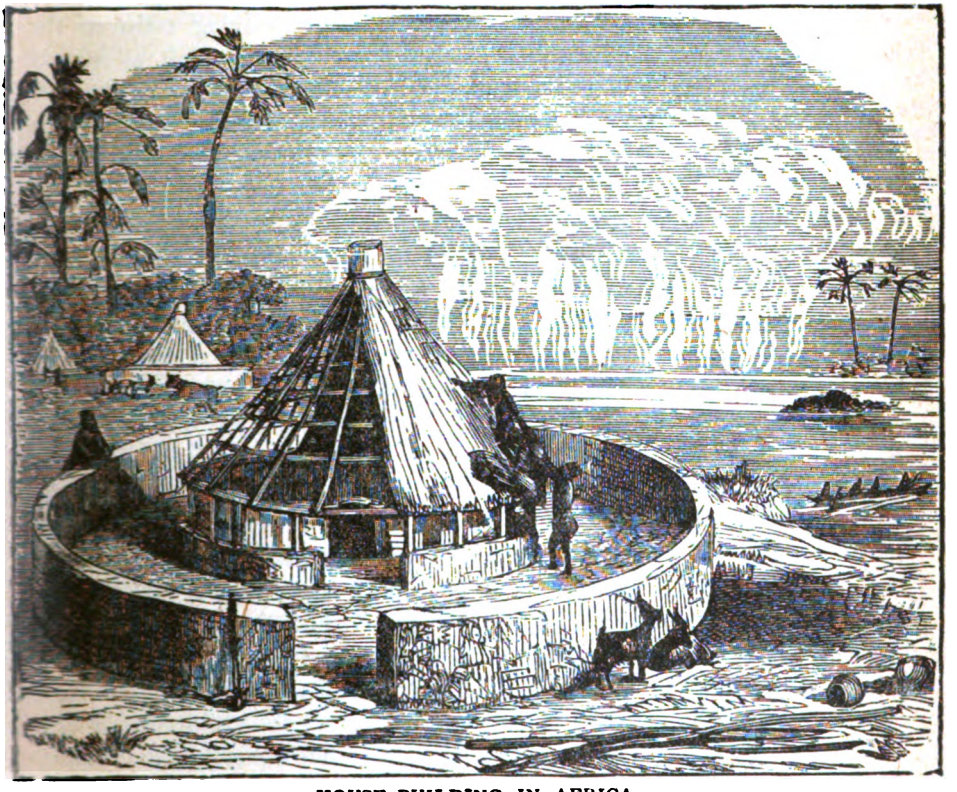
top. A native Makololo, with no particular encumbrance in the way of clothes, makes his way through the doorway easily enough; but an American with all the impediments of dress about him finds himself sadly hampered in attempting to gain the penetration of a Makololo house. Except through this door, the tower has neither light nor ventilation. Some of the best houses have two, and even three, of these towers, built concentrically within each other, and each having its entrance about as large as the door of an ordinary dog-kennel. Of course the atmosphere is very close at night, but the people care nothing about that.



HOUSE-BUILDING IN AFRICA.

Our illustration is from a sketch furnished by Mr. Baines. It represents a nearly completed Makololo house on the banks of the Zambesi river, just above the great Victoria Falls. The women have placed the roof on the building, and are engaged in the final process of fixing the thatch. In the centre is seen the cylindrical tower which forms the inner chamber, together with a portion of the absurdly small door by which it is entered. Round it is the inner wall, which is also furnished with its

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doorway. These are made of stakes and withes, upon which is worked a quantity of clay, well patted on by hand, so as to form a thick and strong wall. Even the wall which surrounds the building and the whole of the floor are made of the same material.

Walls Within Walls.

It will be seen that there are four concentric walls in this building. First comes the outer wall, which encircles the whole premises. Next is a low wall, which is built up against the posts that support the ends of the rafters, and which is partly supported by them. Within this is a third wall, which encloses what may be called the ordinary living room of the house; and within all is the inner chamber, or tower, which is in fact only another circular wall of much less diameter and much greater height. It will be seen that the walls of the house increase regularly in height, and decrease regularly in diameter, so as to correspond with the conical roof.

On the left of the illustration is part of a millet-field, beyond which are some completed houses. Among them are some of the fan-palms with recurved leaves. That on the left is a young tree, and retains all its leaves, while that on the right is an old one, and has shed the leaves toward the base of the stem, the foliage and the thickened portion of the trunk having worked their way gradually upward. More palms are growing on the Zambesi River, and in the background are seen the vast spray clouds arising from the Falls.

The comparatively easy life led by the Makololo women makes polygamy less of a hardship to them than is the case among neighboring tribes, and, in fact, even if the men were willing to abandon the system, the women would not consent to do so. With them marriage, though it never rises to the rank which it holds in civilized countries, is not a mere matter of barter. It is true that the husband is expected to pay a certain sum to the parents of his bride, as a recompense for her services and as purchase money to retain in his own family the children that she may have, and which would by law belong to her father. Then, again, when a wife dies her husband is obliged to send an ox to her family, in order to recompense them for their loss, she being still reckoned as forming part of her parent's family, and her individuality not being totally merged into that of her husband.

African Mormons.

Plurality of wives is in vogue among the Makololo, and, indeed, an absolute necessity under the present condition of the race, and the women would be quite as unwilling as the men to have a system of monogamy

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imposed upon them. No man is respected by his neighbors who does not possess several wives, and, indeed, without them he could not be wealthy, each wife tilling a certain quantity of ground, and the produce belonging to a common stock. Of course, there are cases where polygamy is certainly a hardship, as, for example, when old men choose to marry very young wives. But, on the whole, and under existing conditions, polygamy is the only possible system.

Another reason for the plurality of wives, as given by themselves, is that a man with one wife would not be able to exercise that hospitality which is one of the special duties of the tribe. Strangers are taken to the huts and there entertained as honored guests, and as the women are the principal providers of food, chief cultivators of the soil, and sole guardians of the corn stores, their co-operation is absolutely necessary for anyone who desires to carry out the hospitable institutions of his tribe. It has been mentioned that the men often take their share in the hard work. This laudable custom, however, prevailed most among the true Makololo men, the incorporated tribes preferring to follow the usual African custom, and to make the women work while they sit down and smoke their pipes.

The men have become adepts at carving wood, making wooden pots with lids, and bowls and jars of all sizes. Moreover, of late years, the Makololo have learned to think that sitting on a stool is more comfortable than squatting on the bare ground, and have, in consequence, begun to carve the legs of their stools into various patterns.

The Boatman's Strange Ideas.

Like the people from whom they are descended, the Makololo are a law-loving race and manage their government by means of councils or parliaments, resembling the pichos of the Bechuanas, and consisting of a number of individuals assembled in a circle round the chief, who occupies the middle. On one occasion, when there was a large halo round the sun, Dr. Livingstone pointed it out to his chief boatman. The man immediately replied that it was a parliament of the Barimo, that is, the gods, or departed spirits, who were assembled round their chief, that is the sun.

For major crimes a picho is generally held, and the accused, if found guilty, is condemned to death. The usual mode of execution is for two men to grasp the condemned by his wrists, lead him a mile from the town, and then to spear him. Resistance is not offered, neither is the criminal allowed to speak. So quiet is the whole proceeding that, on one very remarkable occasion, a rival chief was carried off within a few yards of Dr. Livingstone without his being aware of the fact.

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Shortly after Sebituane's death, while his son Sekeletu was yet a young man of eighteen, and but newly raised to the throne, a rival named Mpepe, who had been appointed by Sebituane chief of a division of the tribe, aspired to the throne. He strengthened his pretensions by superstition, having held for some years a host of incantations, at which a number of native wizards assembled, and performed a number of enchantments so potent that even the strong-minded Sebituane was afraid of him. After the death of that great chief, Mpepe organized a conspiracy whereby he should be able to murder Sekeletu and to take his throne. The plot, however, was discovered, and on the night of its failure, his executioners came quietly to Mpepe's fire, took his wrists, led him out, and speared him.

Flung to the Crocodiles.

Sometimes the offender is taken into the river in a boat, strangled, and flung into the water, where the crocodiles are waiting to receive him. Disobedience to the chief's command is thought to be quite sufficient cause for such a punishment. For lesser offences fines are inflicted, a parliament not being needed, but the case being heard before the chief.

Dr. Livingstone relates in a very graphic style the manner in which these cases are conducted. "The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the kotla, the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief and people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all that they themselves have seen or heard, but not anything that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse, so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak about him, and in the most quiet and deliberate way he can assume, yawning, blowing his nose, etc., begins to explain the affair, denying the charge or admitting it, as the case may be.

"Sometimes, when galled by his remarks, the complainant utters a sentence of dissent. The accused turns quietly to him and says, 'Be silent, I sat while you were speaking. Can not you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?' And, as the audience acquiesce in this bantering, and enforce silence, he goes on until he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence, they give their evidence. No oath is administered, but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say, 'By my father,' or 'By

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the chief, it is so.' Their truthfulness among each other is quite remarkable, but their system of government is such that Americans are not in a position to realize it readily. A poor man will say in his defence against a rich one, 'I am astonished to hear a man so great as he make a false accusation,' as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be one against the society which the individual referred to had the greatest interest in upholding."

When a case is brought before the king by chiefs or other influential men, it is expected that the councillors who attend the royal presence shall give their opinions, and the permission to do so is inferred whenever the king remains silent after having heard both parties. It is a point of etiquette that all the speakers stand except the king, who alone has the privilege of speaking while seated.

Dividing the Spoils.

There is even a series of game-laws in the country, all ivory belonging of right to the king, and every tusk being brought to him. This right is, however, only nominal, as the king is expected to share the ivory among his people, and if he did not do so, he would not be able to enforce the law. In fact, the whole law practically resolves itself into this: that the king gets one tusk and the hunters get the other, while the flesh belongs to those who kill the animal. And, as the flesh is to the people far more valuable than the ivory, the agreement is much fairer than appears at first sight.

Practically it is a system of make-believes. The successful hunters kill two elephants, taking four tusks to the king, and make believe to offer them for his acceptance. He makes believe to take them as his right, and then makes believe to present them with two as a free gift from himself. They acknowledge the royal bounty with abundant thanks and recapitulation of titles, such as Great Lion, etc., and so all parties are equally satisfied.

Among the Makololo, as well as among Americans, the spirit of play is strong in children, and they engage in various games, chiefly consisting in childish imitation of the more serious pursuits of their parents. The following account of their play is given by Dr. Livingstone: "The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms, as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this

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and the skipping-rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots, and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens.

Sports of African Boys.

"The boys play with spears of reeds pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or cattle in clay—they show great ingenuity in the imitation of variously shaped horns. Some, too, are said to use slings, but, as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. We saw many boys riding on the calves they had in charge, but this is an innovation since the arrival of the English with their horses. Tselane, one of the ladies, on observing me one day noting observations on the wet and dry bulb thermometers, thought I too was engaged in play. On receiving no reply to her question, which was rather difficult to answer, as their native tongue has no scientific terms, she said with roguish glee, 'Poor thing! playing like a little child!'"

Mr. Baines represents a domestic scene in a Makololo family. The house belongs to a chief named M'Bopo, who was very friendly to Mr. Baines and his companions, and was altogether a fine specimen of a savage gentleman. He was exceedingly hospitable to his guests, not only feeding them well, but producing great jars of pombe, or native beer, which they were obliged to consume either personally or by deputy.

M'Bopo's chief wife sits beside him, and is distinguished by the two ornaments which she wears. On her forehead is a circular piece of hide, kneaded while wet so as to form a shallow cone. The inside of this cone is entirely covered with beads, mostly white, and scarlet in the centre. Upon her neck is another ornament, which is valued very highly. It is the base of a shell, a species of conus—the whole of which has been ground away except the base. This ornament is thought so valuable that when the great chief Shinte presented Dr. Livingstone with one, he took the precaution of coming alone, and carefully closing the tent door, so that none of his people should witness an act of such extravagant generosity.

White People Better Looking than Supposed.

This lady was good enough to express her opinion of the white travellers. They were not so ugly, said she, as she had expected. All that hair on their heads and faces was certainly disagreeable, but their faces were pleasant enough, and their hands were well formed, but the great de-

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LIVINGSTONE HUNTING AN ELEPHANT.

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fect in them was, that they had no toes. The worthy lady had never heard of boots, and evidently considered them as analogous to the hoof of cattle. It was found necessary to remove the boots, and convince her that the white man really had toes.

The Makololo have plenty of amusements after their own fashion, which is certainly not that of an American. Even those who have lived among them for some time, and have acknowledged that they are among the most favorable specimens of African heathendom, have been utterly disgusted and wearied with the life which they had to lead. There is no quiet and no repose day or night, and Dr. Livingstone, who might be expected to be thoroughly hardened against annoyance by trifles, states broadly that the dancing, singing, roaring, jesting, story-telling, grumbling, and quarreling of the Makololo were a severer penance than anything which he had undergone in all his experience. He had to live with them, and was therefore brought in close contact with them.

A Crazy Dance.

The first three items of savage life, namely, dancing, singing and roaring, seem to be inseparably united, and the savages seem to be incapable of getting up a dance unless accompanied by roaring on the part of the performers, and singing on the part of the spectators—the latter sounds being not more melodious than the former.

Dr. Livingstone gives a very graphic account of a Makololo dance. "As this was the first visit which Sekeletu had paid to this part of his dominions, it was to many a season of great joy. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk and beer, more than the horde which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that way are something wonderful.

"The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamping twice with it, then lift the other and give one stamp with it: this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction, and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigor. The continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood.

"If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain. But here, gray-headed men joined in the

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performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration start off their bodies with the exertion. Motebe asked what I thought of the Makololo dance. I replied, 'It is very hard work, and brings but small profit.' 'It is,' he replied; 'but it is very nice, and the Sekeletu will give us an ox for dancing for him.' He usually does slaughter an ox for the dancers when the work is over.

"The women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances within the circle, composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires. As I never tried it, and am unable to enter into the spirit of the thing, I cannot recommend the Makololo polka to the dancing world, but I have the authority of no less a person than Motebe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, for saying that it is very nice."

Many of the Makololo are inveterate smokers, preferring hemp even to tobacco, because it is more intoxicating. They delight in smoking themselves into a positive frenzy, which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as, "The green grass grows," "The fat cattle thrive," "The fishes swim." No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquence, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks foolish. They smoke the hemp through water, using a koodoo horn for their pipe, much in the way that the Damaras and other tribes use it.

Over-indulgence in this luxury has a very prejudicial effect on the health, producing an eruption over the whole body that is quite unmistakable. In consequence of this effect, the men prohibit their wives from using the hemp, but the result of the prohibition seems only to be that the women smoke secretly instead of openly, and are afterward discovered by the appearance of the skin. It is the more fascinating, because its use imparts a spurious strength to the body, while it enervates the mind to such a degree that the user is incapable of perceiving the state in which he is gradually sinking, or of exercising sufficient self-control to abandon or even modify the destructive habit. Sekeletu was a complete victim of the hemp-pipe, and there is no doubt that the illness, something like the dreaded "craw-craw" of Western Africa, was aggravated, if not caused by over-indulgence in smoking hemp.

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CHAPTER V.

PERILS OF TROPICAL EXPLORATIONS.

Remarkable Successes of Livingstone—Forming a Station in the Wilderness—The Explorer Builds a House—Search for a Great Lake—A Desert with Prodigious Herds of Wild Animals—Starting on a Perilous Journey—Wagons Left in Charge of Natives—Travelling in Frail Canoes—Haunts of the Hippopotami—Thrilling Adventure with Crocodiles—Frantic Struggles to Escape from Death—Shooting the Huge Monster—Seized with a Sudden Horror—A Great Splash and a Cry of Joy—Ancient Crocodiles with Immense Jaws—Exciting Encounter with a River-Horse—A Remarkable Chief—Rivers and Swamps Breeding Fevers—Reaching the Banks of the Zambesi—Prevalence of a Troublesome Fly—A Magnificent River—Livingstone's Journey of a Thousand Miles with his Family—Malicious Attack by the Dutch Boers—Livingstone's House Plundered—The Explorer Reaches the Capital of the Makololo—Cordial Welcome from the Natives—The Young King Has a Rival—Ascending the Great River Zambesi—Attempt on the Life of the King—Makololo Architecture—A Grand Dance—Expedition to the West—The Balonda Country—A Visit to Shinti—Scarcity of Food—Arrival at Loanda—Attacked by Savages—On the Leeba—Arrival at Linyanti.

HAVING given a full description of the curious customs and remarkable character of the tribes among whom Livingstone spent many years, we are now prepared to take up the thread of the narrative and follow him through his various fortunes, his trials and his remarkable successes. The chief of the Bakwains, Sechele, renounced his heathenism, became a much better man than he had been before, restored his wives to their fathers, and lived in every respect a thoroughly consistent life.

The Dutch Boers, who had pushed forward to the confines of the country, proved, however, most adverse to the success of the mission by carrying off the natives and compelling them to labor as slaves. By advice Sechele and his people moved to Kolobeng, a stream about two hundred miles north of Kuruman, where Dr. Livingstone formed a station.

He here built a house with his own hands, having learned carpentering and gardening from Mr. Moffatt, as also blacksmith work. He had now become handy at almost any trade, in addition to doctoring and preaching, and, as his wife could make candles, soap, and clothes, they possessed what might be considered the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa.

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Among the gentlemen who had visited the station was Mr. Oswell, in the East India Company's service. He deserves to take rank as an African traveller. Hearing that Dr. Livingstone purposed crossing the Kalahara Desert in search of the great Lake N'gami, long known to exist, he came from India on purpose to join him, accompanied by Mr. Murray, volunteering to pay the entire expenses of the guides.

The Kalahara, though called a desert from being composed of soft sand and being destitute of water, supports prodigious herds of antelopes, while numbers of elephants, rhinoceros, lions, hyænas, and other wild animals roam over it. They find support from the astonishing quantity of grass which grows in the region, as also from a species of watermelon, and from several tuberous roots, the most curious of which is as large as the head of a young child, and filled with a fluid like that of a turnip. Another is an herbaceous creeper, the tubers of which, as large as a man's head, it deposits in a circle of a yard or more horizontally from the stem. On the watermelons especially, the elephants and other wild animals revel luxuriously.

Starting on a Hazardous Journey.

Such was the desert Livingstone and his party proposed to cross when they set out with their wagon on the first of June, 1849, from Kolobeng. Instead, however, of taking a direct course across it, they determined to take a more circuitous route, which, though longer, they hoped would prove safer.

Continuing on, they traversed three hundred miles of desert, when, at the end of a month, they reached the banks of the Zouga, a large river, richly fringed with fruit-bearing and other trees, many of them of gigantic growth, running north-east towards Lake N'gami. They received a cordial welcome from the peace-loving inhabitants of its banks, the Bayeiye.

Leaving the wagons in charge of the natives, with the exception of a small one which proceeded along the bank, Livingstone embarked in one of their canoes. Frail as are the canoes of the natives, they make long trips in them, and manage them with great skill, often standing up and paddling with long light poles. They thus daringly attack the hippopotami in their haunts, or pursue the swift antelope which ventures to swim across the river. After voyaging on the stream for twelve days, they reached the broad expanse of Lake N'gami. Though wide, it is excessively shallow, and brackish during the rainy season. They here heard of the Tamunacle and other large rivers flowing into the lake.

Livingstone's main object in coming was to visit Sebituane, the great

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chief of the Makololo, who live about two hundred miles to the northward. The chief of the district, Sechulatebe, refused, however, either to give them goods or to allow them to cross the river. Having in vain attempted to form a raft to ferry over the wagon, they were reluctantly compelled to abandon their design. The doctor had been working at the raft in the river, not aware of the number of crocociles which swarmed around him, and had reason to be thankful that he escaped their jaws.

These creatures are the foes of the traveller, and even the natives entertain for them a peculiar dread. Once in their ferocious jaws all hope is gone. Livingstone had many narrow escapes from the crocodiles which infest many of the rivers of Africa. A graphic account from the writings of a traveller in Africa shows the dangers sometimes met with by Tropical explorers. The account is as follows

Suddenly the scene became startling. I heard an exclamation of horror from the natives, who, with eyes starting from their sockets, pointed eastward toward the nearer tree clumps.

"What is it?" said I, straining my eyes in the same direction, but in vain.

"Crocodiles! Crocodiles!"

I repeated the word mechanically, my heart sinking within me as I, too, began to distinguish the black points which indicated to the natives' quick eyes the approaching enemy.

Face to Face with the Monsters.

"Are you sure?" I whispered hoarsely, the cold sweat pouring off my forehead.

"Yes, Sahib, certain; there are four of them."

I had only six explosive-ball cartridges, and, in spite of their terrible effectiveness, I could but remember that the crocodile in the water is well-nigh invulnerable, with only his armor-plated back exposed. However, the terrible foe was still some way off, and I should not myself have detected them but for the natives' quick instinct. There was nothing left us but to try, at any cost, to reach the nearest of the tree islands, avoiding by guess the bottomless mud-holes that beset the path.

The unfortunate native who was responsible for our position headed the line again, sounding to right and left, as he advanced, with his spear. It is impossible to describe this adventure—marching through the water, pursued by crocodiles, not daring to put down one's foot until assured by sounding that it would reach something solid. Although the island grew perceptibly nearer, our hungry neighbors did too, and at an increasing pace. Still we were distancing them—for over many of the shoals they

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A DEAD CROCODILE.

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could not swim, and wading, for a crocodile, is a slow process—when, without warning, and as quick as lightning, we felt the ground sink beneath our feet, and we were all four precipitated simultaneously into the swamp. Instinctively, my attendant and I raised our weapons and ammunition high over our heads, for when we touched bottom—that is, a fairly solid layer of vegetable matter—the water reached our arm-pits.

"We might as well give up," said I, in despair; "this time we are lost!"

"Oh, don't give up yet, Sahib. We are so low that, with this head wind, the crocodiles cannot see us and will perhaps be unable to find us at all. Let us cover our heads with these marsh grasses and leaves and 'lie low.'"

Struggling for Dear Life.

His advice was so evidently good that instead of a vain attempt to reach the firm land with its inevitable exposure to the hungry eyes of our terrible pursuers, we acquiesced at once. After several minutes of suspense, the native raised himself slightly on a hummock, and glanced cautiously toward the spot where we had last seen them. His face cleared at once, and he cheered us with—

"They have lost us, and have separated to search for us. Three are going almost directly from this place, and one only knows enough to keep on in the first course."

"And he is headed for us?"

"In a straight line!"

"Then do not lose sight of him for an instant. With one enemy we may be able to cope, and then there is a chance that he may lose the scent."

When I asked him again where the animal was—for I dared not raise my own head to look—he replied that he was still coming straight toward us, and I saw that a meeting was inevitable and made my preparations accordingly.

I took my rifle and loaded it with an explosive ball.

"Now then," said I, "listen to my instructions. The native says the crocodile is sure to find us. I shall let him get within ten yards of us, and then I shall fire at whatever vulnerable part I can—his eye or his belly. Of course I may miss him, or the bullet may glance off his back without wounding him."

The black's eyes rolled with horror.

"Then, without an instant's hesitation and yet without haste, you, who must stand just behind me, must take my rifle and hand me my other gun for a second shot. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

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THE FAMOUS ANTEDILUVIAN CROCODILE.

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"And I can depend on you?"

"Till death."

"We will try to make it less bad than *that*, and your courage shall meet its reward."

"A Shudder of Horror Ran through Me."

I knew what he said was true, for the fellow had been devoted to me ever since I saved his life in the jungle when the gorilla grappled him, and I felt I could rely upon him.

Raising myself as high as I could, I took a good look at the slowly approaching monster, and, I confess, a shudder of horror ran through me at his immense size. He was farther off than I expected, and evidently quite unconscious of our neighborhood, into which he had come by chance, following the raised path on which we ourselves had been travelling when the tide overtook us. I immediately changed my plan of attack. I ordered my attendant to wade off to the left so that the smoke from his gun should not blow across me, and told him to fire at the crocodile and try to wound him, if only slightly.

As this would make the latter raise his head and look round, I hoped to get a shot at some vulnerable spot, and land an explosive ball where it would do most good. I had hardly taken up my position, with rifle lifted, when my attendant's gun cracked sharp and clear, and I saw blood fly from the eye of the crocodile, whose advance ceased immediately. I could scarcely restrain a cry of joy, but catching sight of a yellow piece of neck, I fired at it and shut my eyes. A great splash and the shouts of triumph of the natives encouraged me to open them, and I found the success of the shot greater than I had hoped.

A Hard Death.

The crocodile lay on his side on a little island with his neck blown open the entire length of the jaw, while the natives who made a break for land without regard to me, capered round him. I called them, and they helped me on shore to where the animal lay in his last agony—for these brutes die as hard as a snake. He was a very large specimen, with a head twice as long as it was broad, his eyes set close together above his long snout, of which only the under jaw was movable. His front feet had five toes armed with claws, and his hind feet but four, and webbed to allow him to swim easily. His whole body was shingled with plates of a shell-like membrane that made him a fine coat of mail nearly bullet-proof. Green on the back, his color gradually shaded off into yellow, and he was a terrible foe to meet in the water, where we should not have come off so well had not our good luck stood by us just as it did.

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I was duly thankful to regain the bank, which I had never expected to touch again, and had not the heart to blame the native who was responsible for our narrow escape; but I resolved to place less reliance on the natives in future.

Ancient Crocodiles.

It is interesting to see what changes take place in the Animal Kingdom with the lapse of ages. For instance, the early crocodile, the great monster that lived thousands of years ago had larger jaws, more terrible teeth, and a fiercer look than the crocodile of to-day. We present a striking illustration of this ancient monster reproduced from his remains which have been found.

Returning to Livingstone, the season being far advanced, they determined to return to Kolobeng, Mr. Oswell generously volunteering to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat for next season. Half the royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discoveries was awarded by the council of the Royal Geographical Society to Dr. Livingstone for the discoveries he made on this journey.

Sechele, the Christian chief of the Bakwains, who was eager to assist him in reaching Sebituane, offered his services, and with him as a guide, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and their three children, he set out, in April, 1850, taking a more easterly course than before. They again reached the lake, but the greater number of the party being attacked by fever, he was compelled to abandon his design of visiting Sebituane. He here heard of the death of a young artist, Mr. Rider who had shortly before visited the lake for the purpose of making sketches.

Hunting the Hippotamus.

The natives inhabiting the banks of the rivers falling into Lake N'gami are famed for their skill in hunting the hippopotamus. In perfect silence they approach in their light canoes, and plunge their sharp spears, with thongs attached, into the back of one of the huge creatures, which dashes down the stream, towing the canoe at a rapid rate. Thus the animal continues its course, the hunters holding on to the rope, till its strength is exhausted when, other canoes coming up, it is speared to death.

Frequently, however, the hippopotamus turns on its assailants, bites the canoe in two, and seizes one of them in its powerful jaws. When they can manage to do so, they tow it into shallow water, and carrying the line on shore, secure it to a tree, while they attack the infuriated animal with their spears, till, sinking exhausted with its efforts, it becomes their prey.

Mr. Oswell, who had arrived too late for the journey, spent the remain-

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der of the season in hunting elephants, liberally presenting Dr. Livingstone with the proceeds of his sport, for the outfit of his children.

The third journey was commenced in the spring of 1851, when, rejoined by Mr. Oswell, he set out once more, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and their children.

First travelling north, and then to the north-east, through a region covered with baobab-trees, abounding with springs, and inhabited by Bushmen, they entered an arid and difficult country. Here, the supply of water became exhausted, great anxiety was felt for the children, who suffered greatly from thirst. At length a small stream, the Mabebe, was reached, running into a marsh, across which they had to make their way. During the night they traversed a region infested by the *tsetse*, a fly not much larger than the common house-fly, the bite of which destroys cattle and horses.

A Terrible Pest.

It is remarkable that neither man, wild animals, nor even calves as long as they continue to suck, suffer from the bite of this fearful pest. While some districts are infested by it, others in the immediate neighborhood are free, and, as it does not bite at night, the only way the cattle of travellers can escape is by passing quickly through the infested district before the sun is up. Sometimes the natives lose the whole of their cattle by its attacks, and travellers frequently have been deprived of all means of moving with their wagons, in consequence of the death of their animals; some, indeed, have perished from being unable to proceed.

Having reached the Chobe, a large river, which falls into the Zambesi, leaving their attendants encamped with their cattle on an island, Livingstone and his family, with Mr. Oswell, embarked in a canoe on the former river, and proceeded down it about twenty miles to an island, where Sebituane was waiting to receive them.

The chief, pleased with the confidence the doctor had shown in bringing his wife and children, promised to take them to see his country, that they might choose a spot where they might form a missionary station. He had been engaged in warfare nearly all his life, under varying fortunes, with the neighboring savage tribes, and had at length established himself in a secure position behind the Chobe and Leeambye, whose broad streams guarded him from the inroads of his enemies. He had now a larger number of subjects and was richer in cattle than any chief in that part of Africa.

The rivers and swamps, however, of the region produced fever, which had proved fatal to many of his people. He had long been anxious for

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intercourse with Europeans, and showed every wish to encourage those who now visited him to remain in his territory. Unhappily, a few days after the arrival of his guests the chief was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, originating in an old wound, and, having listened to the gospel message delivered by the doctor, he in a short time breathed his last.

Dr. Livingstone says that he was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief he had ever met. His followers expressed the hope that the English would be as friendly to his children as they intended to have been to himself.

The chieftainship devolved at his death on a daughter, who gave the

THE FINAL ATTACK ON A SAVAGE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

visitors leave to travel through any part of the country they chose. They accordingly set out, and traversing a level district covered with wild date-trees, and here and there large patches of swamp, for a distance of a hundred and thirty miles to the north-east, they reached the banks of the Zambesi, in the centre of the continent.

From the prevalence of the *tsetse*, and the periodical rise of its numerous streams causing malaria, Dr. Livingstone was compelled to abandon the intention he had formed of removing his own people thither that they might be out of reach of their savage neighbors, the Dutch Boers. It was, however, he at once saw, the key of Southern and Central Africa.

The magnificent stream, on the bank of which he now stood, flows

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hundreds of miles east to the Indian Ocean—a mighty artery supplying life to the teeming population of that part of Africa. He therefore determined to send his wife and children to England, and to return himself and spend two or three years in the new region he had discovered, in the hope of evangelizing the people.

He accordingly returned to Kolobeng, and then set out with his family a journey of a thousand miles, to Cape Town. Having seen them aboard a homeward bound ship, he again turned his face northward, June, 1852.

The Explorer's House Robbed.

Having reached Kuruman, he was there detained by the breaking of a wagon-wheel. During that time the Dutch Boers attacked his friends, the Bakwains, carrying off a number of them into slavery, the only excuse the white men had being that Sechele was getting too saucy—in reality because he would not prevent the English traders from passing through his territory to the northward. The Dutch plundered Livingstone's house, and carried off the wagons of the chief and that of a trader who was stopping in the place. Livingstone therefore found great difficulty in obtaining guides and servants to proceed northward. Poor Sechele set out for Cape Town, intending as he said, to lay his complaint before the Queen of England, but was compelled by want of funds to return to his own country, where he devoted himself to the evangelization of his people.

Parting with the chief, Livingstone, giving the Boers a wide berth, proceeded across the desert to Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, where he had visited the Chief Sebituane in 1851. The whole population, amounting to nearly seven thousand souls, turned out to welcome him. He found that the princess had abdicated in favor of her brother Sekeletu, who received him with the greatest cordiality. The young king, then only nineteen, exclaimed: "I have now got another father instead of Sebituane." The people shared this feeling, believing that by the residence of a missionary among them they would obtain some important benefits, though of the real character of the blessing they might receive they were totally ignorant.

A rival of the young king existed in the person of a cousin, Mpepe, who had been appointed by the late king chief over a portion of his subjects, but whose ambition made him aim at the command of the whole.

Half-caste Portuguese slave-traders had made their way to Linyanti, and one, who pretended to be an important person, was carried about in a hammock slung between two poles, which looking like a bag, the

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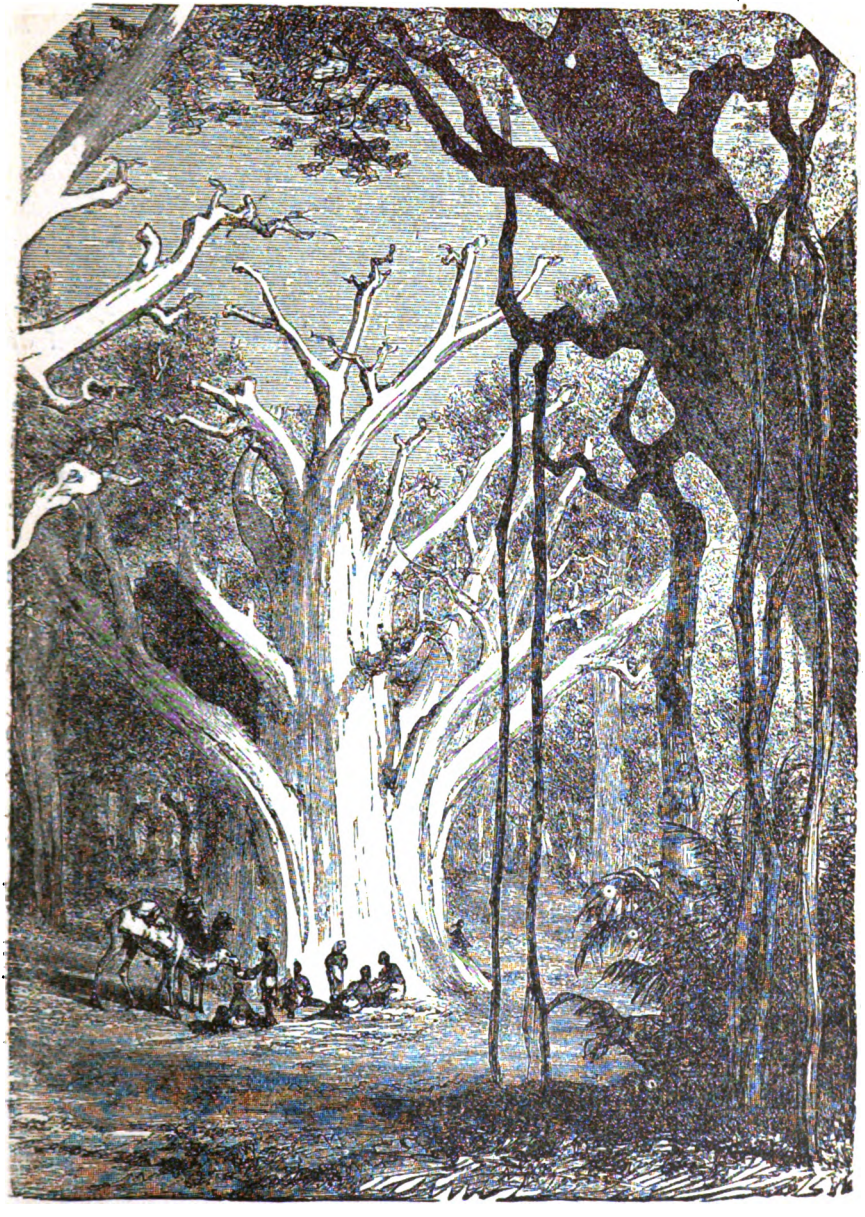

GREAT BAOBAB TREE OF AFRICA.

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natives called him "the father of the bag." Mpepe favored these scoundrels, as he hoped by their means to succeed in his rebellion. The arrival of Livingstone, however, somewhat dampened their hopes.

Livingstone Saves a Chief from an Assassin.

As the chief object of the doctor was to select a spot for a settlement, he ascended, accompanied by Sekeletu, the great river Zambesi, which had been discovered in the year 1851. The doctor had taught the Makololo to ride on their oxen, which they had never before done, though, having neither saddles or bridles, they constantly fell off.

He and Sekeletu were riding along side by side, when they encountered Mpepe, who, as soon as he saw them, ran towards the chief with his axe uplifted; but Sekeletu, galloping on, escaped him. On their arrival at their camp, while the chief and the doctor were sitting together, Mpepe appeared, his men keeping hold of their arms. At that moment the rebel entered; but the doctor, unconsciously covering Sekeletu's body, saved him from the assassin's blow. His cousin's intention having been revealed to Sekeletu, that night Mpepe was dragged off from his fire and speared. So quietly was the deed done that Livingstone heard nothing of it till the next morning.

Livingstone was soon after this attacked by fever, when his hosts exhibited the interest they felt for him by paying him every attention in their power. His own remedies of a wet sheet and quinine were more successful than the smoke and vapor baths employed by the natives.

It is important that the position of Linyanti should be noted, as from it Livingstone set out on his journey westward to Loanda, on the West Coast, and, returning to it, commenced from thence that adventurous expedition to the East Coast, which resulted in so many interesting discoveries.

A Picturesque Company.

Having recovered from his fever, Livingstone, accompanied by Sekeletu, and about one hundred and sixty attendants, mostly young men, associates of the chief, set out for Sesheke. The intermediate country was perfectly flat, except patches elevated a few feet only above the surrounding level. There were also numerous mounds, the work of ants, which are literally gigantic structures, and often as tall as wild date trees at their full height.

The party looked exceedingly picturesque as, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the air, they wound in a long line in and out among the mounds. Some wore red tunics or variously-colored prints, and their heads were adorned with the white ends of ox tails or caps made of lions'

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CURIOUS MOUNDS BUILT BY WARRIOR ANTS.

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manes. The nobles walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, their servants carrying their shields; while the ordinary men bore burdens, and the battle-axe men, who had their shields on their arms, were employed as messengers, often having to run an immense distance.

The Makololo possess numerous cattle, and the chief, having to feed his followers, either selected oxen from his own stock or received them from the head men of the villages through which they passed, as tribute.

Reaching the village of Katonga on the banks of the Leeambye, some time was spent there in collecting canoes. During this delay Livingstone visited the country to the north of the village, where he saw enormous numbers of buffaloes, zebras, elans, and a beautiful small antelope. He was enabled, by this hunting expedition, to supply his companions with an abundance of food.

At length, a sufficient number of canoes being collected, they commenced the ascent of the river. His own canoe had six paddles, while that of the chief had ten. They paddled standing upright, and kept stroke with great exactness. Being flat-bottomed, they can float in very shallow water. The fleet consisted altogether of thirty-three canoes and one hundred and sixty men.

"Man Overboard!"

Most of the Makololo are unable to swim, and a canoe being upset, one of the party, an old doctor, was lost, while the Barotse canoe-men easily save themselves by swimming.

Numerous villages were seen on both banks of the river, the inhabitants of which are expert hunters of the hippopotamus, and are excellent handicraftmen. They manufacture wooden bowls with neat lids, and show much taste in carving stools. Some make neat baskets, and others excel in pottery and iron. On their arrival at the town of the father of Mpepe, who had instigated his son to rebellion, two of his chief councilors were led forth and tossed into the river.

Naliele, the capital of the Barotse, the tribe inhabiting the district in which they now were, is built on an artificially-constructed mound, as are many other villages of that region, to raise them above the overflowing river. From finding no trace of European names among them, Livingstone was convinced that the country had not before been visited by white men; whereas, after he had come among them, great numbers of children were named after his own boy, while others were called Horse, Gun, Wagon, etc.

Roaring Lions.

Here again numbers of large game were seen. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before the fire of the travellers one evening

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DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH FEROCIOUS BEASTS

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IMMENSE AFRICAN LION SEIZING HIS PREY.

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within gunshot, and herds of splendid elans stood at two hundred yards' distance, without showing signs of fear. Lions, too, approached and roared at them. One night, as they were sleeping on the summit of a large sandbank, a lion appeared on the opposite shore, who amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could. The river was too broad for a ball to reach him, and he walked off without suffering for his impertinence. Livingstone saw two as tall as common donkeys, their manes making their bodies appear of still greater size.

Lions are in the habit of preying upon cattle, and the natives have to contrive all manner of ways for protecting their herds. These formidable beasts have been known to carry off young cattle as large as themselves.

On their journey they visited the town of Ma-Sekeletu, or the Mother of Sekeletu, where, as it was the first visit the king had paid to this part of his dominions, he was received with every appearance of joy. A grand dance was got up, the men moving in a circle, with spears and small battle-axes in their hands, roaring at the loudest pitch of their voices. The arms and head were thrown about in every direction, the roaring being kept up with the utmost vigor, while the dust ascended in clouds around them.

Wild Men of the Jungle.

Returning down the stream at a rapid rate, they quickly reached Linyanti. During this nine weeks' tour, Dr. Livingstone had been in closer contact with heathenism than ever before, and though, including the chief, everyone had been as attentive as possible, yet the dancing, roaring, singing, jesting, quarreling, added to the murdering propensities of these children of nature was painful in the extreme.

The chief and his followers, agreeing that the object of Livingstone's proposed expedition to the west was most desirable, took great pains to assist him in the undertaking. A band of twenty-seven men was appointed to accompany him by the chief's command, whose eager desire was to obtain a free and profitable trade with the white men, and this, Livingstone was convinced, was likely to lead to their ultimate elevation and improvement. Three men whom he had brought from Kuruman having suffered greatly from fever, he sent them back with Fleming, a trader, who had followed his footsteps. His new attendants he named Zambesians, for there were only two Makololo men—the rest consisting of Barotse, Batoka, and other tribes. His wagon and remaining goods he committed to the charge of the Makololo, who took all the articles into their huts. He carried only a rifle and a double-barrelled smooth-

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GRAND DANCE IN HONOR OF A KING.

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bore gun for himself, and gave three muskets to his people, by means of which he hoped game might be obtained for their support.

Wishing also to save his followers from having to carry heavy loads, he took for his own support but a few biscuits and a pound of tea and sugar, about twenty of coffee, a small tin canister with some spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, another for medicines, and a third for books, while a fourth contained a magic lantern. His ammunition was distributed in portions among the whole luggage, that, should an accident occur to one, the rest might be preserved. His camp equipage consisted of a gipsy tent, a sheep-skin mantle, and a horse-rug as a bed, as he had always found that the chief art of successful travelling consisted in taking as few impediments as possible. His sextant, artificial horizon, thermometer, and compasses were carried apart.

Carry as little as he would, Livingstone found that he was compelled to take more baggage than could be conveniently transported through African forests and jungles. Some people in civilized countries when they travel appear to take everything they need and everything they do not need; it cannot be said of our great explorer, however, that he took anything which was not needed. His box of medicines was, of course, a constant companion; we shall see farther on that this box was lost or stolen and that the expedition was left entirely without medical remedies. Often large parts of the baggage would have to be exchanged with the natives for food, or paid out as tribute to unfriendly chiefs. This was one of the unpleasant experiences and severe hardships which the great traveller encountered.

It will be seen through all these journeys that Livingstone was perfectly willing to share the fate of his men. He asked nothing for himself better than he was willing to grant for them. If they slept on the hard ground, he was willing to sleep there too; if they waded rivers, he was willing to go in as deep as they went; if they had unwholesome food, and little of it, he was ready to divide with them his last crust. By his own self-sacrificing and generous spirit he attached himself strongly to his followers. This was one great secret of his magnificent achievements in the Dark Continent.

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CHAPTER VI.

STRANGE PLACES AND PEOPLES.

Dangers of River Navigation—Luxuriant Wild Fruits—Skillful Management of Canoes by Natives—Magnificent Scenery—Man Seized by a Crocodile—Beautiful Flowers and Wild Honey—Strapping Chieftainess Smeared with Fat and Red Ochre—Pompous Chief—Curious Piano—Portuguese Traders—Warm Reception to the Explorers—Lifting off Roofs of Houses to Cover the Travellers—A Chief who Killed His Subjects for Amusement—Remarkable Custom for Cementing Friendship—Tricksters who Want Money—Livingstone Suffers from Fever—Savage Attack upon the Expedition—Using Charms and Cupping for Sickness—Black Corporal for an Escort—Beautiful Country Going to Waste—Vast Herds of Cattle—An Ornamental Garden—Natives Astonished by Strange Sights—Generous Gifts of Jolly Tars—"Stones that Burn"—An Attractive Town—The Irrepressible Donkey—Strange Belief in Evil Spirits—Grotesque Head-dresses—Fine Sport with the Gun—The Expedition Travelling in Small Canoes—Livingstone Charged by a Buffalo—Noisy Welcome to the Explorers—Troops of Elephants.

ON the 11th of November, 1853, accompanied by the chief and his principal men to see him off, Livingstone left and embarked on the Chobe. The chief danger in navigating this river is from the bachelor hippopotami who have been expelled their herd, and, whose tempers being soured, the canoes are frequently upset by them. One of these misanthropes chased some of his men, and ran after them on shore with considerable speed. The banks of the river were clothed with trees, among them acacias and evergreens, from the pink-colored specimens of which a pleasant acid drink is obtained.

Leaving the Chobe, they entered the Leeambye, up which they proceeded at a somewhat slow rate, as they had to wait at different villages for supplies of food. Several varieties of wild fruit were presented to them. The crews of the canoes worked admirably, being always in good humor, and, on any danger threatening, immediately leaped overboard to prevent them coming broadside to the stream, or being caught by eddies, or dashed against the rocks. Birds, fish, iguanas, and hippopotami abounded; indeed the whole river teemed with life.

On November 30th, the Gonye Falls were reached. No rain having fallen, it was excessively hot. They usually got up at dawn—about five in the morning—coffee was taken and the canoes loaded, the first two hours being the most pleasant part of the day's sail. The Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, managed their canoes admirably.

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At about eleven they landed to lunch. After an hour's rest they embarked, the doctor with an umbrella overhead. Sometimes they reached a sleeping-place two hours before sunset. Coffee was again served out, with coarse bread made of maize meal, or Indian corn, unless some animal had been killed, when a potful of flesh was boiled. The canoes were carried beyond the falls, slung on poles placed on men's shoulders. Here as elsewhere the doctor exhibited his magic lantern, greatly to the delight of the people.

Beautiful Scenery.

Nothing could be more lovely than the scenery of the falls. The water rushes through a fissure and, being confined below by a space not more than a hundred yards wide, goes rolling over and over in great masses, amid which the most expert swimmer can in vain make way.

The doctor was able to put a stop to an intended fight between the inhabitants of two villages. Several volunteers offered to join him, but his followers determined to adhere to the orders of Seketelu, and refused all other companions. They were treated most liberally by the inhabitants of all the villages, who presented them with more oxen, milk and meal than they could stow away. Entering the Leeambye, Livingstone proceeded up that stream in his canoe, while his oxen and a portion of his men continued their journey along its banks.

The rain had fallen, and nature had put on her gayest apparel; flowers of great beauty and curious forms grew everywhere, many of the forest trees having palmated leaves, the trunks being covered with lichens, while magnificent ferns were seen in all the moister situations. In the cool morning the welkin rang with the singing of birds, and the ground swarmed with insect life.

Combat with a Monstrous Crocodile.

Crocodiles were in prodigious numbers, children and calves being constantly carried off by them. One of his men was seized, but, retaining his presence of mind when dragged to the bottom, he struck the monster with his javelin and escaped, bearing the marks of the reptile's teeth on his thigh. The doctor's men had never before used firearms, and, proving bad shots, came to him for "gun medicine" to enable them to shoot better. As he was afraid of their exhausting his supply of powder, he was compelled to act as sportsman for the party.

Leaving Leeambye, he proceeded up the Leeba. Beautiful flowers and abundance of wild honey was found on its shores, and large numbers of young crocodiles were seen sunning themselves on the sandbanks with their parents.

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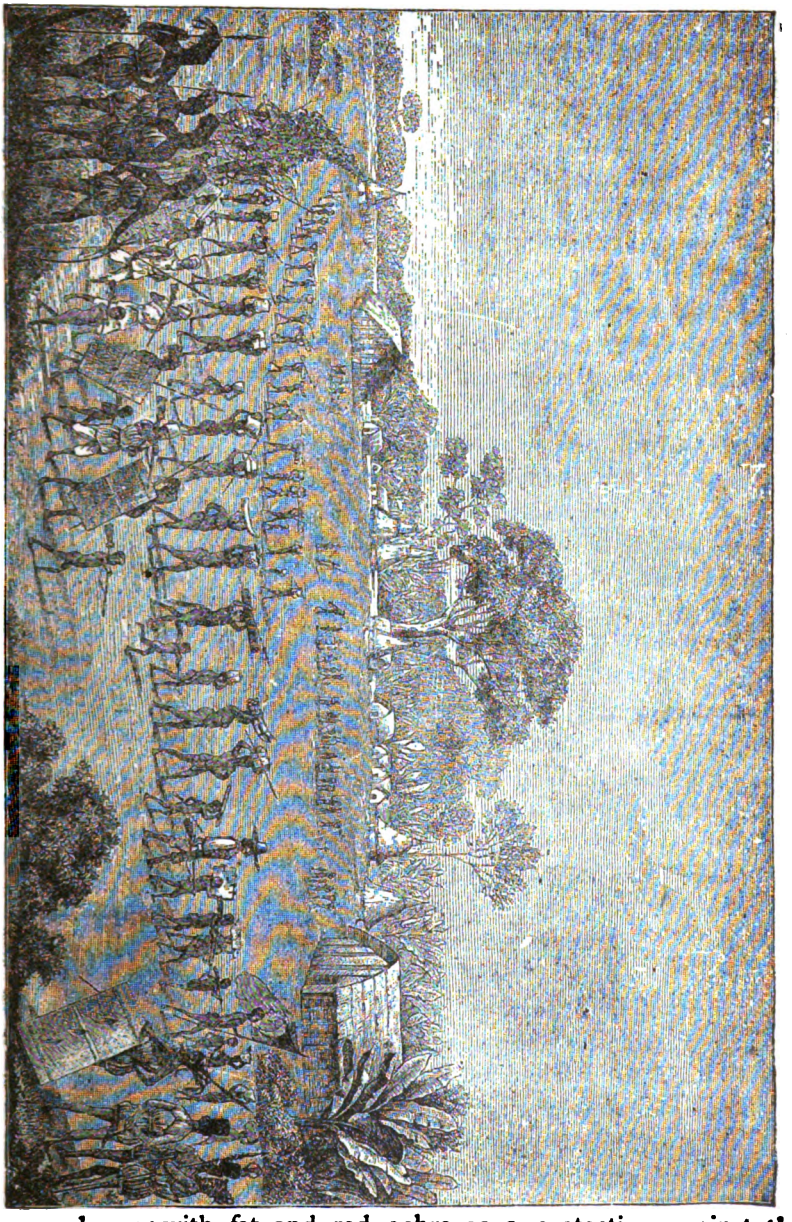
They had now reached the Balonda country, and received a visit from a chieftainess, Manenko, a tall strapping woman covered with ornaments



THE KIFLOUNG PARTY ON THE MARCH.

and smeared over with fat and red ochre as a protection against the weather. She invited them to visit her uncle Shinti, the chief of the

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country. They set out in the midst of a heavy drizzling mist; on, however, the lady went, in the lightest marching order. The doctor enquired why she did not clothe herself during the rain; but it appeared that she did not consider it proper for a chief to appear effeminate. The men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, every now and then remarked: "Manenko is a soldier." Some of the people in her train carried shields composed of reeds, of a square form, five feet long and three broad. With these, and armed with broadswords and quivers full of iron-headed arrows, they looked somewhat ferocious, but are in reality not noted for their courage.

A Pompous Chief.

The doctor was glad when at length the chieftainess halted on the banks of a stream, and preparations were made for the night's lodging. After detaining them several days, she accompanied them on foot to Shinti's town. The chief's place of audience was ornamented by two graceful banyan trees, beneath one of which he sat on a sort of throne covered with a leopard-skin. He wore a checked shirt and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green, numerous ornaments covering his arms and legs, while on his head was a helmet of beads, crowned with large goose feathers. At his side sat three lads with quivers full of arrows over their shoulders.

Livingstone took his seat under the shade of another tree opposite to the chief, while the spokesman of the party, who had accompanied them, in a loud voice, walking backwards and forwards, gave an account of the doctor and his connection with the Makololo. Behind the chief sat a hundred women clothed in red baize, while his wife was sitting in front of him. Between the speeches the ladies burst forth into a sort of plaintive ditty.

Singular Piano.

The party was entertained by a band of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the *marimba*, a species of piano. It consists of two bars of wood placed side by side; across these are fixed fifteen wooden keys, each two or three inches broad and about eighteen long, their thickness being regulated by the deepness of the note required. Each of the keys has a calabash below it, the upper portion of which, being cut off to hold the bars, they form hollow sounding-boards to the keys. These are also of different sizes according to the notes required. The keys are struck by small drum sticks to produce the sound. The Portuguese have imitated the *marimba*, and use it in their dances in Angola.

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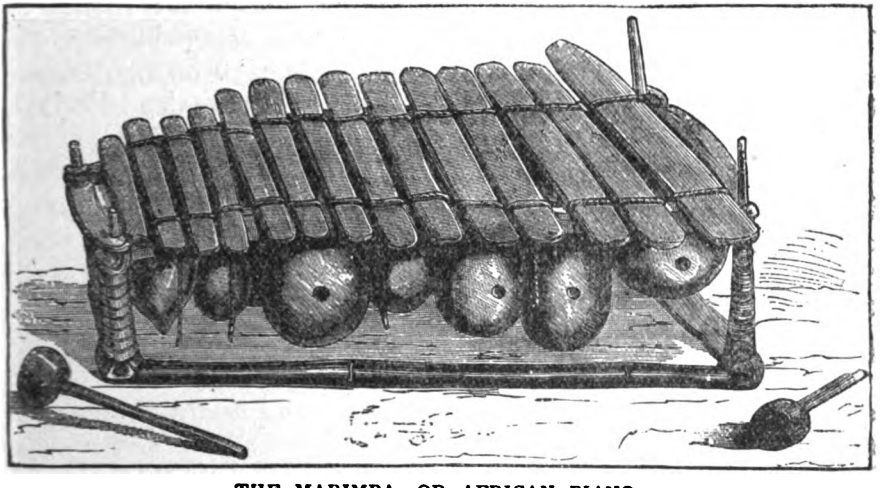
The women in this country are treated with more respect by the men than in other parts of Africa. A party of Mambari, with two native Portuguese traders, had come up to obtain slaves, and, while Dr. Livingstone was residing with Shinti, some young children were kidnapped, evidently to be sold to them.

The day before he was to recommence his journey, the doctor received a visit in his tent from Shinti, who, as a mark of his friendship, presented him with a shell on which he set the greatest value, observing: "There, now you have a proof of my affection." These shells, as marks of distinction, are so highly valued that for two of them a slave may be bought, and five will buy an elephant's tusk worth fifty dollars. The old chief had provided a guide, Intémese, to conduct them to the territory of



THE MARIMBA, OR AFRICAN PIANO.

the next chief, Katema. He also gave an abundant supply of food, and wished them a prosperous journey. Livingstone again started on the 26th of January, Shinti sending eight men to assist in carrying his luggage. He had now to quit the canoes and to proceed on ox-back, taking a northerly direction.

He and his party received the same kind treatment in the country as before, the villagers, by command of their chiefs, presenting them with an abundance of food. They found English cotton cloth more eagerly enquired after than beads and ornaments. On arriving at a village the inhabitants lifted off the roofs of some of their huts, and brought them to the camp, to save the men the trouble of booth-making. On starting again the villagers were left to replace them at their leisure, no payment

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being expected. Heavy rains now came on, and the doctor and his party were continually wet to the skin.

Polite as the people were, they were still fearful savages. Messengers arrived from the neighboring town to announce the death of their chief, Matiamvo. That individual had been addicted to running a-muck through his capital and beheading any one he met, till he had a large heap of human heads in front of his hut. Men were also slaughtered occasionally, whenever the chief wanted part of a body to perform certain charms.

The Balonda appear to have some belief in the existence of the soul, and a greater feeling of reverence in their composition than the tribes to the eastward. Among their customs they have a remarkable one. Those who take it into their heads to become friends, cement their friendship. Taking their seats opposite one to the other, with a vessel of beer by the side of each, they clasp hands. They then make cuts on their clasped hands, the pits of their stomachs, their foreheads, and right cheeks. The point of a blade of grass is then pressed against the cuts, and afterwards each man washes it in his own pot of beer; exchanging pots, the contents are drunk, so that each man drinks the blood of the other. Thus they consider that they become blood relations and are bound in every possible way to assist each other. These people were greatly surprised at the liberty enjoyed by the Makololo.

Playing Tricks for Money.

The travellers paid a visit to Katema, the chief of the district, who received them dressed in a snuff-brown coat, with a helmet of beads and feathers on his head, and in his hand a number of tails of *gnus* bound together. He also sent some of his men to accompany them on their journey. The rains continued, and the doctor suffered much from having to sleep on the wet ground. Having reached the latitude of Loanda, Livingstone now directed his course to the westward. On the 4th of March he reached the outskirts of the territory of the Chiboque.

As he approached the more civilized settlements, he found the habits of the people changed much for the worse: tricks of all sorts were played to detain him and obtain tribute; the guides also tried in every way to impose on him. Even his Makololo expressed their sorrow at seeing so beautiful a country ill cultivated and destitute of cattle.

He was compelled to sell one of his riding oxen for food, as none could be obtained. The Chiboque coming round in great numbers, their chief demanded tribute, and one of their number made a charge at Livingstone, but quickly retreated on having the muzzle of the traveller's gun pointed

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at his head. The chief and his councillors, however, consenting to sit down on the ground, the Makololo, well drilled, surrounded them, and thus got them completely in their power. A mutiny, too, broke out among his own people, who complained of want of food; but it was suppressed by the appearance of the doctor with a double-barrelled pistol in his hand. They never afterwards gave him any trouble.

Similar demands for payment to allow him to pass through the country were made by other chiefs, his faithful Makololo giving up their ornaments, as he had done nearly all the beads and shirts in his possession. The most extortionate of these chiefs was Ioaga Panza, whose sons, after

STAMPEDE OF SOUTH AFRICAN GNUS.

receiving payment for acting as guides, deserted him. All this time Livingstone was suffering daily from the attacks of fever, which rendered him excessively weak, so that he could scarcely sit upon his ox.

The country appeared fertile and full of small villages, and the soil is so rich that little labor is required for its cultivation. It is, however, the chief district whence slaves are obtained, and a feeling of insecurity was evident amongst the inhabitants. A demand was now made by each chief for a man, an ox, or a tusk as a tribute. The first, was of course, refused, but nearly all the remainder of the traveller's property had to be thus paid away.

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On the 4th of April they reached the banks of the Quango, here one hundred and fifty yards wide. The chief of the district—a young man, who wore his hair curiously formed into the shape of a cone, bound round with white thread—on their refusing to pay him an extortionate demand, ordered his people not to ferry them across, and opened fire on them. At this juncture a half-caste Portuguese, a sergeant of militia, Cypriano Di Abreu, arrived, and, obtaining ferrymen, they crossed over into the territory of the Bangala, who are subject to the Portuguese. They had some time before rebelled, and troops were now stationed among them, Cypriano being in command of a party of men. Next morning he provided a delicious breakfast for his guest, and fed the Makololo with pumpkins and maize, while he supplied them with farina for their journey to Kasenge, without even hinting at payment.

The natives, though they long have had intercourse with the Portuguese, are ignorant and superstitious in the extreme. Many parts of the country are low and marshy, and they suffer greatly from fever. Of the use of medicine they have no notion, their only remedies being charms and cupping. The latter operation is performed with a small horn, which has a little hole in the upper end. The broad end is placed on the flesh, when the operator sucks through the hole; as the flesh rises, he gashes it with a knife, then replaces the horn and sucks again, till finally he introduces a piece of wax into his mouth, to stop up the hole, when the horn is left to allow the blood to gush into it.

It took the travellers four days to reach Kasenge, a town inhabited by about forty Portuguese traders and their servants. Though told by the doctor that he was a Protestant minister, they treated him with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

A Black Corporal for an Escort.

Here the Makololo sold Sekeletu's tusks, obtaining much better prices than they would have done from the Cape traders, forgetting, however, that their value was greatly increased by the distance they had been brought.

The Makololo here expressed their fears, from what they had heard, that they were about to be led down to the sea-coast to be sold, but when Livingstone asked them if he had ever deceived them, and that he would assure them of their safety, they agreed to accompany him. The merchants of Kasenge treated the doctor with the most disinterested kindness, and furnished him with letters to their friends at Loanda.

He was escorted by a black corporal of militia, who was carried in a hammock by his slaves. He could both read and write, and was

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cleanly in all his ways; he was considerate also to his young slaves, and walked most of the way, only getting into his hammock on approaching

SCENE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN VILLAGE.

a village, for the sake of keeping up his dignity. He, however, had the usual vices of African guides, and did not fail to cheat those he was sent to protect.

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Sleeping-places were erected on the road about ten miles apart, as there is a constant stream of people going to and coming from the coast. Goods are either carried on the head or on one shoulder, in a sort of basket, supported by two poles five or six feet long. When the carrier feels tired and halts, he plants them on the ground, allowing his burden to rest against a tree, so that he has not to lift it up from the ground to the level of his head. On arriving at a sleeping-place, the sheds were immediately taken possession of by the first comers, those arriving last having to make huts with long grass for themselves. Women might then be seen coming from their villages with baskets of manioc meal, yams, garlic, and other roots for sale. As Livingstone had supplied himself with calico at Kasenge, he was able to purchase what was necessary.

The district of Ambaca, through which he now passed, was excessively fertile. Large numbers of cattle exist on its pastures, which are well watered by flowing streams, while lofty mountains rise in the distance. It is said to contain forty thousand souls. The doctor was delighted with Golcongo Alto, a magnificent district—the hills bedecked with trees of various hues, the graceful oil-yielding palm towering above them. Here the commandant, Lieutenant Castro, received him in a way that won the doctor's affectionate regard. He calculated that this district has a population of a hundred and four thousand. The lieutenant regretted, as does every person of intelligence, the neglect with which this magnificent country has been treated.

Natives Astonished by Strange Sights.

As they proceeded, they passed streams with cascades, on which mills might easily be formed; but here numbers of carpenters were converting the lofty trees which grew around into planks, by splitting them with wedges. At Trombeta the commandant had his garden ornamented with rows of trees, with pineapples and flowers growing between them. A few years ago he purchased an estate for eighty dollars, on which he had now a coffee plantation and all sorts of fruit trees and grape-vines, beside grain and vegetables growing, as also a cotton plantation.

As they approached the sea the Makololo gazed at it, spreading out before them, with feelings of awe, having before believed that the whole world was one extended plain. They again showed their fears that they might be kidnapped, but Livingstone reassured them, telling them that as they had stood by each other hitherto, so they would do to the last.

On the 31st of May they descended a declivity leading to the city of Loanda, where Livingstone was warmly welcomed by Mr. Gabriel, the

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British commissioner. Seeing him so ill, he benevolently offered the doctor his bed. "Never shall I forget," says Livingstone, "the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after for six months sleeping on the ground." It took many days however, before the doctor recovered from the exposure and fatigue he had

CHARMING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

endured. All that time he was watched over with the most generous sympathy by his kind host. The Portuguese Bishop of Angola, and numerous other gentlemen, called on him and tendered their services.

Her Majesty's ship "Polyphemus" coming in, the surgeon, Mr. Cockin, afforded him the medical assistance he so much required, and

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soon he was suficiently recovered to call on the bishop, attended by his Makololo followers. They had all been dressed in new robes of striped cotton cloth, and red caps, presented by Mr. Gabriel. The bishop, acting as head of the provisional government, received them in form, and gave them permission to come to Loanda and trade as often as they wished, with which they were greatly pleased.

The Makololo gazed with astonishment at all they witnessed, the large stone houses and churches especially, never before having seen a building larger than a hut. The commanders of the "Pluto" and "Philomel," which came into the harbor, invited them on board. Knowing their fears, Livingstone told them that no one need go should they entertain the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party went.

Jolly Tars and African Natives.

Going forward amongst the men, they were received much the same as the Makololo would have received them, the jolly tars handing them a share of the bread and beef they had for dinner. They were allowed to fire off a cannon, at which they were greatly pleased. This visit had a most beneficial effect, as it raised Livingstone still more highly than ever in the opinion of the natives.

During August the doctor was again attacked by a severe fit of fever. His men, while he was unable to attend to them, employed themselves in going into the country and cutting firewood, which they sold to the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Gabriel also found them employment in unloading a collier, at six-pence a day. They continued at this work for upwards of a month, astonished at the vast amount of "stones that burn" which were taken out of her. With the money thus obtained they purchased clothing, beads, and other articles to carry home with them. In selecting calicoes they were well able to judge of the best, and chose such pieces as appeared the strongest, without reference to color.

Saint Paul de Loanda, once a considerable city, has now fallen greatly into decay. There are, however, many large stone houses, and the palace of the governor, and the government offices, are substantial structures. Trees are planted throughout the town for the sake of shade. Though the dwellings of the native inhabitants are composed merely of wattle and daub, from the sea they present an imposing appearance.

Though at first the government lost its chief revenue from the suppression of the slave trade, it has again gradually increased by the lawful commerce now carried on by its merchants The officers are, however, so badly paid that they are compelled to engage in mercantile pursuits, and some attempt by bribes to assist the slave-dealers.

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From the kind and generous treatment Livingstone received from the Portuguese, they rose deservedly high in his estimation.

He now prepared for his departure. The merchants sent a present to Sekeletu, consisting of specimens of all their articles of trade and two donkeys, that the breed might be introduced into his country, as the venomous fly called the *tsetse* cannot kill those beasts of burden. The doctor was also furnished with letters of recommendation to the Portuguese authorities in Eastern Africa. The bishop likewise furnished him with twenty carriers, and sent forward orders to the commandants of the districts to the east to render him every assistance. He supplied himself with ammunition, and beads, and a stock of cloth, and he gave each of his men a musket. He had also purchased a horse for Sekeletu. His friends of the "Philomel" fitted him out also with a new tent, and, on the 20th of September, 1854, he and his party left Loanda, escorted by Mr. Gabriel, who, from his unwearied attentions and liberality to his men, had become endeared to all their hearts.

SINGULAR MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

Passing round by the sea, he ascended the River Bengo to Icollo-i-Bengo, once the residence of a native king. While Mr. Gabriel returned to Loanda, Dr. Livingstone and his party proceeded to Golcongo Alto, where he left some of his men to rest, while he took an excursion to Kasenge, celebrated for its coffee plantations. On his return he found several of them suffering from fever, while one of them had gone out of his mind, but in short time recovered.

He had thus an opportunity of watching the workings of slavery. The moment their master was ill, the slaves ate up everything on which they could lay their hands; till the doctor himself could scarcely obtain

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even bread and butter. Here Sekeletu's horse was seized with inflammation, and the poor animal afterwards died on its journey. On the 28th of February they reached the banks of the Quango, where they were again received by Cypriano.

The colored population of Angola are sunk in the grossest superstition. They fancy themselves completely in the power of spirits, and are constantly deprecating their wrath. A chief, named Gando, had lately been accused of witchcraft, and, being killed by the ordeal, his body was thrown into the river.

Heavy payment was demanded by the ferrymen for crossing in their wretched canoes; but the cattle and donkeys had to swim across. Avoiding their friend with the comical head-dress, they made their way to the camp of some Ambakistas, or half-caste Portuguese, who had gone across to trade in wax. They are famed for their love of learning, and are keen traders, and, writing a peculiarly fine hand, are generally employed as clerks, sometimes being called the Jews of Angola.

Fantastic Head-dresses.

The travellers were now in the country of the Bishinji, possessing the lowest negro physiognomy. At a village where they halted, they were attacked by the head man, who had been struck by one of the Makololo on their previous visit, although atonement had been made. A large body of the natives now rushed upon them as they were passing through a forest, and began firing, the bullets passing amid the trees. Dr. Livingstone fortunately encountered the chief, and, presenting a six-barrelled revolver, produced an instant revolution in his martial feelings. The doctor then, ordering him and his people to sit down, rode off. They were now accompanied by their Portuguese friends, the Londa people, who inhabit the banks of theLoajima.

They elaborately dress their hair in a number of ways. It naturally hangs down on their shoulders in large masses, which, with their general features, gives them a strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians. Some of them adorn their heads with ornaments of woven hair and hide, to which they occasionally suspend the tails of buffaloes. Another fashion is to weave the hair on pieces of hide in the form of buffalo horns, projecting on either side of the head. The young men twine their hair in the form of horns projecting in different directions. They frequently tattoo their bodies, producing figures in the form of stars. Although their heads are thus elaborately adorned, their bodies are almost destitute of clothing.

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Reaching Calongo, Livingstone directed his course towards the territory of his old friend, Katema. They were generally well received at the

BEAUTIFUL ZEBRAS OF AFRICA.

villages. On the 2nd of June they reached that of Kanawa. This chief, whose village consisted of forty or fifty huts, at first treated them very

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politely, but he took it into his head to demand an ox as tribute. On their refusing it, Kanawa ordered his people to arm. On this, Livingstone directed his Makololo to commence the march. Some did so with alacrity, but one of them refused, and was preparing to fire at Kanawa, when the doctor, giving him a blow with his pistol, made him go too. They had already reached the banks of the river when they found that Kanawa had sent on ahead to carry off all the canoes. The ferrymen supposing that the travellers were unable to navigate the canoes, left them, unprotected, on the bank. As soon as it was dark, therefore, the Makololo quickly obtained one of them, and the whole party crossed, greatly to the disgust of Kanawa when he discovered in the morning what had occurred.

They now took their way across the level plain, which had been flooded on their former journey. Numberless vultures were flying in the air, showing the quantity of carrion which had been left by the waters. They passed Lake Dilolo, a sheet of water six or eight miles long and two broad. The sight of the blue waters had a soothing effect on the doctor, who was suffering from fever, after his journey through the gloomy forest and across the wide flat. Pitsane and Mohorisi, Livingstone's chief men, had proposed establishing a Makololo village on the banks of the Leeba, near its confluence with the Leeambye, that it might become a market to communicate westward with Loanda, and eastward with the regions along the banks of the Zambesi.

Exploits with the Gun.

Old Shinti, whose capital they now reached, received them as before in a friendly way, and supplied them abundantly with provisions. The doctor left with him a number of plants, among which were orange, cashew, custard, apple, and fig-trees, with coffee, acacias, and papaws, which he had brought from Loanda. They were planted out in the enclosure of one of his principal men, with a promise that Shinti should have a share of them when grown.

They now again embarked in six small canoes on the waters of the Leeba. Paddling down it, they next entered the Leeambye. Here they found a party of hunters, who had been engaged in stalking buffaloes, hippopotami, and other animals. They use for this purpose the skin of a deer, with the horns attached, or else the head and upper part of the body of a crane, with which they creep through the grass till they can get near enough to shoot their prey.

The doctor, wishing to obtain some meat for his men, took a small canoe and paddled up a creek towards a herd of zebras seen on the shore.

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NATIVES RETURNING TO CAMP WITH A HUGE PYTHON.

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Firing he broke the hind leg of one of them. His men pursued it, and, as he walked slowly after them, he observed a solitary buffalo, which had been disturbed by others of his party, galloping towards him. The only tree was a hundred yards off. The doctor cocked his rifle in the hope of striking the brute on the forehead. The thought occurred to him, but what should his gun miss fire? The animal came on at a tremendous speed, but a small bush a short distance off made it swerve and expose its shoulder. The doctor fired, and as he heard the ball crack, he fell flat on his face. The buffalo bounded past him towards the water, near which it was found dead. His Makololo blamed themselves for not having been by his side, while he returned thanks to God for his preservation.

A Joyous Reception.

On reaching the town of Lebouta, they were welcomed with the warmest demonstrations of joy, the women coming out, dancing and singing. Thence they were conducted to the *kotlar*, or house of assembly, where Pitsand delivered a long speech, describing the journey and the kind way in which they had been received at Loanda, especially by the English chief.

Next day Livingstone held a service, when his Makololo braves, arrayed in their red caps and white suits of European clothing, attended, sitting with their guns over their shoulders. As they proceeded down Barotse Valley, they were received in the same cordial manner.

The doctor was astonished at the prodigious quantities of wild animals of all descriptions which he saw on this journey, and also when traversing the country further to the east—elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and pigs. Frequently the beautiful springbok appeared, covering the plain, sometimes in sprinklings and at other times in dense crowds, as far as the eye could reach.

The troops of elephants also far exceeded in numbers anything which he had ever before heard of or conceived. He and his men had often to shout to them to get out of their way, and on more than one occasion a herd rushed in upon the travellers, who not without difficulty made their escape. A number of young elephants were shot for food, their flesh being highly esteemed. To the natives the huge beasts are a great plague, as they break into their gardens and eat up their pumpkins and other produce; when disturbed they are apt to charge those interrupting their feast, and, following them, to demolish the huts in which they may have taken refuge, not unfrequently killing them in their rage.

Resting at Sesheke, they proceeded to Linyanti, where the wagon and everything that had been left in it in November, 1853, was perfectly safe.

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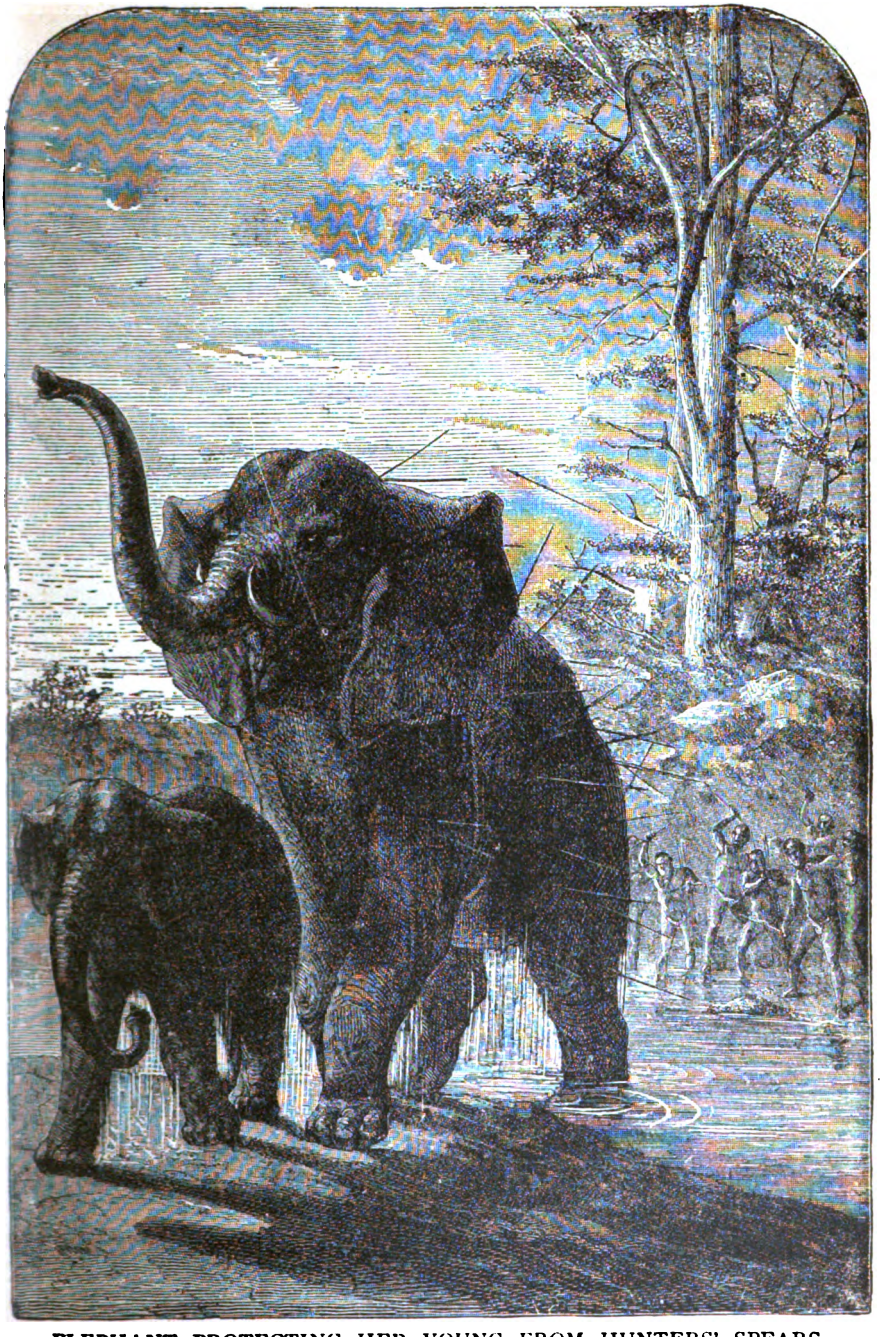

ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG FROM HUNTERS' SPEARS.

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A grand meeting was called, when the doctor made a report of his journey and distributed the articles which had been sent by the governor and merchants of Loanda. Pitsane and others then gave an account of what they had seen, and, as may be supposed, nothing was lost in the description. The presents afforded immense satisfaction, and on Sunday Sekeletu made his appearance in church dressed in the uniform which had been brought down for him, and which attracted every man's attention

The Arab, Ben Habed, and Sekeletu arranged with him to conduct another party with a load of ivory down to Loanda; they also consulted him as to the proper presents to send to the governor and merchants. The Makololo generally expressed great satisfaction at the route which had been opened up, and proposed moving to the Barotse Valley, that they might be nearer the great market. The unhealthiness of the climate, however, was justly considered a great drawback to the scheme. The doctor afterwards heard that the trading party which set out reached Loanda in safety, and it must have been a great satisfaction to him to feel that he had thus opened out a way to the enterprise of these industrious and intelligent people.

The donkeys which had been brought excited much admiration, and, as they were not affected by the bite of the *tsetse*, it was hoped that they might prove of great use. Their music, however, startled the inhabitants more than the roar of lions.

It is not difficult to believe this statement. It is in the nature of the donkey to be heard even farther than he can be seen, and when he takes in a full breath and opens his mouth, it is not strange that those who listen to his bray are frightened. This animal, however, is not to be judged either by his looks or his voice. He is exceedingly useful, and can be trained to difficult service and, although he has an extraordinary temper and an extraordinary pair of ears, still the world is better off for the donkey. He should be looked at as a part of the Divine creation, and the humblest animals are certainly deserving of consideration for the good that they render to the human race.

It is not customary in our country to make any great use of the donkey. In England, however, and on the Continent of Europe, as well as in other eastern countries, the peasants who are too poor to invest in horses can yet provide themselves with a beast of burden. All honor, then to the plain, ill-tempered, serviceable, long-eared, old-fashioned donkey. He should never be despised after such splendid services as he has rendered our Tropical heroes.

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CHAPTER VII.

ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY TO THE EAST COAST.

Livingstone's Resolve to Reach the East Coast—A Fine Race of Negroes—One hundred and fourteen Trustworthy Men—The Brave Leaders of the Company—A Terrible Storm—Sailing Down the River—Far-famed Victoria Falls—Scene of Extreme Beauty—Ascending Clouds of Spray—Immense Baobab Tree—Strange Mode of Salutation—Traffic in Ivory—Buffalo Brought Down with the Rifle—Presents from a Peace-loving Chief—Vast Numbers of Wild Animals—Huge Hippopotami and their Young—How the Natives Capture Elephants—Strange Appearance of the Natives—Mouths like those of Ducks—Hostilities by a Village Chief—Remains of an Old Portuguese Settlement—The Doctor's Ox Gallops off—Strange Cries and Waving Fire-brands—Visit from two Old Men—American Calico in a Far Land—Surprising Instinct of the Elephant—The Enormous Beast Taught to Work for his Master—A New Way of Laying Timbers—Remarkable Story by an English Officer—Extraordinary Sagacity of the Elephant—Dangers in the Path of the Expedition—Great Risk from Being Attacked by Lions—Dreadful Encounter with a King of the Forest—A "Civilized Breakfast"—Kind Reception by an English Major—Natives who Plant Gold for Seed—Tree Supposed to Have Remarkable Medical Virtues—Four Years away from Cape Town—Ravages of Famine—A Chief who Wishes to Visit England—Seized with Insanity and Lost Overboard—Livingstone arrives in England.

DR. LIVINGSTONE now began to make arrangements for performing another hazardous journey to the East Coast. In the mean time he was fully occupied in attending to the sick, and his other missionary duties. He was advised to wait till the rains had fallen and cooled the ground; and as it was near the end of September, and clouds were collecting, it was expected that they would soon commence. The heat was very great: the thermometer, even in the shade of his wagon, was at 100°, and, if unprotected, rose to 110°; during the night it sank to 70°.

Among other routes which were proposed, he selected that by the north bank of the Zambesi. He would, however, thus have to pass through territories in the possession of the Matabele, who, under their powerful chief, had driven away the Makololo, its original possessors. Notwithstanding this he had no fears for himself, as that chief looked upon Mr. Moffatt, his father-in-law, as his especial friend. A considerable district, also, of the country was still inhabited by the Makololo, and by them he was sure to be kindly treated. The Makololo, it must be understood, are a mixed race, composed of tribes of Bechuanas who formerly inhabited

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the country bordering the Kalahara Desert. Their language, the Bechuana, is spoken by the upper classes of the Makololo, and into this tongue, by the persevering labors of Mr. Moffatt, nearly the whole of the Scriptures have been translated. The bulk of the people are negroes, and are an especially fine, athletic, and skilful race.

As soon as Livingstone announced his intention of proceeding to the east, numerous volunteers came forward to accompany him. From among them he selected a hundred and fourteen trustworthy men, and Sekeletu appointed two, Sekwebu and Kanyata, as leaders of the company. Sekwebu had been captured, when a child, from the Matabele, and his tribe now inhabited the country near Tete; he had frequently travelled along the banks of the Zambesi, and spoke the various dialects of the people residing on them, and was, moreover, a man of sound judgment and prudence, and rendered great service to the expedition.

A Fearful Storm.

On the 3rd of November Livingstone, bidding farewell to his friends at Linyanti, set out, accompanied by Sekeletu and two hundred followers. On reaching a patch of country infested by troublesome flies it became necessary to travel at night. A fearful storm broke forth, sometimes the lightning, spreading over the sky, forming eight or ten branches like those of a gigantic tree. At times the light was so great that the whole country could be distinctly seen, and in the intervals between the flashes it was as densely dark. The horses trembled, turning round to search for each other, while the thunder crashed with tremendous roars, louder than is heard in other regions, the rain pelting down, making the party feel miserably cold after the heat of the day. At length a fire, left by some previous travellers, appeared in the distance. The doctor's baggage having gone on before, he had to lie down on the cold ground, when Sekeletu kindly covered him with his own blanket, remaining without shelter himself. Before parting at Sesheke, the generous chief supplied the doctor with twelve oxen, three accustomed to be ridden on, hoes and beads to purchase a canoe, an abundance of fresh butter and honey; and, indeed, he did everything in his power to assist him in his journey.

Bidding farewell to Sekeletu, the doctor and his attendants sailed down the river to its confluence with the Chobe. Having reached this spot, he prepared to strike across the country to the north-east, in order to reach the northern bank of the Zambesi. Before doing so, however, he determined to visit the Victoria Falls, of which he had often heard. The meaning of the African name is: "Smoke does sound there," in reference to the vapor and noise produced by the falls.

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After twenty minutes sail from Kalai they came in sight of five columns

GIGANTIC BAOBAB TREE AT VICTORIA FALLS.

of vapor, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles off, and bending as they ascended before the wind, the tops appear-

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ing to mingle with the clouds. The scene was extremely beautiful. The banks and the islands which appeared here and there amid the stream, were richly adorned with trees and shrubs of various colors, many being in full blossom. High above all rose an enormous baobab-tree surrounded by groups of graceful palms.

As the water was now low, they proceeded in the canoe to an island in the centre of the river, the further end of which extended to the edge of the falls. At the spot where they landed it was impossible to discover where the vast body of water disappeared. It seemed, suddenly to sink into the earth, for the opposite lip of the fissure into which it descends was only eighty feet distant. On peering over the precipice the doctor saw the stream, a thousand yards broad, leaping down a hundred feet and then becoming suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards, when, instead of flowing as before, it turned directly to the right and went boiling and rushing amid the hills.

The vapor which rushes up from this cauldron to the height of two or three hundred feet, being condensed, changes its hue to that of dark smoke, and then comes down in a constant shower. The chief portion falls on the opposite side of the fissure, where grow a number of evergreen trees, their leaves always wet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular. Altogether, Livingstone considered these falls the most wonderful sight he had beheld in Africa.

Returning to Kalai the doctor and his party met Sekeletu, and, bidding him a final farewell, set off northwards to Lekone, through a beautiful country, on the 20th of November. The further they advanced the more the country swarmed with inhabitants, and great numbers came to see the white man, invariably bringing presents of maize.

An African Salutation.

The natives in this region have a curious way of saluting a stranger. Instead of bowing they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, rolling from side to side and slapping the outsides of their thighs, while they utter the words "*Kina bomba! kina bomba!*" In vain the doctor implored them to stop. They, imagining him pleased, only tumbled about more fiercely and slapped their thighs with greater vehemence.

These villagers supplied the party abundantly with ground nuts, maize, and corn. Their chief, Monze, came one Sunday morning, wrapped in a large cloth, when, like his followers, he rolled himself about in the dust, screaming out "*Kina bomba!*" He had never before seen a white man, but had met with black native traders, who came, he said, for ivory, but not for slaves. His wife would have been good looking, had she not

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followed the custom of her country by knocking out her teeth. Monze soon made himself at home, and presented the travellers with as much food as they required.

As they advanced, the country became still more beautiful, abounding with large game. Often buffaloes were seen standing on eminences. One day, a buffalo was found lying down, and the doctor went to secure it for food. Though the animal received three balls they did not prove fatal, and it turned round as if to charge. The doctor and his companions ran for shelter to some rocks, but before they gained them, they found that three elephants had cut off their retreat. The enormous brutes, however, turned off, and allowed them to gain the rocks. As the buffalo was

CURIOUS MODE OF SALUTING A STRANGER.

moving rapidly away the doctor tried a long shot, and, to the satisfaction of his followers, broke the animal's fore leg. The young men soon brought it to a stand, and another shot in its brain settled it. They had thus an abundance of food, which was shared by the villagers of the neighborhood. Soon afterwards an elephant was killed by his men.

Leaving the Elephant Valley, they reached the residence of a chief named Semalembue, who, soon after their arrival, paid them a visit, and presented five or six baskets of meal and maize, and one of ground nuts, saying that he feared his guest would sleep the first night at his village hungry. The chief professed great joy at hearing the words of the Gospel of Peace, replying: "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hopes

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of eating and sleeping in quiet." It is remarkable that all to whom the doctor spoke, eagerly caught up the idea of living in peace as the probable effect of the Gospel. This region Sekwebu considered one of the best adapted for the residence of a large tribe. It was here that Sebitwane formerly dwelt.

They now crossed the Kafue by a ford. Every available spot between the river and hills was under cultivation. The inhabitants selected these positions to secure themselves and their gardens from their human enemies. They are also obliged to make pit-holes to protect their grounds from the hippopotami. These animals, not having been disturbed, were unusually tame, and took no notice of the travellers. A number of young ones were seen, not much larger than terrier dogs, sitting on the necks of their dams, the little saucy-looking heads cocked up between the old one's ears; when older they sit more on the mother's back. Meat being required, a full-grown cow was shot, the flesh of which resembles pork.

Great Numbers of Wild Animals.

The party now directed their course to the Zambesi near its confluence with the Kafue. They enjoyed a magnificent view from the top of the outer range of hills. A short distance below them was the Kafue, winding its way over a forest-clad plain, while on the other side of the Zambesi lay a long range of dark hills. The plain below abounded in large game. Hundreds of buffalo and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood feeding two majestic elephants, each slowly moving its proboscis. On passing amidst them the animals showed their tameness by standing beneath the trees, fanning themselves with their large ears. A number also of red-colored pigs were seen. The people having no guns, they are never disturbed.

A night was spent in a huge baobab-tree, which would hold twenty men inside. As they moved on, a herd of buffaloes came strutting up to look at their oxen, and only by shooting one could they be made to retreat. Shortly afterwards a female elephant, with three young ones, charged through the centre of their extended line, when the men, throwing down their burdens, retreated in a great hurry, she receiving a spear for her temerity.

They were made aware of their approach to the great river by the vast number of waterfalls which appeared. It was found to be much broader than above the falls: a person might attempt in vain to make his voice heard across it. An immense amount of animal life was seen both around and in it. Pursuing their down the left bank, they came opposite the island of Menyemakaba, which is about two miles long and a quarter

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HIPPOPOTAMI AND YOUNG

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broad. Besides its human population it supports a herd of sixty buffalo. The comparatively small space to which the animals have confined themselves shows the luxuriance of the vegetation The only time that the natives can attack them is when the river is full and part is flooded: they then assail them from their canoes.

Both buffalo and elephants are numerous. To kill them the natives form stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which they come to the water. From thence they dart down their spears, the blades of which are twenty inches long by two broad, when the motion of the handle, aided by knocking against the trees, makes fearful gashes which soon cause death. They form also a species of trap. A spear inserted in a beam of wood is suspended from the branch of a tree, to which a cord is attached with a latch. The cord being led along the path when struck by the animal's foot, the beam falls, and, the spear being poisoned, death shortly ensues.

At each village they passed, two men were supplied to conduct them to the next, and lead them through the parts least covered with jungle.

Female Mouths Resembling those of Ducks.

The villagers were busily employed in their gardens. Most of the men have muscular figures. Their color varies from a dark to a light olive. The women have the extraordinary custom of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice till a shell can be inserted. The lip appears drawn out beyond the nose, and gives them a very ugly appearance. As Sekwebu remarked: "These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks." The commonest of these rings are made of bamboo, but others are of ivory or metal. When the wearer tries to smile, the contraction of the muscles turns the ring upwards, so that its upper edge comes in front of the eyes, the nose appearing through the middle, while the whole front teeth are exposed by the motion, exhibiting the way in which they have been clipped to resemble the fangs of a cat or a crocodile.

On their next halt Seole, the chief of the village, instead of receiving them in a friendly way, summoned his followers and prepared for an attack. The reason was soon discovered. It appeared that an Italian, who had married the chief's daughter, having armed a party of fifty slaves with guns, had ascended the river in a canoe from Tete, and attacked several inhabited islands beyond Makaba, taking large numbers of prisoners and much ivory. As he descended again with his booty, his party was dispersed and he himself was killed while attempting to escape on foot. Seole imagined that the doctor was another Italian.

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ELEPHANTS SPEARED TO DEATH BY NATIVES.

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Had not the chief with whom they had previously stayed arrived to explain matters, Seòle might have given them much trouble.

Mburuma, another chief of the same tribe, had laid a plan to plunder the party by separating them, but the doctor, suspecting treachery, kept his people together. They had on a previous occasion plundered a party of traders bringing English goods from Mozambique.

Ruins of An Old Town.

On the 14th of January they reached the confluence of the Loangwe and the Zambesi. Here the doctor discovered the ruins of a town, with remains of a church in its midst. The situation was well chosen, with lofty hills in the rear and a view of the two rivers in front. On one side of the church lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross. This he found was a Portuguese settlement called Zumbo.

The conduct of Mburuma and his people gave Livingstone much anxiety, as he could not help dreading that they might attack him the next morning. His chief regret was that his efforts for the welfare of the teeming population in that great region would thus be frustrated by savages, of whom it might be said: "They know not what they do." He felt especially anxious that the elevated and healthy district which he had now discovered, stretching towards Tete, should become known. It was such a region as he had been long in quest of as a centre from which missionary enterprise might be carried into the surrounding country.

While the party were proceeding along the banks of the river, passing through a dense bush, three buffaloes broke through their line. The doctor's ox galloped off, and, as he turned back, he saw one of his men tossed several feet in the air. On returning, to his satisfaction he found that the poor fellow had alighted on his face, and, although he had been carried twenty yards on the animal's horns, he had in no way suffered. On the creature's approaching him he had thrown down his load and stabbed it in the side, when it caught him and carried him off before he could escape.

Soon after this they had evidence that they were approaching the Portuguese settlements, by meeting a person with a jacket and hat on. From this person, who was quite black, they learned that the Portuguese settlement of Tete was on the other bank of the river, and that the inhabitants had been engaged in war with the natives for some time past. This was disagreeable news, as Livingstone wished to be at peace with both parties.

As they approached the village of Mpende, that chief sent out his people to enquire who the travellers were. The natives, on drawing near,

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uttered strange cries and waved some bright red substance towards them. Having lighted a fire, they threw some charms into it and hastened away, uttering frightful screams, believing that they should thus frighten the strangers and render them powerless. The Makololo, however, laughed at their threats, but the doctor, fully believing that a skirmish would take place, ordered an ox to be killed to feast his men, following the plan Sebituane employed for giving his followers courage.

At last two old men made their appearance and enquired if the doctor was a Bazunga, or Portuguese. On showing his hair and white skin, they replied: "Ah, you must be one of the tribe that loves black men." Finally the chief himself appeared, and expressed his regret that he had not known sooner who they were, ultimately enabling them to cross the river. After this they were detained for some time by the rains on the south bank.

Meeting with native traders, the doctor purchased some American calico in order to clothe his men. It was marked "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," with two small tusks, an interesting fact.

Game laws existed even in this region. His party having killed an elephant, he had to send back a considerable distance to give information to the person in charge of the district, the owner himself living near the Zambesi. Their messenger returned with a basket of corn, a fowl, and a few strings of beads, a thank-offering to them for having killed it. The tusk of the side on which the elephant fell belonged to the owner, while the upper was the prize of the sportsman. Had they begun to cut up the animal before receiving permission they would have lost the whole. The men feasted on their half of the carcass, and for two nights an immense number of hyænas collected round, uttering their loud laughter.

Wonderful Instinct of the Elephant.

All travellers in the Tropics are surprised at the remarkable intelligence of this animal, and the varied service it can be made to render. An elephant can be trained almost as a child is trained, and appears to know quite as much.

We have seen in some of the foregoing pages one side of the elephant's nature in his wild state, but it is only fair to remember his gentleness and friendliness in captivity, which is really voluntary, because he might with a blow of his trunk annihilate his keepers and escape to his native jungle. In his long life he often changes his master, but his allegiance goes too, and he is devoted to each, and figures alike as porter, wood-cutter, errand-boy, hunter, gladiator in fights with tigers, and artillery-man.

Says a traveller: I have seen in India, elephants let out by their owners

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as choppers, working as day-laborers and returning at night to sleep at home—that is, at their master's. These intelligent animals, armed with long axes, the use of which they have been taught, cut, at otherwise perfectly impracticable heights, the gigantic trees which are used in the keels of vessels, carry them to the nearest port, and deliver them to other elephants to pile—a feat which they accomplish with the greatest regularity and with a strength that no number of men can equal. They work alone, too, without any special oversight on the part of the keeper, who often comes but once a day to note their progress; and yet there is not a case on record where one of them has attempted to return to his free life in the forest, or rejoin his former companions enjoying themselves in the neighboring ravines, while he is working hard on the hills above. Indeed, they grow to hate their untamed cousins, and fight them—and usually successfully—at every opportunity, bearing them away in bondage to their masters.

A Grateful Beast.

The English have made use of their enormous strength in all the wars in India and, more recently, in Africa, where without them the troops would have been helpless to move the artillery, even the lighter pieces, which these dumb allies carried bravely into action on their backs, while their courage under fire has been attested by special mention in the reports from the English officers. One of them says:

"In our marches across Bengal we used elephants in the baggage train, so well disposed to us that, without waiting for a command from the keeper, if a wagon stuck, one of them would hurry up, put his mighty shoulder to the wheel, and never rest till it was rolling on smoothly again. Then he would return to his own proper place and duty in the line again. One morning, in the press of wagons and animals, one of the elephants was hurt by the heavy wheel of a cart running over his foot. I happened to be near, and bound it up with a towel dipped in camphorated brandy, and tightened the bandage as well as I could, and off he limped to his stable. In the afternoon I went to see how he was getting on. He was lying on a bed of straw; he recognized me at once, and held out his wounded foot for me to see. I renewed the bandage each day; and after that the grateful animal never passed my tent without a peculiar cry which he used for that occasion alone, and when he met me he always gently rubbed my back or shoulders with his trunk, uttering little sniffs of pleasure."

Major Skinner, of the English Army, vouches for the following story, which shows on the part of the elephant intelligence, memory, comparison, judgment, and good-nature.

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ELEPHANTS LAYING TIMBERS.

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Riding along a very narrow trail near Kandy, in Ceylon, where he happened to be stationed, he heard the heavy tread of an approaching elephant, uttering discontented grunts which frightened his rather nervous horse, and made him rear and plunge. He says:

"I soon saw whence these sounds proceeded. A tame elephant had undertaken the difficult task of transporting a long girder, resting on his tusks, over the narrow road. Between the trees on either side there was not room for this to pass, and he could only advance by turning his head from side to side and avoiding each tree as he went. It was a slow business, and no wonder he complained; but on seeing how his trumpetings frightened my horse, he ceased instantly, threw down his load, and pressed his huge body close up against the trees on one side of the road to allow us to pass. My horse trembled all over, and refused to move, seeing which, the elephant drew still farther back and tried to encourage the coward by a gentler note.

"Finally the latter plucked up enough heart to dash by on his way, when the faithful elephant resumed the laborious errand in which we had found him engaged.

"This elephant had, before the campaign, been used as a watchman by his owner, whose estates bordered on a river. Marauders would drop down the stream in their craft, and rob the gardens and orchards, and be off again without leaving any trace of their coming than the empty trees and ravaged beds. Tired of losing the fruits of his labor, the owner had trained this elephant to perform sentinel duty along the bank; and, when danger threatened, the animal would growl like a dog, and filling his huge trunk with water from the stream, would play upon the rascals like a fire-engine, drowning them out of their boats like rats, until they were glad to hoist sail and make off to the best of their ability."

How Elephants are Captured.

The art of hunting the elephant, although of most ancient origin, is practiced to-day on a larger scale than ever before, because of the services which the English have found he can perform for them. As long as elephants were used simply to add splendor to the suite of a rajah, or dignity to one of the religious processions, it sufficed to hunt single animals, capturing them by a decoy elephant ridden by a native, who provoked and held the attention of the game, while another ran up behind and cleverly passed a chain around one of his legs. Bound in this way the elephant was sure, under the influence of starvation, and the example of his former companions, to yield eventually to his captors.

Now the country is divided into "preserves," over which a royal officer

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is appointed, and immense hunting parties are made up, and whole herds captured at once; although it is no easy thing to take alive and unwounded an animal that has at once such strength and such intelligence as the elephant. It could not be done without the aid of other elephants, who bring their attachment to their masters to this high point, and having assisted in the capture, go still farther and instruct the captives in their future duties. The trait of obedience is, however, rather the result of affection than fear, and in this regard the elephant's docility is more like that of the dog than of the horse. It even leads them to bear the pain of the worst surgical operations, like the burning out with a hot iron of tumors or ulcers, or the taking of the most bitter medicines at the hands of their "approved good masters."

Dangers Ahead.

Returning to our narrative, the people inhabiting the country on this side of the Zambesi are known as the Banyai; their favorite weapon is a huge axe, which is carried over the shoulder. It is used chiefly for hamstringing the elephant, in the same way as the Hamran Arab uses his sword. The Banyai, however, steals on the animal unawares, while the Hamran hunter attacks it when it is rushing in chase of one of his comrades, who gallops on ahead on a well-trained steed.

Those curious birds, the "honey guides," were very attentive to them, and, by their means, the Makololo obtained an abundance of honey. Of the wax, however, in those districts no use appears to be made. Though approaching the Portuguese settlement, abundance of game was still found. The Makololo killed six buffalo calves from among a herd which was met with.

They were warned by the natives that they ran a great risk of being attacked by lions when wandering on either side of the line of march in search of honey. One of the doctor's head men, indeed, Monahin, having been suddenly seized with a fit of insanity during the night, left the camp, and as he never returned, it was too probable that he was carried off by a lion.

This shows the appalling dangers attending travel in Africa, another instance of which is here related.

As the particulars were vouchsafed by spectators of the drama, it may be relied upon as true. A lion had been pursued, and had taken refuge in a patch of green reeds. This the hunting party surrounded. "We now," says the narrator, "ranged ourselves within pistol-shot of the reeds, taking care to have a clear view all around us; we then rent the air with deafening shouts, and pierced the brake with numerous bullets. All in

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vain; the animal remained motionless. The fire which we had originally lighted was now, however, quickly approaching the spot on which all eyes were fixed, and we hoped that it might effect what we had been unable to accomplish, when to our great vexation and disappointment, a slight veering of the wind drove the flames in another direction.

Lion Routed by Flames.

"We should now have been fairly baffled if the ingenuity of a native had not come to our aid. Collecting a number of dry reeds, with other inflammable matter, and setting fire to the same, this intelligent native seized the fagots at one end, and, running at the top of his speed, hurled the whole lighted mass into the very centre of the lion's hiding-place. The effect was almost instantaneous, for in a very few minutes afterward we had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy dash through the flames. It had been previously agreed on that, upon his first appearance, those who possessed double-barreled guns should fire only one barrel, reserving the other for the charge should he turn upon us. The mere sight, however, of the lion seemed to have frightened several of the party and their barrels were indiscriminately fired in every direction, and some even blazed away in the empty air.

"On receiving our fire the animal made straight for us, on which every one, with the exception of another and myself, took to his heels. The former gentleman, who had never seen a lion in its wild state, became so terrified that he was unable even to fire or to attempt to make his escape. He remained fixed and motionless on the spot, like one entranced. I had by this time taken a few steps backward, yet without ever averting my eyes from our foe, who, having approached to within a few paces, prepared himself to make the fatal spring. I had already fired when he burst out of his cover; but one barrel still remained to me, and seeing my friend's imminent danger, I no longer hesitated. Clapping the gun to my shoulder, I took a steady aim at the side of his head; unfortunately just as I pulled the trigger he made a slight movement, and the consequence was that instead of smashing his skull the bullet merely grazed it, passing in the same manner all along the left side of his body.

In the Jaws of the Infuriated Beast.

"Quick as thought, the enraged animal left his first intended victim and turned with a ferocious growl upon me. To escape was impossible. I thrust, therefore, no other resource being left me, the muzzle of my gun into the extended jaws opened to devour me. In a moment the weapon was demolished. My fate seemed inevitable, when, just at this critical

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DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A FEROCIOUS LION.

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juncture, I was unexpectedly rescued. One of my men fired, and broke the lion's shoulder. He fell, and, taking advantage of this lucky incident, I scampered away at full speed. But my assailant had not yet done with me. Despite his crippled condition he soon overtook me. At that moment I was looking over my shoulder, when, unhappily, a creeper caught my foot and I was precipitated headlong to the ground. In another instant the lion had transfixed my right foot with his murderous fangs. Finding, however, my left foot disengaged, I gave the brute a severe kick on the head, which compelled him for a few seconds to suspend his attack.

"He next seized my left leg, on which I repeated the former dose on his head with my right foot; he once more, thereupon, let go his hold, but seized my right foot for a second time. Shortly afterward he dropped the foot and grasped my right thigh, gradually working his way up to my hip, where he endeavored to plant his claws. In this he partially succeeded, tearing, in the attempt, my trowsers and body linen, and grazing the skin of my body. Knowing that if he got a firm hold of me here it would surely cost me my life, I quickly seized him by his two ears, and, with a desperate effort, managed to roll him over on his side, which gave me a moment's respite.

Hair-breadth Escape from a Terrible Death.

"He next laid hold of my left hand, which he bit through and through, smashing the wrist, and tearing my right hand seriously. I was now totally helpless, and must inevitably have fallen a speedy victim to his fury had not prompt assistance been at hand. In my prostrate position I observed, and a gleam of hope sprung up, my friend advancing quickly toward me. The lion saw him too, and, with one of his paws on my wounded thigh, throwing his ears well back, he crouched, ready to spring at his new assailant. Now, if my friend had fired, in my present position I should have run great risk of being hit by the bullet; I hallooed out to him, therefore, to wait until I could veer my head a little. In time I succeeded, and the next instant I heard the click of a gun, but no report.

"Another moment, and a well-directed ball, taking effect in his forehead, laid the lion a corpse alongside my own bruised and mutilated body. Quick as lightning, I now sprang to my feet, and darted forward toward my companions, whom I saw at no great distance. Once or twice I felt excessively faint, but managed, nevertheless, to keep my head up.

"No sooner had my companion so successfully finished the lion than he mounted a horse hard by, and galoped off in the direction of our camp. In the meantime I was lifted upon a tame ox, which was led by a man preceding us. At about half-way to our camp two of my men came to

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meet me, bringing with them, to refresh me, some water and a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*. A drinking-cup we had not, but the crown of a wide-awake hat was a good substitute for one, and I drank the mixture of the two liquids greedily off. A few minutes afterward we were met by some of the servants carrying a door. Exchanging then my ox for this more commodious conveyance, I was carefully borne into camp. Up to this time I had retained perfect self-possession, but the moment my wounds were washed and dressed I swooned, and for three entire weeks remained in a state of complete unconsciousness. I have since perfectly recovered health, but, as you see, I am totally crippled in my left arm.

"I must not omit to mention that my brave dog, although shot through one of his fore-legs, on seeing the lion rush upon me, came forward at the best of his speed, and in his turn sprang upon my grim assailant, and clung desperately to him until my companion's bullet put an end to the combat."

Encounters similar to this are the fate of all travellers in some parts of Africa, and many were Livingstone's narrow escapes upon this journey.

It was not till the 2nd of March that the neighborhood of Tete was reached. Livingstone was then so prostrated that, though only eight miles from it, he could proceed no further. He forwarded, however, the letters of recommendation he received in Angola to the commandant. The following morning a company of soldiers with an officer arrived, bringing the materials for a civilized breakfast, and a litter in which to carry him. He felt so greatly revived by the breakfast, that he was able to walk the whole way.

He was received in the kindest way by Major Sicard, the commandant of Tete, who provided also lodging and provision for his men. Tete is a mere village, built on a slope reaching to the water, close to which the fort is situated. There are about thirty European houses; the rest of the buildings, inhabited by the natives, are of wattle and daub.

Town Destroyed by Fire.

Formerly, besides gold-dust and ivory, large quantities of grain, coffee, sugar, oil, and indigo were exported from Tete, but, on the establishment of the slave trade, the merchants found a more speedy way of becoming rich, by selling off their slaves, and the plantations and gold washings were abandoned, the laborers having been exported to the Brazils. Many of the white men then followed their slaves. After this a native of Goa, Nyaude by name, built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and Zambesi, took the commandant of Tete, who attacked him, prisoner, and

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sent his son Bonga with a force against that town and burned it. Others followed his example, till commerce, before rendered stagnant by the slave trade, was totally obstructed.

On the north shore of the Zambesi several fine seams of coal exist, which Livingstone examined. The natives only collect gold from the neighborhood whenever they wish to purchase calico. On finding a piece or flake of gold, however, they bury it again, believing that it is the seed of gold, and, though knowing its value, prefer losing it rather than, as they suppose, the whole future crop.

Livingstone found it necessary to leave most of his men here, and Major Sicard liberally gave them a portion of land that they might cultivate it, supplying them in the mean time with corn. He also allowed the young men to go out and hunt elephants with his servants, that they might purchase goods with the ivory and dry meat, in order that they might take them back with them on returning to their own homes. He also supplied them with cloth. Sixty or seventy at once accepted his offer, delighted with the thoughts of engaging in so profitable an enterprise. He also supplied the doctor with an outfit, refusing to take the payment which was offered.

Hunters in the Bushes.

The forests in the neighborhood abound with elephants, and the natives attack them in the boldest manner. Only two hunters sally forth together —one carrying spears, the other an axe of a peculiar shape, with a long handle. As soon as an elephant is discovered, the man with the spears creeps among the bushes in front of it, so as to attract its attention, during which time the axe-man cautiously approaches from behind, and, with a sweep of his formidable weapon, severs the tendon of the animal's hock. The huge creature, now unable to move in spite of its strength and sagacity falls an easy prey to the two hunters.

Among other valuable productions of this country is found a tree allied to the cinchona. The Portuguese believe that it has the same virtues as quinine. As soon as the doctor had recovered his strength he prepared to proceed down the river to Kilimane, or Quillimane, with sixteen of his faithful Makololo as a crew. Many of the rest were out elephant hunting, while others had established a brisk trade in fire-wood. Major Sicard lent him a boat, and sent Lieutenant Miranda to escort him to the coast. On their way they touched at the stockade of the rebel, Bonga, whose son-in-law, Manoel, received them in a friendly way.

They next touched at Senna, which was found in a wretchedly ruinous condition. Here some of the Makololo accepted employment from

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Lieutenant Miranda to return to Tete with a load of goods. Eight accompanied the doctor, at their earnest request, to Quillimane.

He reached that village on the 20th of May, when it wanted but a few days of being four years since he started from Cape Town. He was hospitably received by Colonel Nunes. A severe famine had existed among the neighboring population, and food was very scarce. He therefore advised his men to turn back to Tete as soon as possible, and await his return from England. They still earnestly wished to accompany him, as Sekeletu had advised them not to part with him till they had reached Ma-Robert, as they called Mrs. Livingstone, and brought her back with them.

A Native Bound for England.

With the smaller tusks he had in his possession he purchased calico and brass wire, which he sent back to Tete for his followers, depositing the remaining twenty tusks with Colonel Nunes, in order that, should he be prevented from visiting the country, it might not be supposed that he had made away with Sekeletu's ivory. He requested Colonel Nunes, in case of his death, to sell the tusks and deliver the proceeds to his men, intending to purchase the goods ordered by Sekeletu in England with his own money, and, on his return, repay himself out of the price of the ivory. He consented, somewhat unwillingly, to take Sekwebu with him to England.

After waiting about six weeks at Quillimane, the brig "Frolic" arrived, on board which he embarked. A fearful sea broke over the bar, and the brig was rolling so much that there was great difficulty in reaching her deck. Poor Sekwebu looked at his friend, asking: "Is this the way you go?" The doctor tried to encourage him; but, though well acquainted with canoes, he had never seen anything like it.

Having been three and a half years, with the exception of a short interval in Angola, without speaking English, and for thirteen but partially using it, the doctor found the greatest difficulty in expressing himself on board the "Frolic."

The brig sailed on the 12th of July for the Mauritius, which was reached on the 12th of August. Poor Sekwebu had become a favorite both with men and officers, and was gaining some knowledge of English, though all he saw had apparently affected his mind. The sight of a steamer, which came out to tow the brig into the harbor, so affected him that during the night he became insane and threatened to throw himself into the water. By gentle treatment he became calmer, and Livingstone tried to get him on shore, but he refused to go. In the evening his malady

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returned; and, after attempting to spear one of the crew, he leaped overboard and, pulling himself down by the chain cable, disappeared. The body of poor Sekwebu was never found.

After remaining some time at the Mauritius, till he had recovered from the effects of the African fever, our enterprising traveller sailed by way of the Red Sea for old England, which he reached on the 12th of December 1856.

Dr. Livingstone, in the series of journeys which have been described, had already accomplished more than any previous traveller in Africa, besides having gained information of the greatest value as regards both missionary and mercantile enterprise. He had as yet, however, performed only a small portion of the great work his untiring zeal and energy prompted him to undertake.

Livingstone's visit to England was one of great interest to himself and to the general public. Multitudes had followed his career in the Dark Continent, had journeyed with him in all his wanderings, had shared in imagination his sufferings and victories, and were ready to greet him with enthusiasm upon his return. To the Christian public the Dark Continent presented itself as a missionary field; to the commercial public the same continent presented itself as a mart for business and a market for trade. Thus the interest awakened by the great explorer's discoveries in the far land was almost universal. Livingstone was a renowned character, was invited to participate in various public meetings, was sought after by men of celebrity, was a kind of social lion throughout the country, while high hopes were entertained of future exploits, and free offers of support constantly poured in upon him.

The value of his discoveries can never be estimated. It will take many ages to fully understand what was attempted by this one man and what was achieved. He may be considered as a benefactor of his race; while devoted to exploration and scientific discovery, he took a higher view of his mission. The fact that the benighted continent of Africa has within the last few years been brought into close relations with the civilized parts of the world will form the brightest page in modern history.

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CHAPTER VIII.

AFLOAT ON THE RIVER ZAMBESI.

Fresh Start for a Long Exploring Tour—An English Steamer in African Waters—Battle between the Portuguese and a Savage Chief—Rescue of the Governor—The "Ma-Robert" Commences Her Voyage—Astonishment of the Natives—Hardships of Travelling in the Tropics—A Swift Cataract—The Murchinson Falls—A Chief Loses His Little Girl—Natives Obstructing the Expedition—Searching for a Great Lake—Pursued by a Buffalo—Trap for the Hippopotamus—Failure to Recover the Lost Child—Singular Ideas of Female Beauty—Fearful Cry from the River—A Native's Deadly Combat with a Crocodile—Monsters Hatched from Eggs—Discovery of the Great Lake—Scarcity of Water—Return of the "Ma Robert"—A Conspicuous Fraud—Hostile Chief Conciliated—Abundance of Game and Numerous Lions—Sketch of the Batoka Tribe—Peculiar Fashion of Wearing the Hair—Masters of the Canoe—Perils among Breakers—Very Polite Savages—Singular Customs and Ceremonies—Fearless Hunters—Native Belief in a Future Existence—Melodious Sounds of Music—African Poets—Incorrigible Liars—Put to Death for Bewitching a Chief—Gang of Cattle Stealers—Adventure with a River Horse—Man Saved on a Rock—Tropical Chameleon—A Marveleous Reptile—Shifting Colors—Seized by a Crocodile—Horse and Rider Terribly Wounded.

AFTER spending rather more than a year in England, Dr. Livingstone again set out, on the 10th of March 1858, on board Her Majesty's Ship "Pearl," at the head of a government expedition for the purpose of exploring the Zambesi and neighboring regions. He was accompanied by Dr. Kirk, his brother Charles Livingstone, and Mr. Thornton; and Mr. T. Baines was appointed artist to the expedition.

A small steamer, which was called the "Ma Robert," in compliment to Mrs. Livingstone, was provided by the government for the navigation of the river. The East Coast was reached in May. Running up the river Luawe, supposed to be a branch of the Zambesi, the "Pearl" came to an anchor, and the "Ma-Robert," which had been brought out in sections, was screwed together. The two vessels then went together in search of the real mouth of the river, from which Quillimane is some sixty miles distant, the Portuguese having concealed the real entrance, if they were acquainted with it, in order to deceive the English cruisers in search of slavers.

The goods for the expedition brought out by the "Pearl" having been landed on a grassy island about forty miles from the bar, that vessel sailed for Ceylon, while the little "Ma-Robert" was left to pursue her course

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alone. Her crew consisted of about a dozen Krumen and a few Europeans.

At Mazaro, the mouth of a creek communicating with the Quillimane or Kilimane River, the expedition heard that the Portuguese were at war with a half-caste named Mariano, a brother of Bonga, who had built a stockade near the mouth of the Shire, and held possession of all the intermediate country. He had been in the habit of sending out his armed bands on slave-hunting expeditions among the helpless tribes to the north-west, selling his victims at Quillimane, where they were shipped as free emigrants to the French island of Bourbon.

An Inhuman Monster.

As long as his robberies and murders were restricted to the natives at a distance, the Portuguese did not interfere, but when he began to carry off and murder the people near them, they thought it time to put a stop to his proceedings. They spoke of him as a rare monster of inhumanity. He frequently killed people with his own hand in order to make his name dreaded. Having gone down to Quillimane to arrange with the governor, or, in other words, to bribe him, Colonel De Silva put him in prison and sent him for trial to Mozambique. The war, however, was continued under his brother Bonga, and had stopped all trade on the river.

The expedition witnessed a battle at Mazaro, between Bonga and the Portuguese, when Livingstone, landing, found himself in the sickening smell and among the mutilated bodies of the slain. He brought off the governor, who was in a fever, the balls whistling about his head in all directions. The Portuguese then escaped to an island opposite Shupanga, where, having exhausted their ammunition, they were compelled to remain.

There is a one-storied house at Shupanga, from which there is a magnificent view down the river. Near it is a large baobab-tree, beneath which, a few years later, the remains of the beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone were to repose.

On the 17th of August the "Ma-Robert" commenced her voyage up the stream for Tete. It was soon found that her furnaces being badly constructed, and that from other causes she was ill-adapted for the work before her. She quickly, in consequence, obtained the name of the "Asthmatic." Senna, which was visited on the way, being situated on low ground, is a fever-giving place. The steamer, of course, caused great astonishment to the people, who assembled in crowds to witness her movements, whirling round their arms to show the way the paddles revolved.

Tete was reached on the 8th of September. No sooner did Living-

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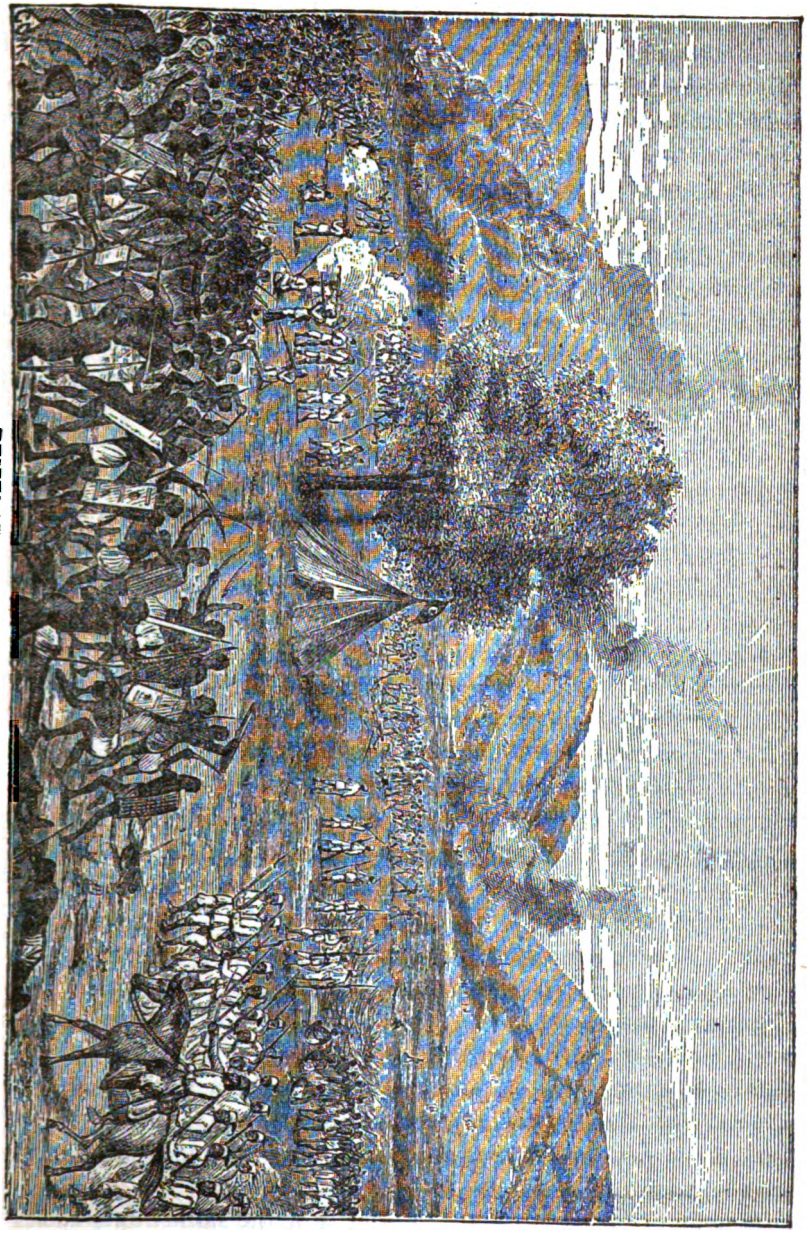

DESPERATE BATTLE AT MAZARO.

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stone go on shore, than his Makololo rushed down to the water's edge, and manifested the greatest joy at seeing him. Six of the young men had foolishy gone off to make money by dancing before some of the neighboring chiefs, when they fell into the hands of Bonga, who, declaring that they had brought witchcraft medicine to kill him, put them all to death.

Hardships of Overland Travel.

The Portuguese at this place keep numerous slaves, whom they treat with tolerable humanity. When they can they purchase the whole of a family, thus taking away the chief inducement for running off.

The expedition having heard of the Kebrabasa Falls, steamed up the river to Panda Mokua, where the navigation ends, about two miles below them. Hence the party started overland, by a frightfully rough path among rocky hills, where no shade was to be found. At last their guides declared that they could go no further; indeed, the surface of the ground was so hot that the soles of the Makololos' feet became blistered. The travellers, however, pushed on. Passing round a steep promontory, they beheld the river at their feet, the channel jammed in between two mountains with perpendicular sides, and less than fifty yards wide. There is a sloping fall of about twenty feet in height, and another at a distance of thirty yards above it. When, however, the river rises upwards of eighty feet perpendicularly, as it does in the rainy season, the cataract might be passed in boats.

After returning to Tete, the steamer went up the Shire, January, 1859. The natives, as they passed them, collected at their villages in large numbers, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, threatening to attack them. Livingstone, however, went on shore, and explained to the chief, Tingane, that they had come neither to take slaves nor to fight, but wished to open up a path by which his countryman could ascend to purchase their cotton. On this Tingane at once became friendly.

Magnificent Cataract.

Their progress was arrested, after steaming up a hundred miles in a straight line, although, counting the windings of the river, double that distance, by magnificent cataracts known to the natives as those of the Mamvira, but called by the expedition the Murchison Falls. Rain prevented them making observations, and they returned at a rapid rate down the river.

A second trip up it was made in March of the same year. They here gained the friendship of Chibisa, a shrewd and intelligent chief, whose village was about ten miles below the cataracts. He told the doctor that

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a few years before his little daughter was kidnapped, and was now a slave to the *padre* at Tete, asking him, if possible, to ransom the child.

From this point Drs. Livingstone and Kirk proceeded on foot in a northerly direction to Lake Shirwa. The natives turned out from their villages, sounding notes of defiance on their drums; but the efforts to persuade them that their visitors came as friends were successful, and the lake was discovered on the 18th of April. From having no outlet, the water is brackish, with hilly islands rising out of it. The country around appeared very beautiful and clothed with rich vegetation, with lofty mountains eight thousand feet high near the eastern shore.

They returned to Tete in June, and thence, after the steamer had been repaired, proceeded to the Kongone, where they received provisions from Her Majesty's Ship "Persian," which also took on board their Krumen, as they were found useless for land journeys. In their stead a crew was picked out from the Makololo, who soon learned to work the ship, and who, besides being good travellers, could cut wood and require only native food.

Searching for a Great Lake.

Frequent showers fell on their return voyage up the Zambesi, and the vessel being leaky, the cabin was constantly flooded, both from above and below. They were visited on their way up by Paul, a relative of the rebel Mariano, who had just returned from Mozambique. He told them that the Portuguese knew nothing of the Kongone before they had discovered it, always supposing that the Zambesi entered the sea at Quillimane. A second trip up the Shire was performed in the middle of August, when the two doctors set out in search of Lake Nyassa, about which they had heard. The river, though narrow, is deeper than the Zambesi, and more easily navigated.

Marks of large game were seen, and one of the Makololo, who had gone on shore to cut wood, was suddenly charged at by a solitary buffalo. He took to flight, pursued by the maddened animal, and was scarcely six feet before the creature when he reached the bank and sprang into the river. On both banks a number of hippopotamus-traps were seen.

The animal feeds on grass alone, its enormous lip acting like a mowing machine, forming a path before it as it feeds. Over these paths the natives construct a trap, consisting of a heavy beam, five or six feet long, with a spear-head at one end, covered with poison. This weapon is hung to a forked pole by a rope which leads across the path, and is held by a catch, set free as the animal treads upon it. A hippopotamus was seen which, being frightened by the steamer, rushed on shore and ran imme-

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diately under one of these traps, when down came the heavy beam on his head.

The leaks in the steamer increased till the cabin became scarcely habitable. The neighborhood of Chibisa's village was reached late in August.

Failure to Recover a Kidnapped Child.

The doctor had now to send word to the chief that his attempts to recover his child had failed, for, though he had offered twice the value of a slave, the little girl could not be found, the *padre* having sold her to a distant tribe of Bazizulu. Though this *padre* was better than the average, he appeared very indifferent about the matter.

On the 28th of August, an expedition consisting of four whites, thirty-ix Makololo, and two guides left the ship in hopes of discovering Lake Nyassa. The natives on the road were very eager to trade. As soon as they found that the strangers would pay for their provisions in cotton cloth, women and girls were set to grind and pound meal, and the men and boys were seen chasing screaming fowl over the village. A head man brought some meal and other food for sale; a fathom of blue cloth was got out, when the Makololo head man, thinking a portion was enough, was proceeding to tear it. On this the native remarked that it was a pity to cut such a nice dress for his wife, and he would rather bring more meal. "All right," said the Makololo, "but look, the cloth is very wide, so see that the basket which carries the meal be wide too, and add a chicken to make the meal taste nicely."

The highland women of these regions all wear the *pelele*, or lip-ring, before described. An old chief, when asked why such things were worn, replied: "For beauty; men have beards and whiskers, women have none. What kind of creature would a woman be without whiskers and without the *pelele?*"

"The Fearful Cry from the River."

When, as they calculated, they were a day's march from Lake Nyassa, the chief of the village assured them positively that no lake had ever been heard of there, and that the river Shire stretched on, as they saw it, to a distance of two months, and then came out between two rocks which towered to the skies. The Makololo looked blank, and proposed returning to the ship. "Never mind," said the doctor, "we will go on and see these wonderful rocks."

Their head man, Massakasa, declared that there must be a lake, because it was in the white men's books, and scolded the natives for speaking a falsehood. They then admitted that there was a lake. The chief brought them a present in the evening. Scarcely had he gone

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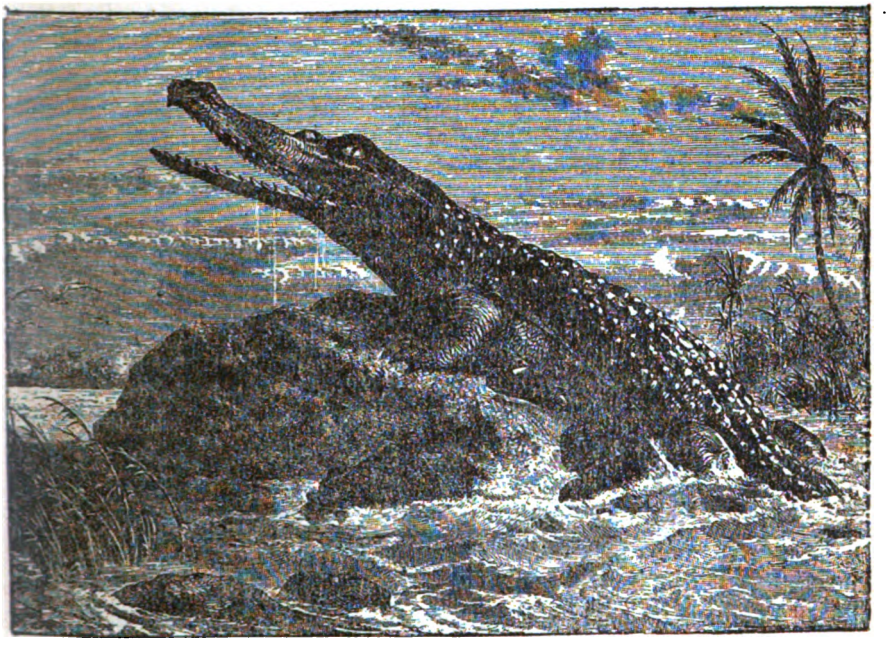
when a fearful cry arose from the river; a crocodile had carried off his principal wife. The Makololo, seizing their arms, rushed to the rescue; but it was too late.

Many of the natives show great courage and skill in capturing these formidable monsters which infest the rivers of Africa. The following graphic narrative by a traveller connected with an exploring party in the Tropics relates the manner in which the natives sometimes take their prey.

"You come and see Igubo kill de crocodile," I heard Timbo say to Leo



"IGUBO PLUNGED HIS KNIFE INTO THE MONSTER'S SIDE."

and Natty. These were names of natives accompanying our expedition.

Igubo had provided himself with a piece of one of the animals which he had brought home, and which had become no longer eatable. He had fastened it to the end of a long rope, and his sons carried it down to the water. Timbo and Leo, with the two boys, set off after them; and, taking my rifle, I followed to see what would happen.

On reaching the river, Igubo threw in the meat as far as he could, fastening the end of the rope to the trunk of a tree. Then, on his making a sign to us to hide ourselves, we retired behind some bushes. In a short time the rope was violently tugged, and Igubo, throwing off his scanty

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garments, drew his sharp knife from its sheath, and sprang into the water. I could not refraim from crying out, and entreating him to come back; but he paid no heed to me, and swam on.

Close Combat with a Crocodile.

Presently he disappeared, and I felt horror-struck at the thought that a crocodile had seized him; but directly afterwards the snout of the huge monster appeared above the water, Igubo rising at the same time directly behind it. The creature, instead of attempting to turn, made towards the bank, at a short distance off. Igubo followed; and I saw his hand raised, and his dagger descend into the side of the creature. Still the crocodile did not attempt to turn, but directly afterwards reaching the bank, climbed up it. Igubo followed, and again plunged his knife into the monster's side. Every instant I expected to see him seized by its terrific jaws; but the creature seemed terror-stricken, and made no attempt at defence.

Again and again the black plunged in his knife, while the crocodile vainly endeavored to escape. The next instant Igubo was on its back, and the creature lay without moving. A few minutes only had passed. It opened its vast jaws, each time more languidly than before, till at length it sank down, and, after a few struggles, was evidently dead. Igubo, springing up, flourished his knife over his head in triumph. Leo, running to the canoe, began to launch it. We all jumped in, and paddled off to the bank, Timbo bringing the rope with him. We fastened it round the crocodile's neck, and towed the body in triumph to the shore, up which we hauled it.

Strange Creatures Hatched from Eggs.

"Igubo say we find eggs not far off," said Timbo, as if doubting it.

Natty and his brother, at a sign from their father, began at once hunting about, and in a short time called us to them. There was a large hole in the bank concealed by overhanging bushes. It was full of eggs, about the size of those of a goose. On counting them we found no less than sixty. The shell was white and partially elastic, both ends being exactly the same size. The nest was about four yards from the water. A pathway led up to it; and Igubo told Timbo, that after the crocodile has deposited her eggs, she covers them up with about four feet of earth, and returns afterwards to clear it away, and to assist the young out of the shells. After this, she leads them to the water, where she leaves them to catch small fish for themselves.

At a little distance was another nest, from which the inmates had just been set free; and on a sandbank a little way down we caught sight of a

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number of the little monsters crawling about. They appeared in no way afraid of us as we approached, and Natty and his brother speared several. They were about ten inches long, with yellow eyes, the pupil being merely a perpendicular slit. They were marked with transverse stripes of pale green and brown, about half an inch in width. Savage little monsters they were, too; for though their teeth were but partly developed, they turned round and bit at the weapon darted at them, uttering at the same time a sharp welp like that of a small puppy when it first tries to bark. Igubo could not say whether the mother crocodile eats up her young occasionally, though, from the savage character of the creature, I should think it very likely that she does, if pressed by hunger.

As it is well known, the ichneumon has the reputation on the banks of the Nile of killing young crocodiles; but Igubo did not know whether they ever do so in his part of the world. He and his boys collected all the eggs they could find, declaring that they were excellent for eating. They however told us that they should only consume the yolk, as the white of the egg does not coagulate. When it is known what a vast number of eggs a crocodile lays, it may be supposed that the simplest way of getting rid of the creatures is to destroy them before they are hatched. It would seem almost hopeless to attempt to exterminate them by killing only the old ones. However, I fancy they have a good many enemies, and that a large number of the young do not grow up.

As we were walking along the bank, we saw, close to the water, a young crocodile just making his way into it; and Mango, leaping down, captured the little creature. Even then it showed its disposition by attempting to bite his fingers. On examining it, we found a portion of yolk almost the size of a hen's egg fastened by a membrane to the abdomen, which was doubtless left there as a supply of nourishment, to enable the creature to support existence till it was strong enough to catch fish for itself. Igubo declared that they caught the fish by means of their broad scaly tails. The eggs, I should say, had a strong internal membrane, and a small quantity only of lime in their composition.

We had some difficulty in inducing our friends to believe the account we gave them of Igubo's exploit. He however undertook, if they were not satisfied, to kill a crocodile in the same way another day.

Livingstone Discovers Lake Nyassa.

The expedition moving forward, on the 16th of September, 1859, the long-looked-for Lake Nyassa was discovered, with hills rising on both sides of it. Two months after this the lake was visited by Dr. Roscher,

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who was unaware of Drs. Livingstone and Kirk's discovery; unhappily he was murdered on his road back towards the Rovuma.

The travellers were now visited by the chief of a village near the confluence of the lake and the river, who invited them to form their camp under a magnificent banyan-tree, among the roots of which, twisted into the shape of a gigantic arm-chair, four of the party slept. The chief told them that a slave party, led by Arabs, was encamped near at hand; and in the evening a villainous set of fellows, with long muskets, brought several young children for sale; but, finding that the travellers were English, they decamped, showing signs of fear. The people of the Manganja tribe, amidst whom they were now travelling, showed much suspicion of their object, saying that parties had come before with the same sort of plausible story, and had suddenly carried off a number of their people. To allay these suspicions, Livingstone thought it best at once to return to the ship.

Soon afterwards Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, set off with guides to go across the country to Tete, the distance being about one hundred miles. From want of water they suffered greatly, while the *tsetse* infested the district.

Livingstone had resolved to visit his old friend Sekeletu; but, finding that before the new crop came in, food could not be obtained beyond the Kebrabasa, he returned in the "Ma-Robert" once more to the Kongone. They found Major Sicard at Mazaro, he having come there with tools and slaves to build a custom-house and fort.

A Bare-faced Fraud.

After this trip, the poor "Asthmatic" broke down completely; she was therefore laid alongside the island of Kanyimbe, opposite Tete, and placed under the charge of two English sailors. They were furnished with a supply of seeds to form a garden, both to afford them occupation and food.

Active preparations were now made for the intended journey westward; cloth, beads, and brass wire were formed into packages, with the bearers name printed on each.

The Makololos who had been employed by the expedition received their wages. Some of those who had remained at Tete had married, and resolved to continue where they were. Others did not leave with the same good will they had before exhibited, and it was doubtful, if attacked, whether they would not run to return to their lately formed friends.

All arrangements had been concluded by the 15th of May, 1860, and

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the journey was commenced. As the Banyai, who live on the right bank, were said to levy heavy fines, the party crossed over to the left.

Livingstone was stopping near the Kebrabasa village, when a man appeared, who pretended that he was a *pondoro;* that is, that he could change himself into a lion whenever he chose—a statement his countrymen fully believed. Sometimes the *pondoro* hunts for the benefit of the villagers, when his wife takes him some medicine which enables him to change himself back to a man. She then announces what game has been killed, and the villagers go into the forrest to bring it home. The people believe also that the souls of the departed chiefs enter into lions. One night, a buffalo having been killed, a lion came close to the camp, when the Makololo declared that he was a *pondoro*, and told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for trying to steal the meat of strangers. The lion, however, disregarding their addresses, only roared louder than ever, though he wisely kept outside the bright circle of the camp-fires. A little strychnine was placed on a piece of meat and thrown to him, after which he took his departure, and was never again seen.

A Hostile Chief Conciliated.

Again passing Kebrabasa, the travellers enjoyed the magnificent mountain scenery in this neighborhood, and came to the conclusion that not only it, but the Morumbwa could, when the river rises, be passed, so as to allow of a steamer being carried up to run on the upper Zambesi.

On the 20th of June they reached the territory of the chief Mpende, who had, on Livingstone's journey to the East Coast, threatened to attack him. Having in the mean time heard that he belonged to a race who love black men, his conduct was now completely changed, and he showed every desire to be friendly. Game was abundant, and lions were especially numerous.

After visiting Zumbo, Dr. Kirk was taken dangerously ill. He got better on the high ground, but immediately he descended into the valley he always felt chilly. In six days, however, he was himself again, and able to march as well as the rest. Again abundance of honey was obtained through the means of the "honey guide." The bird never deceived them, always guiding them to a hive of bees, though sometimes there was but little honey in it. On the 4th of August the expedition reached Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages, which owe allegiance to Sekeletu. From thence, beyond a beautiful valley, the columns of vapor rising from the Victoria Falls, upwards of twenty miles away, could clearly be distinguished.

At the village opposite Kalai the Malokolo head man, Mashotlane,

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EXCITING BATTLE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI.

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Being flat-bottomed, the boats need very skilful management, especially in so rapid and variable a river as the Zambesi, where sluggish depths, rock-beset shallows, and swift rapids, follow each other repeatedly. If the canoe should happen to come broadside to the current, it would inevitably be upset, and as the Makololo are not all swimmers, several of the crew would probably be drowned. As soon, therefore, as such a danger seems to be pending, those who can swim jump into the water and guide the canoe through the sunken rocks and dangerous eddies. Skill in the management of the canoe is especially needed in the chase of the hippopotamus, which they contrive to hunt in their own element, and which they seldom fail in securing, in spite of the enormous size, the furious anger, and the formidable jaws of this remarkable animal.

Terrible Encounter with the River-Horse.

The dangers of travel are seen from the following account given by a traveller while making a trip up the Nile:

It was on this trip that I had a narrow escape from falling into the jaws of "the river-horse,"—hippopotamus, one of the largest of mammals. This animal can never have been very common on the lower part of the river, for you do not see his easily recognized figure among the hieroglyphics with which the temples are filled, between the Delta and the first cataract. Nor does Roman history often mention them in the games or triumphs of the emperors, which is singular, when tigers, lions and elephants figure so often. But farther up the river you meet him still, usually swimming very low in the water, with simply his nose, eyes and ears above its surface, and followed by his mate,—for they travel usually in couples. But on the day to which I refer, this number was increased to three—and huge specimens they were—sunning themselves on the left bank of the river, and on the back of the female rested a young one, uglier, if possible, than its fond parents.

We were six of us, only one a native, rowing along the shore in a skiff; and one of my companions, a Frenchman, with the careless thoughtlessness of his race, raised his rifle and let drive at the youngster. There was a tremendous splashing and racket, and the water for yards was stirred up by the four mighty bodies diving into it simultaneously. A cry of warning came from our guide, who began jabbering away in his own lingo at a great rate.

"What's the beggar raising all this row about?" asked the Frenchman

"Pull for your life!" shouted I. "You'll have the whole party round us in a minute."

The boat was a poor one for speed, and we were still a long way from

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the nearest point of land when the snouts of the hippopotomi came to the surface within pistol-shot of the stern. In a moment they were around us, threatening to crush the thwarts of our craft and make two mouthfuls of the whole party.

We dropped our oars—for flight was out of the question—and seized our guns. Placing my barrel almost against the eye of the largest,

DRIVING CROCODILES INTO THE WATER.

emptied both barrels into his head, and he sank without a gurgle into the muddy water. Meanwhile the other end of the boat had been less fortunate. The remaining male had fastened his massive jaws in the gunwale and was crunching it like paper, while the Frenchman, the cause of all the danger, was ineffectually belaboring his head with an oar, his empty gun being, of course, useless.

Luckily for us, one of the party had a loaded rifle and some presence

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of mind left, and to these hippopotamus number two reluctantly yielded, and went to join his friend at the bottom of the muddy river. It is really curious how easily and quickly so huge an animal will die under modern weapons, when you remember what difficulty the ancients experienced in killing large game, and how an entire army was needed to cope with an elephant or hippopotamus.

But to return to our still rather unpleasant predicament: before the female could reach us, we were all reloaded and ready for her. She seemed to realize this, for, without waiting for our cordial reception, she turned tail and made for the other shore, leaving a wake behind her like a harbor steamboat. Reaching a long tongue of land near the farther bank, she waded through the shallows and across it, disturbing the crocodiles sunning thereon, and driving them into the water beyond, into which she followed them and was lost to our sight. And not one of the party seemed to care!

Singular Habits of the Makololo.

The dress of the men differs but little from that which is in use in other parts of Africa south of the equator, and consists chiefly of a skin twisted round the loins, and a mantle of the same material thrown over the shoulders, the latter being only worn in cold weather. The Makololo are a cleanly race, particularly when they happen to be in the neighborhood of a river or lake, in which they bathe several times daily. The men, however, are better in this respect than the women, who seem rather to be afraid of cold water, preferring to rub their bodies with melted butter, which has the effect of making their skins glossy, and keeping off parasites, but also imparting a peculiarly unpleasant odor to themselves and their clothing.

As to the women, they are clothed in a far better manner than the men, and are exceedingly fond of ornaments, wearing a skin kilt or kaross, and adorning themselves with as many ornaments as they can afford. The traveller who has already been quoted mentions that a sister of the great chief Sebituane wore enough ornaments to be a load for an ordinary man. On each leg she had eighteen rings of solid brass, as thick as a man's finger, and three of copper under each knee; nineteen similar rings on her right arm, and eight of brass and copper on her left. She had also a large ivory ring above each elbow, a broad band of beads round her waist, and another round her neck, being altogether nearly one hundred large and heavy rings. The weight of the rings on her legs was so great, that she was obliged to wrap soft rags round the lower rings, as they had begun to chafe her ankles. Under this weight of

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metal she could walk but awkwardly, but fashion proved itself superior to pain with this Makololo woman, as among her American sisters.

Both in color and general manners, the Makololo women are superior to most of the tribes. This superiority is partly due to the light warm brown of their complexion, and partly to their mode of life. Unlike the women of ordinary African tribes, those of the Makololo lead a comparatively easy life, having their harder labors shared by their husbands, who aid in digging the ground, and in other rough work. Even the domestic work is done more by servants than by the mistresses of the household, so that the Makololo women are not liable to that rapid deterioration which is so evident among other tribes. In fact they have so much time to themselves, and so little to occupy them, that they are apt to fall into rather dissipated habits, and spend much of their time in smoking hemp and drinking beer, the former habit being a most insidious one, and apt to cause a peculiar eruptive disease. Sekeletu was a votary of the hemp-pipe, and, by his over-indulgence in this luxury, he induced the disease of which he afterward died.

Women Who Build Houses.

The only hard work that falls to the lot of the Makololo women is that of house-building, which is left entirely to them and their servants. The mode of making a house is rather remarkable. The first business is to build a cylindrical tower of stakes and reeds, plastered with mud, and some nine or ten feet in height, the walls and floor being smoothly plastered, so as to prevent them from harboring insects. A large conical roof is then put together on the ground, and completely thatched with reeds. It is then lifted by many hands, and lodged on top of the circular tower. As the roof projects far beyond the central tower, it is supported by stakes, and, as a general rule, the spaces between these stakes are filled up with a wall or fence of reeds plastered with mud. This roof is not permanently fixed either to the supporting stakes or the central tower, and can be removed at pleasure. When a visitor arrives among the Makololo, he is often lodged by the simple process of lifting a finished roof off an unfinished house, and putting it on the ground.

Although it is then so low that a man can scarcely sit, much less stand upright, it answers very well for Southern Africa, where the whole of active life is spent, as a rule, in the open air, and where houses are only used as sleeping-boxes. The doorway that gives admission into the circular chamber is always small.

In a house that was assigned to Dr. Livingstone, it was only nineteen inches in total height, twenty-two in width at the floor, and twelve at the

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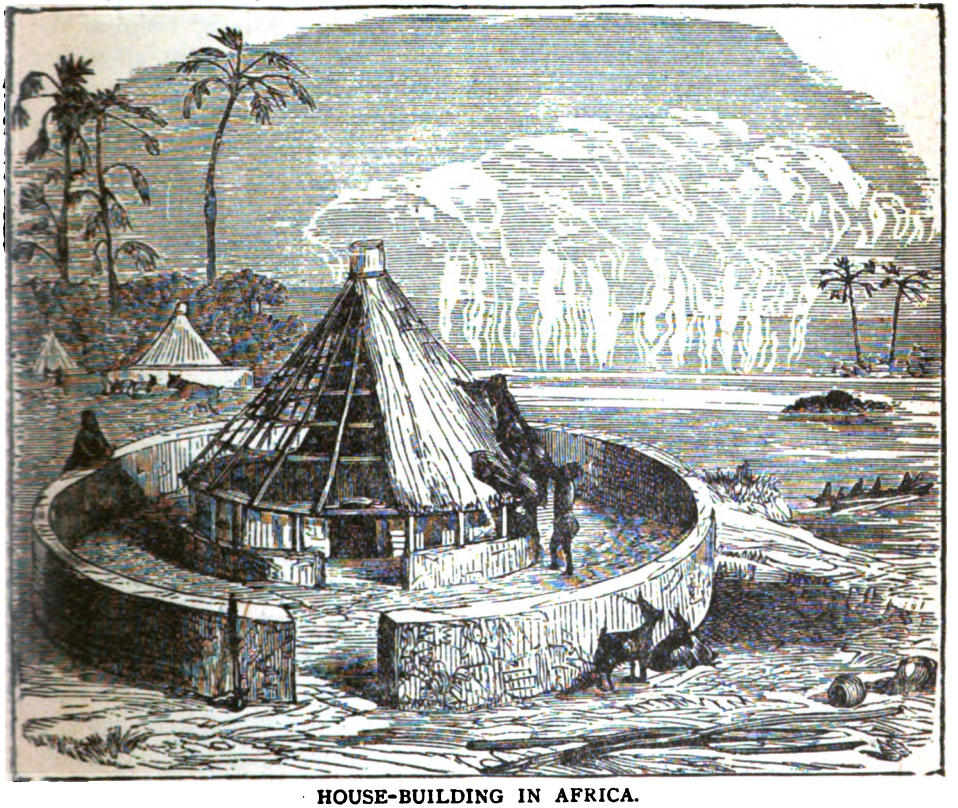
top. A native Makololo, with no particular encumbrance in the way of clothes, makes his way through the doorway easily enough; but an American with all the impediments of dress about him finds himself sadly hampered in attempting to gain the penetration of a Makololo house. Except through this door, the tower has neither light nor ventilation. Some of the best houses have two, and even three, of these towers, built concentrically within each other, and each having its entrance about as large as the door of an ordinary dog-kennel. Of course the atmosphere is very close at night, but the people care nothing about that.



HOUSE-BUILDING IN AFRICA.

Our illustration is from a sketch furnished by Mr. Baines. It represents a nearly completed Makololo house on the banks of the Zambesi river, just above the great Victoria Falls. The women have placed the roof on the building, and are engaged in the final process of fixing the thatch. In the centre is seen the cylindrical tower which forms the inner chamber, together with a portion of the absurdly small door by which it is entered. Round it is the inner wall, which is also furnished with its

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doorway. These are made of stakes and withes, upon which is worked a quantity of clay, well patted on by hand, so as to form a thick and strong wall. Even the wall which surrounds the building and the whole of the floor are made of the same material.

Walls Within Walls.

It will be seen that there are four concentric walls in this building. First comes the outer wall, which encircles the whole premises. Next is a low wall, which is built up against the posts that support the ends of the rafters, and which is partly supported by them. Within this is a third wall, which encloses what may be called the ordinary living room of the house; and within all is the inner chamber, or tower, which is in fact only another circular wall of much less diameter and much greater height. It will be seen that the walls of the house increase regularly in height, and decrease regularly in diameter, so as to correspond with the conical roof.

On the left of the illustration is part of a millet-field, beyond which are some completed houses. Among them are some of the fan-palms with recurved leaves. That on the left is a young tree, and retains all its leaves, while that on the right is an old one, and has shed the leaves toward the base of the stem, the foliage and the thickened portion of the trunk having worked their way gradually upward. More palms are growing on the Zambesi River, and in the background are seen the vast spray clouds arising from the Falls.

The comparatively easy life led by the Makololo women makes polygamy less of a hardship to them than is the case among neighboring tribes, and, in fact, even if the men were willing to abandon the system, the women would not consent to do so. With them marriage, though it never rises to the rank which it holds in civilized countries, is not a mere matter of barter. It is true that the husband is expected to pay a certain sum to the parents of his bride, as a recompense for her services and as purchase money to retain in his own family the children that she may have, and which would by law belong to her father. Then, again, when a wife dies her husband is obliged to send an ox to her family, in order to recompense them for their loss, she being still reckoned as forming part of her parent's family, and her individuality not being totally merged into that of her husband.

African Mormons.

Plurality of wives is in vogue among the Makololo, and, indeed, an absolute necessity under the present condition of the race, and the women would be quite as unwilling as the men to have a system of monogamy

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imposed upon them. No man is respected by his neighbors who does not possess several wives, and, indeed, without them he could not be wealthy, each wife tilling a certain quantity of ground, and the produce belonging to a common stock. Of course, there are cases where polygamy is certainly a hardship, as, for example, when old men choose to marry very young wives. But, on the whole, and under existing conditions, polygamy is the only possible system.

Another reason for the plurality of wives, as given by themselves, is that a man with one wife would not be able to exercise that hospitality which is one of the special duties of the tribe. Strangers are taken to the huts and there entertained as honored guests, and as the women are the principal providers of food, chief cultivators of the soil, and sole guardians of the corn stores, their co-operation is absolutely necessary for anyone who desires to carry out the hospitable institutions of his tribe. It has been mentioned that the men often take their share in the hard work. This laudable custom, however, prevailed most among the true Makololo men, the incorporated tribes preferring to follow the usual African custom, and to make the women work while they sit down and smoke their pipes.

The men have become adepts at carving wood, making wooden pots with lids, and bowls and jars of all sizes. Moreover, of late years, the Makololo have learned to think that sitting on a stool is more comfortable than squatting on the bare ground, and have, in consequence, begun to carve the legs of their stools into various patterns.

The Boatman's Strange Ideas.

Like the people from whom they are descended, the Makololo are a law-loving race and manage their government by means of councils or parliaments, resembling the pichos of the Bechuanas, and consisting of a number of individuals assembled in a circle round the chief, who occupies the middle. On one occasion, when there was a large halo round the sun, Dr. Livingstone pointed it out to his chief boatman. The man immediately replied that it was a parliament of the Barimo, that is, the gods, or departed spirits, who were assembled round their chief, that is the sun.

For major crimes a picho is generally held, and the accused, if found guilty, is condemned to death. The usual mode of execution is for two men to grasp the condemned by his wrists, lead him a mile from the town, and then to spear him. Resistance is not offered, neither is the criminal allowed to speak. So quiet is the whole proceeding that, on one very remarkable occasion, a rival chief was carried off within a few yards of Dr. Livingstone without his being aware of the fact.

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Shortly after Sebituane's death, while his son Sekeletu was yet a young man of eighteen, and but newly raised to the throne, a rival named Mpepe, who had been appointed by Sebituane chief of a division of the tribe, aspired to the throne. He strengthened his pretensions by superstition, having held for some years a host of incantations, at which a number of native wizards assembled, and performed a number of enchantments so potent that even the strong-minded Sebituane was afraid of him. After the death of that great chief, Mpepe organized a conspiracy whereby he should be able to murder Sekeletu and to take his throne. The plot, however, was discovered, and on the night of its failure, his executioners came quietly to Mpepe's fire, took his wrists, led him out, and speared him.

Flung to the Crocodiles.

Sometimes the offender is taken into the river in a boat, strangled, and flung into the water, where the crocodiles are waiting to receive him. Disobedience to the chief's command is thought to be quite sufficient cause for such a punishment. For lesser offences fines are inflicted, a parliament not being needed, but the case being heard before the chief.

Dr. Livingstone relates in a very graphic style the manner in which these cases are conducted. "The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the kotla, the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief and people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all that they themselves have seen or heard, but not anything that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse, so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak about him, and in the most quiet and deliberate way he can assume, yawning, blowing his nose, etc., begins to explain the affair, denying the charge or admitting it, as the case may be.

"Sometimes, when galled by his remarks, the complainant utters a sentence of dissent. The accused turns quietly to him and says, 'Be silent, I sat while you were speaking. Can not you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?' And, as the audience acquiesce in this bantering, and enforce silence, he goes on until he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence, they give their evidence. No oath is administered, but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say, 'By my father,' or 'By

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the chief, it is so.' Their truthfulness among each other is quite remarkable, but their system of government is such that Americans are not in a position to realize it readily. A poor man will say in his defence against a rich one, 'I am astonished to hear a man so great as he make a false accusation,' as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be one against the society which the individual referred to had the greatest interest in upholding."

When a case is brought before the king by chiefs or other influential men, it is expected that the councillors who attend the royal presence shall give their opinions, and the permission to do so is inferred whenever the king remains silent after having heard both parties. It is a point of etiquette that all the speakers stand except the king, who alone has the privilege of speaking while seated.

Dividing the Spoils.

There is even a series of game-laws in the country, all ivory belonging of right to the king, and every tusk being brought to him. This right is, however, only nominal, as the king is expected to share the ivory among his people, and if he did not do so, he would not be able to enforce the law. In fact, the whole law practically resolves itself into this: that the king gets one tusk and the hunters get the other, while the flesh belongs to those who kill the animal. And, as the flesh is to the people far more valuable than the ivory, the agreement is much fairer than appears at first sight.

Practically it is a system of make-believes. The successful hunters kill two elephants, taking four tusks to the king, and make believe to offer them for his acceptance. He makes believe to take them as his right, and then makes believe to present them with two as a free gift from himself. They acknowledge the royal bounty with abundant thanks and recapitulation of titles, such as Great Lion, etc., and so all parties are equally satisfied.

Among the Makololo, as well as among Americans, the spirit of play is strong in children, and they engage in various games, chiefly consisting in childish imitation of the more serious pursuits of their parents. The following account of their play is given by Dr. Livingstone: "The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms, as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this

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and the skipping-rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots, and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens.

Sports of African Boys.

"The boys play with spears of reeds pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or cattle in clay—they show great ingenuity in the imitation of variously shaped horns. Some, too, are said to use slings, but, as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. We saw many boys riding on the calves they had in charge, but this is an innovation since the arrival of the English with their horses. Tselane, one of the ladies, on observing me one day noting observations on the wet and dry bulb thermometers, thought I too was engaged in play. On receiving no reply to her question, which was rather difficult to answer, as their native tongue has no scientific terms, she said with roguish glee, 'Poor thing! playing like a little child!'"

Mr. Baines represents a domestic scene in a Makololo family. The house belongs to a chief named M'Bopo, who was very friendly to Mr. Baines and his companions, and was altogether a fine specimen of a savage gentleman. He was exceedingly hospitable to his guests, not only feeding them well, but producing great jars of pombe, or native beer, which they were obliged to consume either personally or by deputy.

M'Bopo's chief wife sits beside him, and is distinguished by the two ornaments which she wears. On her forehead is a circular piece of hide, kneaded while wet so as to form a shallow cone. The inside of this cone is entirely covered with beads, mostly white, and scarlet in the centre. Upon her neck is another ornament, which is valued very highly. It is the base of a shell, a species of conus—the whole of which has been ground away except the base. This ornament is thought so valuable that when the great chief Shinte presented Dr. Livingstone with one, he took the precaution of coming alone, and carefully closing the tent door, so that none of his people should witness an act of such extravagant generosity.

White People Better Looking than Supposed.

This lady was good enough to express her opinion of the white travellers. They were not so ugly, said she, as she had expected. All that hair on their heads and faces was certainly disagreeable, but their faces were pleasant enough, and their hands were well formed, but the great de-

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LIVINGSTONE HUNTING AN ELEPHANT.

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fect in them was, that they had no toes. The worthy lady had never heard of boots, and evidently considered them as analogous to the hoof of cattle. It was found necessary to remove the boots, and convince her that the white man really had toes.

The Makololo have plenty of amusements after their own fashion, which is certainly not that of an American. Even those who have lived among them for some time, and have acknowledged that they are among the most favorable specimens of African heathendom, have been utterly disgusted and wearied with the life which they had to lead. There is no quiet and no repose day or night, and Dr. Livingstone, who might be expected to be thoroughly hardened against annoyance by trifles, states broadly that the dancing, singing, roaring, jesting, story-telling, grumbling, and quarreling of the Makololo were a severer penance than anything which he had undergone in all his experience. He had to live with them, and was therefore brought in close contact with them.

A Crazy Dance.

The first three items of savage life, namely, dancing, singing and roaring, seem to be inseparably united, and the savages seem to be incapable of getting up a dance unless accompanied by roaring on the part of the performers, and singing on the part of the spectators—the latter sounds being not more melodious than the former.

Dr. Livingstone gives a very graphic account of a Makololo dance. "As this was the first visit which Sekeletu had paid to this part of his dominions, it was to many a season of great joy. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk and beer, more than the horde which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that way are something wonderful.

"The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamping twice with it, then lift the other and give one stamp with it: this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction, and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigor. The continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood.

"If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain. But here, gray-headed men joined in the

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performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration start off their bodies with the exertion. Motebe asked what I thought of the Makololo dance. I replied, 'It is very hard work, and brings but small profit.' 'It is,' he replied; 'but it is very nice, and the Sekeletu will give us an ox for dancing for him.' He usually does slaughter an ox for the dancers when the work is over.

"The women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances within the circle, composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires. As I never tried it, and am unable to enter into the spirit of the thing, I cannot recommend the Makololo polka to the dancing world, but I have the authority of no less a person than Motebe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, for saying that it is very nice."

Many of the Makololo are inveterate smokers, preferring hemp even to tobacco, because it is more intoxicating. They delight in smoking themselves into a positive frenzy, which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as, "The green grass grows," "The fat cattle thrive," "The fishes swim." No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquence, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks foolish. They smoke the hemp through water, using a koodoo horn for their pipe, much in the way that the Damaras and other tribes use it.

Over-indulgence in this luxury has a very prejudicial effect on the health, producing an eruption over the whole body that is quite unmistakable. In consequence of this effect, the men prohibit their wives from using the hemp, but the result of the prohibition seems only to be that the women smoke secretly instead of openly, and are afterward discovered by the appearance of the skin. It is the more fascinating, because its use imparts a spurious strength to the body, while it enervates the mind to such a degree that the user is incapable of perceiving the state in which he is gradually sinking, or of exercising sufficient self-control to abandon or even modify the destructive habit. Sekeletu was a complete victim of the hemp-pipe, and there is no doubt that the illness, something like the dreaded "craw-craw" of Western Africa, was aggravated, if not caused, by over-indulgence in smoking hemp.

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CHAPTER V.

PERILS OF TROPICAL EXPLORATIONS.

Remarkable Successes of Livingstone—Forming a Station in the Wilderness—The Explorer Builds a House—Search for a Great Lake—A Desert with Prodigious Herds of Wild Animals—Starting on a Perilous Journey—Wagons Left in Charge of Natives—Travelling in Frail Canoes—Haunts of the Hippopotami—Thrilling Adventure with Crocodiles—Frantic Struggles to Escape from Death—Shooting the Huge Monster—Seized with a Sudden Horror—A Great Splash and a Cry of Joy—Ancient Crocodiles with Immense Jaws—Exciting Encounter with a River-Horse—A Remarkable Chief—Rivers and Swamps Breeding Fevers—Reaching the Banks of the Zambesi—Prevalence of a Troublesome Fly—A Magnificent River—Livingstone's Journey of a Thousand Miles with his Family—Malicious Attack by the Dutch Boers—Livingstone's House Plundered—The Explorer Reaches the Capital of the Makololo—Cordial Welcome from the Natives—The Young King Has a Rival—Ascending the Great River Zambesi—Attempt on the Life of the King—Makololo Architecture—A Grand Dance—Expedition to the West—The Balonda Country—A Visit to Shinti—Scarcity of Food—Arrival at Loanda—Attacked by Savages—On the Leeba—Arrival at Linyanti.

HAVING given a full description of the curious customs and remarkable character of the tribes among whom Livingstone spent many years, we are now prepared to take up the thread of the narrative and follow him through his various fortunes, his trials and his remarkable successes. The chief of the Bakwains, Sechele, renounced his heathenism, became a much better man than he had been before, restored his wives to their fathers, and lived in every respect a thoroughly consistent life.

The Dutch Boers, who had pushed forward to the confines of the country, proved, however, most adverse to the success of the mission by carrying off the natives and compelling them to labor as slaves. By advice Sechele and his people moved to Kolobeng, a stream about two hundred miles north of Kuruman, where Dr. Livingstone formed a station.

He here built a house with his own hands, having learned carpentering and gardening from Mr. Moffatt, as also blacksmith work. He had now become handy at almost any trade, in addition to doctoring and preaching, and, as his wife could make candles, soap, and clothes, they possessed what might be considered the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa.

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Among the gentlemen who had visited the station was Mr. Oswell, in the East India Company's service. He deserves to take rank as an African traveller. Hearing that Dr. Livingstone purposed crossing the Kalahara Desert in search of the great Lake N'gami, long known to exist, he came from India on purpose to join him, accompanied by Mr. Murray, volunteering to pay the entire expenses of the guides.

The Kalahara, though called a desert from being composed of soft sand and being destitute of water, supports prodigious herds of antelopes, while numbers of elephants, rhinoceros, lions, hyænas, and other wild animals roam over it. They find support from the astonishing quantity of grass which grows in the region, as also from a species of watermelon, and from several tuberous roots, the most curious of which is as large as the head of a young child, and filled with a fluid like that of a turnip. Another is an herbaceous creeper, the tubers of which, as large as a man's head, it deposits in a circle of a yard or more horizontally from the stem. On the watermelons especially, the elephants and other wild animals revel luxuriously.

Starting on a Hazardous Journey.

Such was the desert Livingstone and his party proposed to cross when they set out with their wagon on the first of June, 1849, from Kolobeng. Instead, however, of taking a direct course across it, they determined to take a more circuitous route, which, though longer, they hoped would prove safer.

Continuing on, they traversed three hundred miles of desert, when, at the end of a month, they reached the banks of the Zouga, a large river, richly fringed with fruit-bearing and other trees, many of them of gigantic growth, running north-east towards Lake N'gami. They received a cordial welcome from the peace-loving inhabitants of its banks, the Bayeiye.

Leaving the wagons in charge of the natives, with the exception of a small one which proceeded along the bank, Livingstone embarked in one of their canoes. Frail as are the canoes of the natives, they make long trips in them, and manage them with great skill, often standing up and paddling with long light poles. They thus daringly attack the hippopotami in their haunts, or pursue the swift antelope which ventures to swim across the river. After voyaging on the stream for twelve days, they reached the broad expanse of Lake N'gami. Though wide, it is excessively shallow, and brackish during the rainy season. They here heard of the Tamunacle and other large rivers flowing into the lake.

Livingstone's main object in coming was to visit Sebituane, the great

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chief of the Makololo, who live about two hundred miles to the northward. The chief of the district, Sechulatebe, refused, however, either to give them goods or to allow them to cross the river. Having in vain attempted to form a raft to ferry over the wagon, they were reluctantly compelled to abandon their design. The doctor had been working at the raft in the river, not aware of the number of crocociles which swarmed around him, and had reason to be thankful that he escaped their jaws.

These creatures are the foes of the traveller, and even the natives entertain for them a peculiar dread. Once in their ferocious jaws all hope is gone. Livingstone had many narrow escapes from the crocodiles which infest many of the rivers of Africa. A graphic account from the writings of a traveller in Africa shows the dangers sometimes met with by Tropical explorers. The account is as follows

Suddenly the scene became startling. I heard an exclamation of horror from the natives, who, with eyes starting from their sockets, pointed eastward toward the nearer tree clumps.

"What is it?" said I, straining my eyes in the same direction, but in vain.

"Crocodiles! Crocodiles!"

I repeated the word mechanically, my heart sinking within me as I, too, began to distinguish the black points which indicated to the natives' quick eyes the approaching enemy.

Face to Face with the Monsters.

"Are you sure?" I whispered hoarsely, the cold sweat pouring off my forehead.

"Yes, Sahib, certain; there are four of them."

I had only six explosive-ball cartridges, and, in spite of their terrible effectiveness, I could but remember that the crocodile in the water is well-nigh invulnerable, with only his armor-plated back exposed. However, the terrible foe was still some way off, and I should not myself have detected them but for the natives' quick instinct. There was nothing left us but to try, at any cost, to reach the nearest of the tree islands, avoiding by guess the bottomless mud-holes that beset the path.

The unfortunate native who was responsible for our position headed the line again, sounding to right and left, as he advanced, with his spear. It is impossible to describe this adventure—marching through the water, pursued by crocodiles, not daring to put down one's foot until assured by sounding that it would reach something solid. Although the island grew perceptibly nearer, our hungry neighbors did too, and at an increasing pace. Still we were distancing them—for over many of the shoals they

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A DEAD CROCODILE.

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could not swim, and wading, for a crocodile, is a slow process—when, without warning, and as quick as lightning, we felt the ground sink beneath our feet, and we were all four precipitated simultaneously into the swamp. Instinctively, my attendant and I raised our weapons and ammunition high over our heads, for when we touched bottom—that is, a fairly solid layer of vegetable matter—the water reached our arm-pits.

"We might as well give up," said I, in despair; "this time we are lost!"

"Oh, don't give up yet, Sahib. We are so low that, with this head wind, the crocodiles cannot see us and will perhaps be unable to find us at all. Let us cover our heads with these marsh grasses and leaves and 'lie low.'"

Struggling for Dear Life.

His advice was so evidently good that instead of a vain attempt to reach the firm land with its inevitable exposure to the hungry eyes of our terrible pursuers, we acquiesced at once. After several minutes of suspense, the native raised himself slightly on a hummock, and glanced cautiously toward the spot where we had last seen them. His face cleared at once, and he cheered us with—

"They have lost us, and have separated to search for us. Three are going almost directly from this place, and one only knows enough to keep on in the first course."

"And he is headed for us?"

"In a straight line!"

"Then do not lose sight of him for an instant. With one enemy we may be able to cope, and then there is a chance that he may lose the scent."

When I asked him again where the animal was—for I dared not raise my own head to look—he replied that he was still coming straight toward us, and I saw that a meeting was inevitable and made my preparations accordingly.

I took my rifle and loaded it with an explosive ball.

"Now then," said I, "listen to my instructions. The native says the crocodile is sure to find us. I shall let him get within ten yards of us, and then I shall fire at whatever vulnerable part I can—his eye or his belly. Of course I may miss him, or the bullet may glance off his back without wounding him."

The black's eyes rolled with horror.

"Then, without an instant's hesitation and yet without haste, you, who must stand just behind me, must take my rifle and hand me my other gun for a second shot. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

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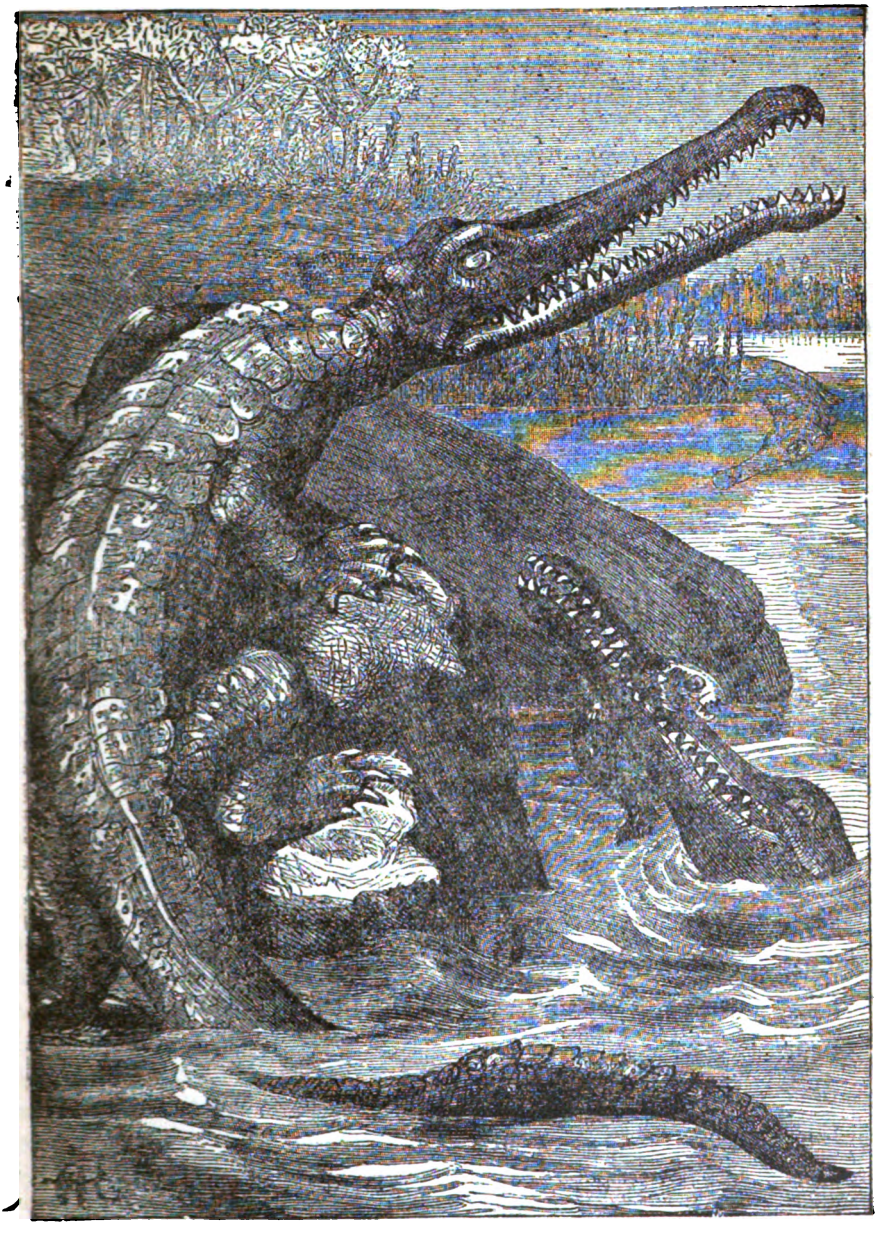

THE FAMOUS ANTEDILUVIAN CROCODILE.

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"And I can depend on you?"

"Till death."

"We will try to make it less bad than *that*, and your courage shall meet its reward."

"A Shudder of Horror Ran through Me."

I knew what he said was true, for the fellow had been devoted to me ever since I saved his life in the jungle when the gorilla grappled him, and I felt I could rely upon him.

Raising myself as high as I could, I took a good look at the slowly approaching monster, and, I confess, a shudder of horror ran through me at his immense size. He was farther off than I expected, and evidently quite unconscious of our neighborhood, into which he had come by chance, following the raised path on which we ourselves had been travelling when the tide overtook us. I immediately changed my plan of attack. I ordered my attendant to wade off to the left so that the smoke from his gun should not blow across me, and told him to fire at the crocodile and try to wound him, if only slightly.

As this would make the latter raise his head and look round, I hoped to get a shot at some vulnerable spot, and land an explosive ball where it would do most good. I had hardly taken up my position, with rifle lifted, when my attendant's gun cracked sharp and clear, and I saw blood fly from the eye of the crocodile, whose advance ceased immediately. I could scarcely restrain a cry of joy, but catching sight of a yellow piece of neck, I fired at it and shut my eyes. A great splash and the shouts of triumph of the natives encouraged me to open them, and I found the success of the shot greater than I had hoped.

A Hard Death.

The crocodile lay on his side on a little island with his neck blown open the entire length of the jaw, while the natives who made a break for land without regard to me, capered round him. I called them, and they helped me on shore to where the animal lay in his last agony—for these brutes die as hard as a snake. He was a very large specimen, with a head twice as long as it was broad, his eyes set close together above his long snout, of which only the under jaw was movable. His front feet had five toes armed with claws, and his hind feet but four, and webbed to allow him to swim easily. His whole body was shingled with plates of a shell-like membrane that made him a fine coat of mail nearly bullet-proof. Green on the back, his color gradually shaded off into yellow, and he was a terrible foe to meet in the water, where we should not have come off so well had not our good luck stood by us just as it did.

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I was duly thankful to regain the bank, which I had never expected to touch again, and had not the heart to blame the native who was responsible for our narrow escape; but I resolved to place less reliance on the natives in future.

Ancient Crocodiles.

It is interesting to see what changes take place in the Animal Kingdom with the lapse of ages. For instance, the early crocodile, the great monster that lived thousands of years ago had larger jaws, more terrible teeth, and a fiercer look than the crocodile of to-day. We present a striking illustration of this ancient monster reproduced from his remains which have been found.

Returning to Livingstone, the season being far advanced, they determined to return to Kolobeng, Mr. Oswell generously volunteering to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat for next season. Half the royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discoveries was awarded by the council of the Royal Geographical Society to Dr. Livingstone for the discoveries he made on this journey.

Sechele, the Christian chief of the Bakwains, who was eager to assist him in reaching Sebituane, offered his services, and with him as a guide, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and their three children, he set out, in April, 1850, taking a more easterly course than before. They again reached the lake, but the greater number of the party being attacked by fever, he was compelled to abandon his design of visiting Sebituane. He here heard of the death of a young artist, Mr. Rider who had shortly before visited the lake for the purpose of making sketches.

Hunting the Hippotamus.

The natives inhabiting the banks of the rivers falling into Lake N'gami are famed for their skill in hunting the hippopotamus. In perfect silence they approach in their light canoes, and plunge their sharp spears, with thongs attached, into the back of one of the huge creatures, which dashes down the stream, towing the canoe at a rapid rate. Thus the animal continues its course, the hunters holding on to the rope, till its strength is exhausted when, other canoes coming up, it is speared to death.

Frequently, however, the hippopotamus turns on its assailants, bites the canoe in two, and seizes one of them in its powerful jaws. When they can manage to do so, they tow it into shallow water, and carrying the line on shore, secure it to a tree, while they attack the infuriated animal with their spears, till, sinking exhausted with its efforts, it becomes their prey.

Mr. Oswell, who had arrived too late for the journey, spent the remain-

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der of the season in hunting elephants, liberally presenting Dr. Livingstone with the proceeds of his sport, for the outfit of his children.

The third journey was commenced in the spring of 1851, when, rejoined by Mr. Oswell, he set out once more, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and their children.

First travelling north, and then to the north-east, through a region covered with baobab-trees, abounding with springs, and inhabited by Bushmen, they entered an arid and difficult country. Here, the supply of water became exhausted, great anxiety was felt for the children, who suffered greatly from thirst. At length a small stream, the Mabebe, was reached, running into a marsh, across which they had to make their way. During the night they traversed a region infested by the *tsetse*, a fly not much larger than the common house-fly, the bite of which destroys cattle and horses.

A Terrible Pest.

It is remarkable that neither man, wild animals, nor even calves as long as they continue to suck, suffer from the bite of this fearful pest. While some districts are infested by it, others in the immediate neighborhood are free, and, as it does not bite at night, the only way the cattle of travellers can escape is by passing quickly through the infested district before the sun is up. Sometimes the natives lose the whole of their cattle by its attacks, and travellers frequently have been deprived of all means of moving with their wagons, in consequence of the death of their animals; some, indeed, have perished from being unable to proceed.

Having reached the Chobe, a large river, which falls into the Zambesi, leaving their attendants encamped with their cattle on an island, Livingstone and his family, with Mr. Oswell, embarked in a canoe on the former river, and proceeded down it about twenty miles to an island, where Sebituane was waiting to receive them.

The chief, pleased with the confidence the doctor had shown in bringing his wife and children, promised to take them to see his country, that they might choose a spot where they might form a missionary station. He had been engaged in warfare nearly all his life, under varying fortunes, with the neighboring savage tribes, and had at length established himself in a secure position behind the Chobe and Leeambye, whose broad streams guarded him from the inroads of his enemies. He had now a larger number of subjects and was richer in cattle than any chief in that part of Africa.

The rivers and swamps, however, of the region produced fever, which had proved fatal to many of his people. He had long been anxious for

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intercourse with Europeans, and showed every wish to encourage those who now visited him to remain in his territory. Unhappily, a few days after the arrival of his guests the chief was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, originating in an old wound, and, having listened to the gospel message delivered by the doctor, he in a short time breathed his last.

Dr. Livingstone says that he was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief he had ever met. His followers expressed the hope that the English would be as friendly to his children as they intended to have been to himself.

The chieftainship devolved at his death on a daughter, who gave the

THE FINAL ATTACK ON A SAVAGE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

visitors leave to travel through any part of the country they chose. They accordingly set out, and traversing a level district covered with wild date-trees, and here and there large patches of swamp, for a distance of a hundred and thirty miles to the north-east, they reached the banks of the Zambesi, in the centre of the continent.

From the prevalence of the *tsetse*, and the periodical rise of its numerous streams causing malaria, Dr. Livingstone was compelled to abandon the intention he had formed of removing his own people thither that they might be out of reach of their savage neighbors, the Dutch Boers. It was, however, he at once saw, the key of Southern and Central Africa.

The magnificent stream, on the bank of which he now stood, flows

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hundreds of miles east to the Indian Ocean—a mighty artery supplying life to the teeming population of that part of Africa. He therefore determined to send his wife and children to England, and to return himself and spend two or three years in the new region he had discovered, in the hope of evangelizing the people.

He accordingly returned to Kolobeng, and then set out with his family a journey of a thousand miles, to Cape Town. Having seen them aboard a homeward bound ship, he again turned his face northward, June, 1852.

The Explorer's House Robbed.

Having reached Kuruman, he was there detained by the breaking of a wagon-wheel. During that time the Dutch Boers attacked his friends, the Bakwains, carrying off a number of them into slavery, the only excuse the white men had being that Sechele was getting too saucy—in reality because he would not prevent the English traders from passing through his territory to the northward. The Dutch plundered Livingstone's house, and carried off the wagons of the chief and that of a trader who was stopping in the place. Livingstone therefore found great difficulty in obtaining guides and servants to proceed northward. Poor Sechele set out for Cape Town, intending as he said, to lay his complaint before the Queen of England, but was compelled by want of funds to return to his own country, where he devoted himself to the evangelization of his people.

Parting with the chief, Livingstone, giving the Boers a wide berth, proceeded across the desert to Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, where he had visited the Chief Sebituane in 1851. The whole population, amounting to nearly seven thousand souls, turned out to welcome him. He found that the princess had abdicated in favor of her brother Sekeletu, who received him with the greatest cordiality. The young king, then only nineteen, exclaimed: "I have now got another father instead of Sebituane." The people shared this feeling, believing that by the residence of a missionary among them they would obtain some important benefits, though of the real character of the blessing they might receive they were totally ignorant.

A rival of the young king existed in the person of a cousin, Mpepe, who had been appointed by the late king chief over a portion of his subjects, but whose ambition made him aim at the command of the whole.

Half-caste Portuguese slave-traders had made their way to Linyanti, and one, who pretended to be an important person, was carried about in a hammock slung between two poles, which looking like a bag, the

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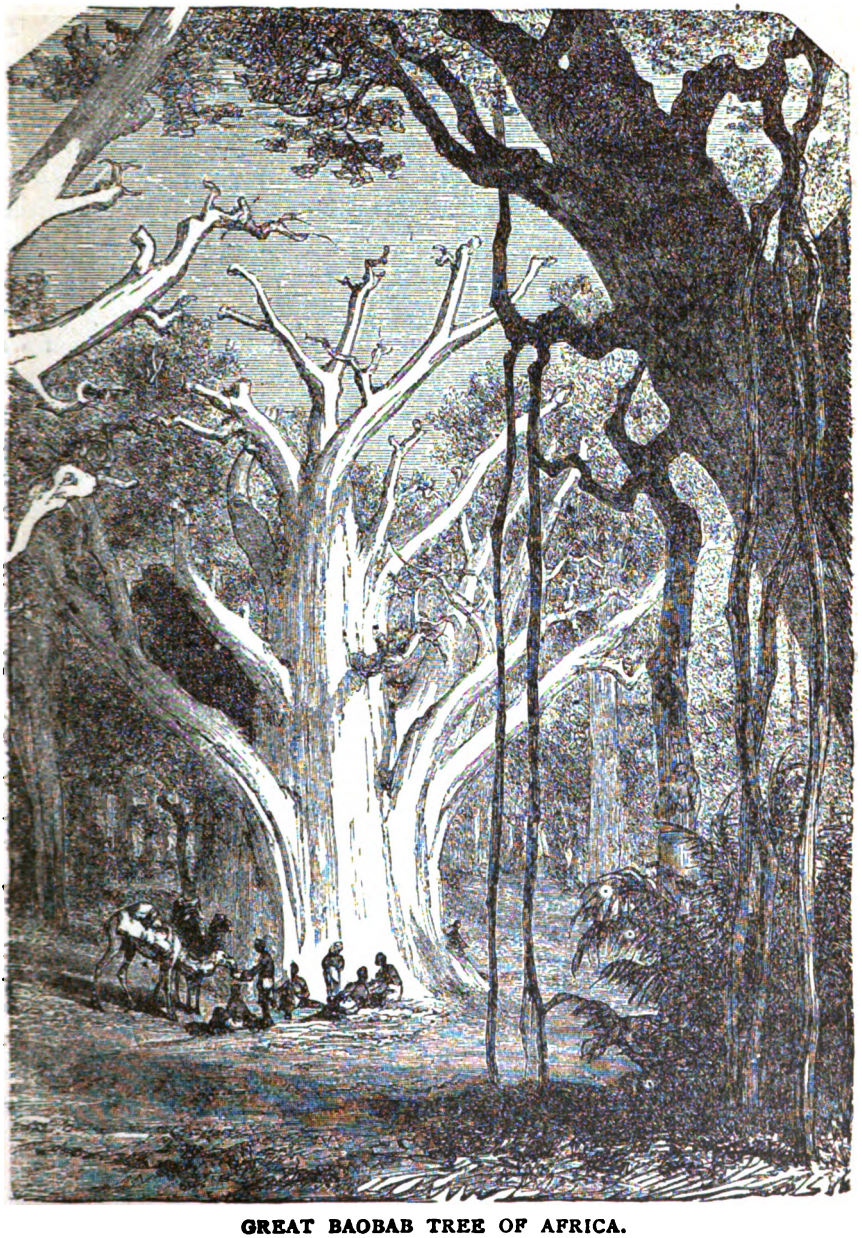

GREAT BAOBAB TREE OF AFRICA.

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natives called him "the father of the bag." Mpepe favored these scoundrels, as he hoped by their means to succeed in his rebellion. The arrival of Livingstone, however, somewhat dampened their hopes.

Livingstone Saves a Chief from an Assassin.

As the chief object of the doctor was to select a spot for a settlement, he ascended, accompanied by Sekeletu, the great river Zambesi, which had been discovered in the year 1851. The doctor had taught the Makololo to ride on their oxen, which they had never before done, though, having neither saddles or bridles, they constantly fell off.

He and Sekeletu were riding along side by side, when they encountered Mpepe, who, as soon as he saw them, ran towards the chief with his axe uplifted; but Sekeletu, galloping on, escaped him. On their arrival at their camp, while the chief and the doctor were sitting together, Mpepe appeared, his men keeping hold of their arms. At that moment the rebel entered; but the doctor, unconsciously covering Sekeletu's body, saved him from the assassin's blow. His cousin's intention having been revealed to Sekeletu, that night Mpepe was dragged off from his fire and speared. So quietly was the deed done that Livingstone heard nothing of it till the next morning.

Livingstone was soon after this attacked by fever, when his hosts exhibited the interest they felt for him by paying him every attention in their power. His own remedies of a wet sheet and quinine were more successful than the smoke and vapor baths employed by the natives.

It is important that the position of Linyanti should be noted, as from it Livingstone set out on his journey westward to Loanda, on the West Coast, and, returning to it, commenced from thence that adventurous expedition to the East Coast, which resulted in so many interesting discoveries.

A Picturesque Company.

Having recovered from his fever, Livingstone, accompanied by Sekeletu, and about one hundred and sixty attendants, mostly young men, associates of the chief, set out for Sesheke. The intermediate country was perfectly flat, except patches elevated a few feet only above the surrounding level. There were also numerous mounds, the work of ants, which are literally gigantic structures, and often as tall as wild date trees at their full height.

The party looked exceedingly picturesque as, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the air, they wound in a long line in and out among the mounds. Some wore red tunics or variously-colored prints, and their heads were adorned with the white ends of ox tails or caps made of lions'

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CURIOUS MOUNDS BUILT BY WARRIOR ANTS.

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manes. The nobles walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, their servants carrying their shields; while the ordinary men bore burdens, and the battle-axe men, who had their shields on their arms, were employed as messengers, often having to run an immense distance.

The Makololo possess numerous cattle, and the chief, having to feed his followers, either selected oxen from his own stock or received them from the head men of the villages through which they passed, as tribute.

Reaching the village of Katonga on the banks of the Leeambye, some time was spent there in collecting canoes. During this delay Livingstone visited the country to the north of the village, where he saw enormous numbers of buffaloes, zebras, elans, and a beautiful small antelope. He was enabled, by this hunting expedition, to supply his companions with an abundance of food.

At length, a sufficient number of canoes being collected, they commenced the ascent of the river. His own canoe had six paddles, while that of the chief had ten. They paddled standing upright, and kept stroke with great exactness. Being flat-bottomed, they can float in very shallow water. The fleet consisted altogether of thirty-three canoes and one hundred and sixty men.

"Man Overboard!"

Most of the Makololo are unable to swim, and a canoe being upset, one of the party, an old doctor, was lost, while the Barotse canoe-men easily save themselves by swimming.

Numerous villages were seen on both banks of the river, the inhabitants of which are expert hunters of the hippopotamus, and are excellent handicraftmen. They manufacture wooden bowls with neat lids, and show much taste in carving stools. Some make neat baskets, and others excel in pottery and iron. On their arrival at the town of the father of Mpepe, who had instigated his son to rebellion, two of his chief councilors were led forth and tossed into the river.

Naliele, the capital of the Barotse, the tribe inhabiting the district in which they now were, is built on an artificially-constructed mound, as are many other villages of that region, to raise them above the overflowing river. From finding no trace of European names among them, Livingstone was convinced that the country had not before been visited by white men; whereas, after he had come among them, great numbers of children were named after his own boy, while others were called Horse, Gun, Wagon, etc.

Roaring Lions.

Here again numbers of large game were seen. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before the fire of the travellers one evening

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DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH FEROCIOUS BEASTS

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IMMENSE AFRICAN LION SEIZING HIS PREY.

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within gunshot, and herds of splendid elans stood at two hundred yards' distance, without showing signs of fear. Lions, too, approached and roared at them. One night, as they were sleeping on the summit of a large sandbank, a lion appeared on the opposite shore, who amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could. The river was too broad for a ball to reach him, and he walked off without suffering for his impertinence. Livingstone saw two as tall as common donkeys, their manes making their bodies appear of still greater size.

Lions are in the habit of preying upon cattle, and the natives have to contrive all manner of ways for protecting their herds. These formidable beasts have been known to carry off young cattle as large as themselves.

On their journey they visited the town of Ma-Sekeletu, or the Mother of Sekeletu, where, as it was the first visit the king had paid to this part of his dominions, he was received with every appearance of joy. A grand dance was got up, the men moving in a circle, with spears and small battle-axes in their hands, roaring at the loudest pitch of their voices. The arms and head were thrown about in every direction, the roaring being kept up with the utmost vigor, while the dust ascended in clouds around them.

Wild Men of the Jungle.

Returning down the stream at a rapid rate, they quickly reached Linyanti. During this nine weeks' tour, Dr. Livingstone had been in closer contact with heathenism than ever before, and though, including the chief, everyone had been as attentive as possible, yet the dancing, roaring, singing, jesting, quarreling, added to the murdering propensities of these children of nature was painful in the extreme.

The chief and his followers, agreeing that the object of Livingstone's proposed expedition to the west was most desirable, took great pains to assist him in the undertaking. A band of twenty-seven men was appointed to accompany him by the chief's command, whose eager desire was to obtain a free and profitable trade with the white men, and this, Livingstone was convinced, was likely to lead to their ultimate elevation and improvement. Three men whom he had brought from Kuruman having suffered greatly from fever, he sent them back with Fleming, a trader, who had followed his footsteps. His new attendants he named Zambesians, for there were only two Makololo men—the rest consisting of Barotse, Batoka, and other tribes. His wagon and remaining goods he committed to the charge of the Makololo, who took all the articles into their huts. He carried only a rifle and a double-barrelled smooth-

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GRAND DANCE IN HONOR OF A KING.

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bore gun for himself, and gave three muskets to his people, by means of which he hoped game might be obtained for their support.

Wishing also to save his followers from having to carry heavy loads, he took for his own support but a few biscuits and a pound of tea and sugar, about twenty of coffee, a small tin canister with some spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, another for medicines, and a third for books, while a fourth contained a magic lantern. His ammunition was distributed in portions among the whole luggage, that, should an accident occur to one, the rest might be preserved. His camp equipage consisted of a gipsy tent, a sheep-skin mantle, and a horse-rug as a bed, as he had always found that the chief art of successful travelling consisted in taking as few impediments as possible. His sextant, artificial horizon, thermometer, and compasses were carried apart.

Carry as little as he would, Livingstone found that he was compelled to take more baggage than could be conveniently transported through African forests and jungles. Some people in civilized countries when they travel appear to take everything they need and everything they do not need; it cannot be said of our great explorer, however, that he took anything which was not needed. His box of medicines was, of course, a constant companion; we shall see farther on that this box was lost or stolen and that the expedition was left entirely without medical remedies. Often large parts of the baggage would have to be exchanged with the natives for food, or paid out as tribute to unfriendly chiefs. This was one of the unpleasant experiences and severe hardships which the great traveller encountered.

It will be seen through all these journeys that Livingstone was perfectly willing to share the fate of his men. He asked nothing for himself better than he was willing to grant for them. If they slept on the hard ground, he was willing to sleep there too; if they waded rivers, he was willing to go in as deep as they went; if they had unwholesome food, and little of it, he was ready to divide with them his last crust. By his own self-sacrificing and generous spirit he attached himself strongly to his followers. This was one great secret of his magnificent achievements in the Dark Continent.

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CHAPTER VI.

STRANGE PLACES AND PEOPLES.

Dangers of River Navigation—Luxuriant Wild Fruits—Skillful Management of Canoes by Natives—Magnificent Scenery—Man Seized by a Crocodile—Beautiful Flowers and Wild Honey—Strapping Chieftainess Smeared with Fat and Red Ochre—Pompous Chief—Curious Piano—Portuguese Traders—Warm Reception to the Explorers—Lifting off Roofs of Houses to Cover the Travellers—A Chief who Killed His Subjects for Amusement—Remarkable Custom for Cementing Friendship—Tricksters who Want Money—Livingstone Suffers from Fever—Savage Attack upon the Expedition—Using Charms and Cupping for Sickness—Black Corporal for an Escort—Beautiful Country Going to Waste—Vast Herds of Cattle—An Ornamental Garden—Natives Astonished by Strange Sights—Generous Gifts of Jolly Tars—"Stones that Burn"—An Attractive Town—The Irrepressible Donkey—Strange Belief in Evil Spirits—Grotesque Head-dresses—Fine Sport with the Gun—The Expedition Travelling in Small Canoes—Livingstone Charged by a Buffalo—Noisy Welcome to the Explorers—Troops of Elephants.

ON the 11th of November, 1853, accompanied by the chief and his principal men to see him off, Livingstone left and embarked on the Chobe. The chief danger in navigating this river is from the bachelor hippopotami who have been expelled their herd, and, whose tempers being soured, the canoes are frequently upset by them. One of these misanthropes chased some of his men, and ran after them on shore with considerable speed. The banks of the river were clothed with trees, among them acacias and evergreens, from the pink-colored specimens of which a pleasant acid drink is obtained.

Leaving the Chobe, they entered the Leeambye, up which they proceeded at a somewhat slow rate, as they had to wait at different villages for supplies of food. Several varieties of wild fruit were presented to them. The crews of the canoes worked admirably, being always in good humor, and, on any danger threatening, immediately leaped overboard to prevent them coming broadside to the stream, or being caught by eddies, or dashed against the rocks. Birds, fish, iguanas, and hippopotami abounded; indeed the whole river teemed with life.

On November 30th, the Gonye Falls were reached. No rain having fallen, it was excessively hot. They usually got up at dawn—about five in the morning—coffee was taken and the canoes loaded, the first two hours being the most pleasant part of the day's sail. The Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, managed their canoes admirably.

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At about eleven they landed to lunch. After an hour's rest they embarked, the doctor with an umbrella overhead. Sometimes they reached a sleeping-place two hours before sunset. Coffee was again served out, with coarse bread made of maize meal, or Indian corn, unless some animal had been killed, when a potful of flesh was boiled. The canoes were carried beyond the falls, slung on poles placed on men's shoulders. Here as elsewhere the doctor exhibited his magic lantern, greatly to the delight of the people.

Beautiful Scenery.

Nothing could be more lovely than the scenery of the falls. The water rushes through a fissure and, being confined below by a space not more than a hundred yards wide, goes rolling over and over in great masses, amid which the most expert swimmer can in vain make way.

The doctor was able to put a stop to an intended fight between the inhabitants of two villages. Several volunteers offered to join him, but his followers determined to adhere to the orders of Seketelu, and refused all other companions. They were treated most liberally by the inhabitants of all the villages, who presented them with more oxen, milk and meal than they could stow away. Entering the Leeambye, Livingstone proceeded up that stream in his canoe, while his oxen and a portion of his men continued their journey along its banks.

The rain had fallen, and nature had put on her gayest apparel; flowers of great beauty and curious forms grew everywhere, many of the forest trees having palmated leaves, the trunks being covered with lichens, while magnificent ferns were seen in all the moister situations. In the cool morning the welkin rang with the singing of birds, and the ground swarmed with insect life.

Combat with a Monstrous Crocodile.

Crocodiles were in prodigious numbers, children and calves being constantly carried off by them. One of his men was seized, but, retaining his presence of mind when dragged to the bottom, he struck the monster with his javelin and escaped, bearing the marks of the reptile's teeth on his thigh. The doctor's men had never before used firearms, and, proving bad shots, came to him for "gun medicine" to enable them to shoot better. As he was afraid of their exhausting his supply of powder, he was compelled to act as sportsman for the party.

Leaving Leeambye, he proceeded up the Leeba. Beautiful flowers and abundance of wild honey was found on its shores, and large numbers of young crocodiles were seen sunning themselves on the sandbanks with their parents.

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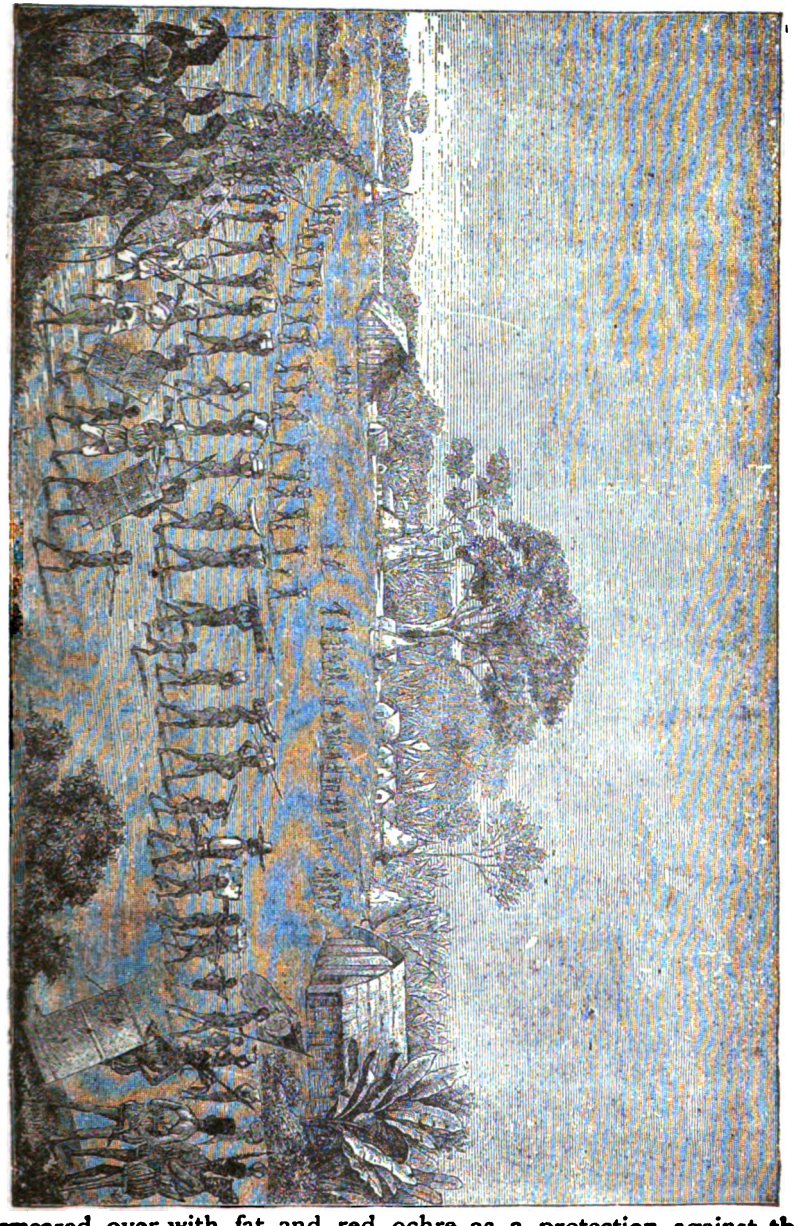
They had now reached the Balonda country, and received a visit from a chieftainess, Manenko, a tall strapping woman covered with ornaments



THE EXPLORING PARTY ON THE MARCH.

and smeared over with fat and red ochre as a protection against the weather. She invited them to visit her uncle Shinti, the chief of the

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country. They set out in the midst of a heavy drizzling mist; on, however, the lady went, in the lightest marching order. The doctor enquired why she did not clothe herself during the rain; but it appeared that she did not consider it proper for a chief to appear effeminate. The men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, every now and then remarked: "Manenko is a soldier." Some of the people in her train carried shields composed of reeds, of a square form, five feet long and three broad. With these, and armed with broadswords and quivers full of iron-headed arrows, they looked somewhat ferocious, but are in reality not noted for their courage.

A Pompous Chief.

The doctor was glad when at length the chieftainess halted on the banks of a stream, and preparations were made for the night's lodging. After detaining them several days, she accompanied them on foot to Shinti's town. The chief's place of audience was ornamented by two graceful banyan trees, beneath one of which he sat on a sort of throne covered with a leopard-skin. He wore a checked shirt and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green, numerous ornaments covering his arms and legs, while on his head was a helmet of beads, crowned with large goose feathers. At his side sat three lads with quivers full of arrows over their shoulders.

Livingstone took his seat under the shade of another tree opposite to the chief, while the spokesman of the party, who had accompanied them, in a loud voice, walking backwards and forwards, gave an account of the doctor and his connection with the Makololo. Behind the chief sat a hundred women clothed in red baize, while his wife was sitting in front of him. Between the speeches the ladies burst forth into a sort of plaintive ditty.

Singular Piano.

The party was entertained by a band of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the *marimba*, a species of piano. It consists of two bars of wood placed side by side; across these are fixed fifteen wooden keys, each two or three inches broad and about eighteen long, their thickness being regulated by the deepness of the note required. Each of the keys has a calabash below it, the upper portion of which, being cut off to hold the bars, they form hollow sounding-boards to the keys. These are also of different sizes according to the notes required. The keys are struck by small drum sticks to produce the sound. The Portuguese have imitated the *marimba*, and use it in their dances in Angola.

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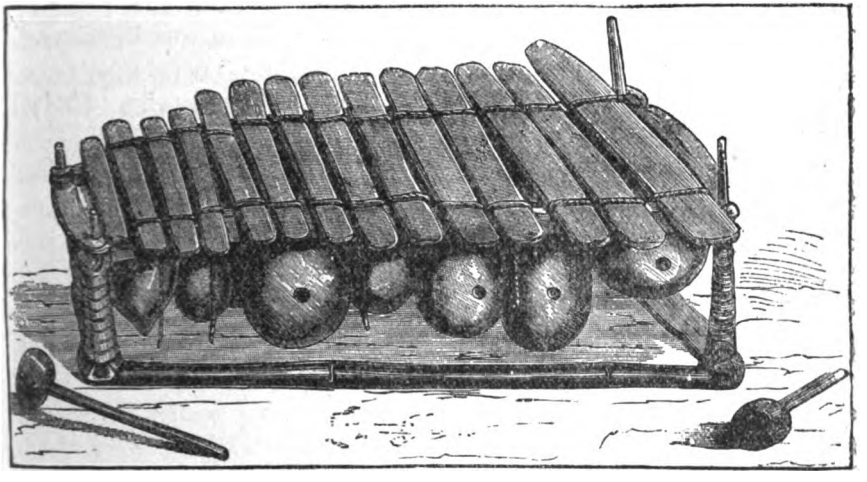
The women in this country are treated with more respect by the men than in other parts of Africa. A party of Mambari, with two native Portuguese traders, had come up to obtain slaves, and, while Dr. Livingstone was residing with Shinti, some young children were kidnapped, evidently to be sold to them.

The day before he was to recommence his journey, the doctor received a visit in his tent from Shinti, who, as a mark of his friendship, presented him with a shell on which he set the greatest value, observing: "There, now you have a proof of my affection." These shells, as marks of distinction, are so highly valued that for two of them a slave may be bought, and five will buy an elephant's tusk worth fifty dollars. The old chief had provided a guide, Intémese, to conduct them to the territory of



THE MARIMBA, OR AFRICAN PIANO.

the next chief, Katema. He also gave an abundant supply of food, and wished them a prosperous journey. Livingstone again started on the 26th of January, Shinti sending eight men to assist in carrying his luggage. He had now to quit the canoes and to proceed on ox-back, taking a northerly direction.

He and his party received the same kind treatment in the country as before, the villagers, by command of their chiefs, presenting them with an abundance of food. They found English cotton cloth more eagerly enquired after than beads and ornaments. On arriving at a village the inhabitants lifted off the roofs of some of their huts, and brought them to the camp, to save the men the trouble of booth-making. On starting again the villagers were left to replace them at their leisure, no payment

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being expected. Heavy rains now came on, and the doctor and his party were continually wet to the skin.

Polite as the people were, they were still fearful savages. Messengers arrived from the neighboring town to announce the death of their chief, Matiamvo. That individual had been addicted to running a-muck through his capital and beheading any one he met, till he had a large heap of human heads in front of his hut. Men were also slaughtered occasionally, whenever the chief wanted part of a body to perform certain charms.

The Balonda appear to have some belief in the existence of the soul, and a greater feeling of reverence in their composition than the tribes to the eastward. Among their customs they have a remarkable one. Those who take it into their heads to become friends, cement their friendship. Taking their seats opposite one to the other, with a vessel of beer by the side of each, they clasp hands. They then make cuts on their clasped hands, the pits of their stomachs, their foreheads, and right cheeks. The point of a blade of grass is then pressed against the cuts, and afterwards each man washes it in his own pot of beer; exchanging pots, the contents are drunk, so that each man drinks the blood of the other. Thus they consider that they become blood relations and are bound in every possible way to assist each other. These people were greatly surprised at the liberty enjoyed by the Makololo.

Playing Tricks for Money.

The travellers paid a visit to Katema, the chief of the district, who received them dressed in a snuff-brown coat, with a helmet of beads and feathers on his head, and in his hand a number of tails of *gnus* bound together. He also sent some of his men to accompany them on their journey. The rains continued, and the doctor suffered much from having to sleep on the wet ground. Having reached the latitude of Loanda, Livingstone now directed his course to the westward. On the 4th of March he reached the outskirts of the territory of the Chiboque.

As he approached the more civilized settlements, he found the habits of the people changed much for the worse: tricks of all sorts were played to detain him and obtain tribute; the guides also tried in every way to impose on him. Even his Makololo expressed their sorrow at seeing so beautiful a country ill cultivated and destitute of cattle.

He was compelled to sell one of his riding oxen for food, as none could be obtained. The Chiboque coming round in great numbers, their chief demanded tribute, and one of their number made a charge at Livingstone, but quickly retreated on having the muzzle of the traveller's gun pointed

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at his head. The chief and his councillors, however, consenting to sit down on the ground, the Makololo, well drilled, surrounded them, and thus got them completely in their power. A mutiny, too, broke out among his own people, who complained of want of food; but it was suppressed by the appearance of the doctor with a double-barrelled pistol in his hand. They never afterwards gave him any trouble.

Similar demands for payment to allow him to pass through the country were made by other chiefs, his faithful Makololo giving up their ornaments, as he had done nearly all the beads and shirts in his possession. The most extortionate of these chiefs was Ioaga Panza, whose sons, after

STAMPEDE OF SOUTH AFRICAN GNUS.

receiving payment for acting as guides, deserted him. All this time Livingstone was suffering daily from the attacks of fever, which rendered him excessively weak, so that he could scarcely sit upon his ox.

The country appeared fertile and full of small villages, and the soil is so rich that little labor is required for its cultivation. It is, however, the chief district whence slaves are obtained, and a feeling of insecurity was evident amongst the inhabitants. A demand was now made by each chief for a man, an ox, or a tusk as a tribute. The first, was of course, refused, but nearly all the remainder of the traveller's property had to be thus paid away.

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On the 4th of April they reached the banks of the Quango, here one hundred and fifty yards wide. The chief of the district—a young man, who wore his hair curiously formed into the shape of a cone, bound round with white thread—on their refusing to pay him an extortionate demand, ordered his people not to ferry them across, and opened fire on them. At this juncture a half-caste Portuguese, a sergeant of militia, Cypriano Di Abreu, arrived, and, obtaining ferrymen, they crossed over into the territory of the Bangala, who are subject to the Portuguese. They had some time before rebelled, and troops were now stationed among them, Cypriano being in command of a party of men. Next morning he provided a delicious breakfast for his guest, and fed the Makololo with pumpkins and maize, while he supplied them with farina for their journey to Kasenge, without even hinting at payment.

The natives, though they long have had intercourse with the Portuguese, are ignorant and superstitious in the extreme. Many parts of the country are low and marshy, and they suffer greatly from fever. Of the use of medicine they have no notion, their only remedies being charms and cupping. The latter operation is performed with a small horn, which has a little hole in the upper end. The broad end is placed on the flesh, when the operator sucks through the hole; as the flesh rises, he gashes it with a knife, then replaces the horn and sucks again, till finally he introduces a piece of wax into his mouth, to stop up the hole, when the horn is left to allow the blood to gush into it.

It took the travellers four days to reach Kasenge, a town inhabited by about forty Portuguese traders and their servants. Though told by the doctor that he was a Protestant minister, they treated him with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

A Black Corporal for an Escort.

Here the Makololo sold Sekeletu's tusks, obtaining much better prices than they would have done from the Cape traders, forgetting, however, that their value was greatly increased by the distance they had been brought.

The Makololo here expressed their fears, from what they had heard, that they were about to be led down to the sea-coast to be sold, but when Livingstone asked them if he had ever deceived them, and that he would assure them of their safety, they agreed to accompany him. The merchants of Kasenge treated the doctor with the most disinterested kindness, and furnished him with letters to their friends at Loanda.

He was escorted by a black corporal of militia, who was carried in a hammock by his slaves. He could both read and write, and was

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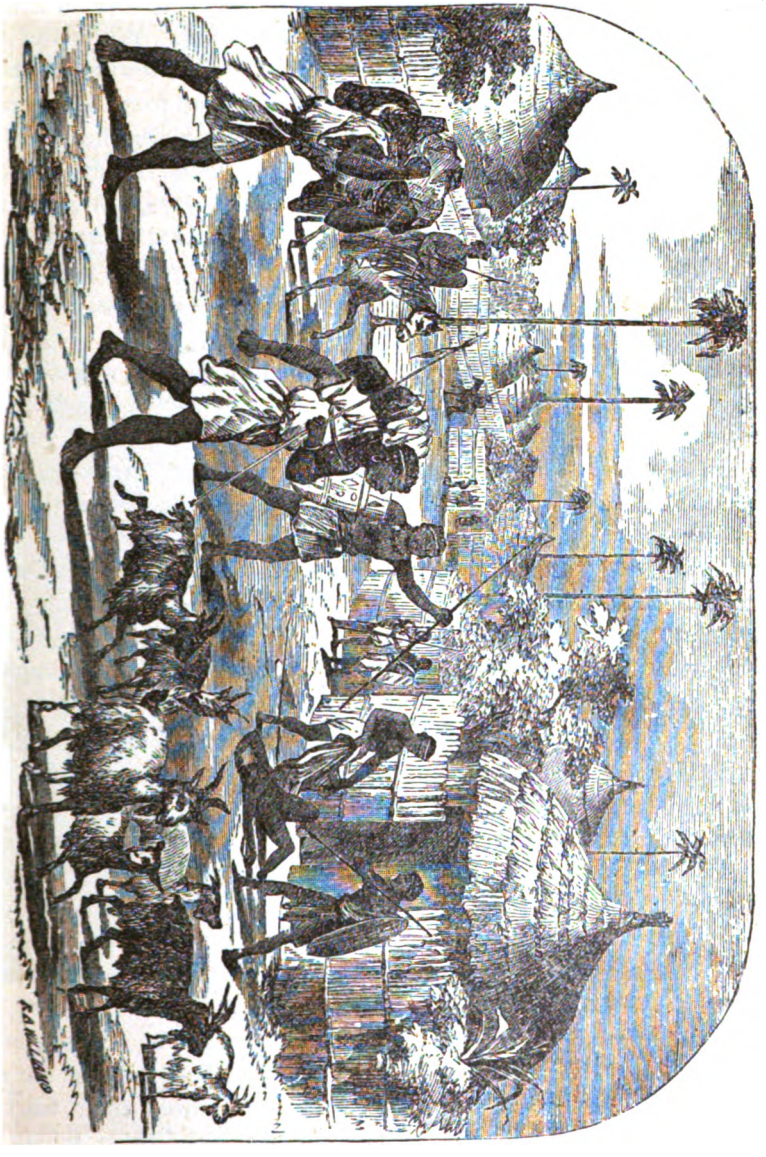
cleanly in all his ways; he was considerate also to his young slaves, and walked most of the way, only getting into his hammock on approaching



SCENE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN VILLAGE.

a village, for the sake of keeping up his dignity. He, however, had the usual vices of African guides, and did not fail to cheat those he was sent to protect.

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Sleeping-places were erected on the road about ten miles apart, as there is a constant stream of people going to and coming from the coast. Goods are either carried on the head or on one shoulder, in a sort of basket, supported by two poles five or six feet long. When the carrier feels tired and halts, he plants them on the ground, allowing his burden to rest against a tree, so that he has not to lift it up from the ground to the level of his head. On arriving at a sleeping-place, the sheds were immediately taken possession of by the first comers, those arriving last having to make huts with long grass for themselves. Women might then be seen coming from their villages with baskets of manioc meal, yams, garlic, and other roots for sale. As Livingstone had supplied himself with calico at Kasenge, he was able to purchase what was necessary.

The district of Ambaca, through which he now passed, was excessively fertile. Large numbers of cattle exist on its pastures, which are well watered by flowing streams, while lofty mountains rise in the distance. It is said to contain forty thousand souls. The doctor was delighted with Golcongo Alto, a magnificent district—the hills bedecked with trees of various hues, the graceful oil-yielding palm towering above them. Here the commandant, Lieutenant Castro, received him in a way that won the doctor's affectionate regard. He calculated that this district has a population of a hundred and four thousand. The lieutenant regretted, as does every person of intelligence, the neglect with which this magnificent country has been treated.

Natives Astonished by Strange Sights.

As they proceeded, they passed streams with cascades, on which mills might easily be formed; but here numbers of carpenters were converting the lofty trees which grew around into planks, by splitting them with wedges. At Trombeta the commandant had his garden ornamented with rows of trees, with pineapples and flowers growing between them. A few years ago he purchased an estate for eighty dollars, on which he had now a coffee plantation and all sorts of fruit trees and grape-vines, beside grain and vegetables growing, as also a cotton plantation.

As they approached the sea the Makololo gazed at it, spreading out before them, with feelings of awe, having before believed that the whole world was one extended plain. They again showed their fears that they might be kidnapped, but Livingstone reassured them, telling them that as they had stood by each other hitherto, so they would do to the last.

On the 31st of May they descended a declivity leading to the city of Loanda, where Livingstone was warmly welcomed by Mr. Gabriel, the

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British commissioner. Seeing him so ill, he benevolently offered the doctor his bed. "Never shall I forget," says Livingstone, "the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after for six months sleeping on the ground." It took many days however, before the doctor recovered from the exposure and fatigue he had

CHARMING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

endured. All that time he was watched over with the most generous sympathy by his kind host. The Portuguese Bishop of Angola, and numerous other gentlemen, called on him and tendered their services.

Her Majesty's ship "Polyphemus" coming in, the surgeon, Mr. Cochin, afforded him the medical assistance he so much required, and

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soon he was suficiently recovered to call on the bishop, attended by his Makololo followers. They had all been dressed in new robes of striped cotton cloth, and red caps, presented by Mr. Gabriel. The bishop, acting as head of the provisional government, received them in form, and gave them permission to come to Loanda and trade as often as they wished, with which they were greatly pleased.

The Makololo gazed with astonishment at all they witnessed, the large stone houses and churches especially, never before having seen a building larger than a hut. The commanders of the "Pluto" and "Philomel," which came into the harbor, invited them on board. Knowing their fears, Livingstone told them that no one need go should they entertain the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party went.

Jolly Tars and African Natives.

Going forward amongst the men, they were received much the same as the Makololo would have received them, the jolly tars handing them a share of the bread and beef they had for dinner. They were allowed to fire off a cannon, at which they were greatly pleased. This visit had a most beneficial effect, as it raised Livingstone still more highly than ever in the opinion of the natives.

During August the doctor was again attacked by a severe fit of fever. His men, while he was unable to attend to them, employed themselves in going into the country and cutting firewood, which they sold to the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Gabriel also found them employment in unloading a collier, at six-pence a day. They continued at this work for upwards of a month, astonished at the vast amount of "stones that burn" which were taken out of her. With the money thus obtained they purchased clothing, beads, and other articles to carry home with them. In selecting calicoes they were well able to judge of the best, and chose such pieces as appeared the strongest, without reference to color.

Saint Paul de Loanda, once a considerable city, has now fallen greatly into decay. There are, however, many large stone houses, and the palace of the governor, and the government offices, are substantial structures. Trees are planted throughout the town for the sake of shade. Though the dwellings of the native inhabitants are composed merely of wattle and daub, from the sea they present an imposing appearance.

Though at first the government lost its chief revenue from the suppression of the slave trade, it has again gradually increased by the lawful commerce now carried on by its merchants The officers are, however, so badly paid that they are compelled to engage in mercantile pursuits, and some attempt by bribes to assist the slave-dealers.

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From the kind and generous treatment Livingstone received from the Portuguese, they rose deservedly high in his estimation.

He now prepared for his departure. The merchants sent a present to Sekeletu, consisting of specimens of all their articles of trade and two donkeys, that the breed might be introduced into his country, as the venomous fly called the *tsetse* cannot kill those beasts of burden. The doctor was also furnished with letters of recommendation to the Portuguese authorities in Eastern Africa. The bishop likewise furnished him with twenty carriers, and sent forward orders to the commandants of the districts to the east to render him every assistance. He supplied himself with ammunition, and beads, and a stock of cloth, and he gave each of his men a musket. He had also purchased a horse for Sekeletu. His friends of the "Philomel" fitted him out also with a new tent, and, on the 20th of September, 1854, he and his party left Loanda, escorted by Mr. Gabriel, who, from his unwearied attentions and liberality to his men, had become endeared to all their hearts.

SINGULAR MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

Passing round by the sea, he ascended the River Bengo to Icollo-i-Bengo, once the residence of a native king. While Mr. Gabriel returned to Loanda, Dr. Livingstone and his party proceeded to Golcongo Alto, where he left some of his men to rest, while he took an excursion to Kasenge, celebrated for its coffee plantations. On his return he found several of them suffering from fever, while one of them had gone out of his mind, but in short time recovered.

He had thus an opportunity of watching the workings of slavery. The moment their master was ill, the slaves ate up everything on which they could lay their hands; till the doctor himself could scarcely obtain

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even bread and butter. Here Sekeletu's horse was seized with inflammation, and the poor animal afterwards died on its journey. On the 28th of February they reached the banks of the Quango, where they were again received by Cypriano.

The colored population of Angola are sunk in the grossest superstition. They fancy themselves completely in the power of spirits, and are constantly deprecating their wrath. A chief, named Gando, had lately been accused of witchcraft, and, being killed by the ordeal, his body was thrown into the river.

Heavy payment was demanded by the ferrymen for crossing in their wretched canoes; but the cattle and donkeys had to swim across. Avoiding their friend with the comical head-dress, they made their way to the camp of some Ambakistas, or half-caste Portuguese, who had gone across to trade in wax. They are famed for their love of learning, and are keen traders, and, writing a peculiarly fine hand, are generally employed as clerks, sometimes being called the Jews of Angola.

Fantastic Head-dresses.

The travellers were now in the country of the Bishinji, possessing the lowest negro physiognomy. At a village where they halted, they were attacked by the head man, who had been struck by one of the Makololo on their previous visit, although atonement had been made. A large body of the natives now rushed upon them as they were passing through a forest, and began firing, the bullets passing amid the trees. Dr. Livingstone fortunately encountered the chief, and, presenting a six-barrelled revolver, produced an instant revolution in his martial feelings. The doctor then, ordering him and his people to sit down, rode off. They were now accompanied by their Portuguese friends, the Londa people, who inhabit the banks of theLoajima.

They elaborately dress their hair in a number of ways. It naturally hangs down on their shoulders in large masses, which, with their general features, gives them a strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians. Some of them adorn their heads with ornaments of woven hair and hide, to which they occasionally suspend the tails of buffaloes. Another fashion is to weave the hair on pieces of hide in the form of buffalo horns, projecting on either side of the head. The young men twine their hair in the form of horns projecting in different directions. They frequently tattoo their bodies, producing figures in the form of stars. Although their heads are thus elaborately adorned, their bodies are almost destitute of clothing.

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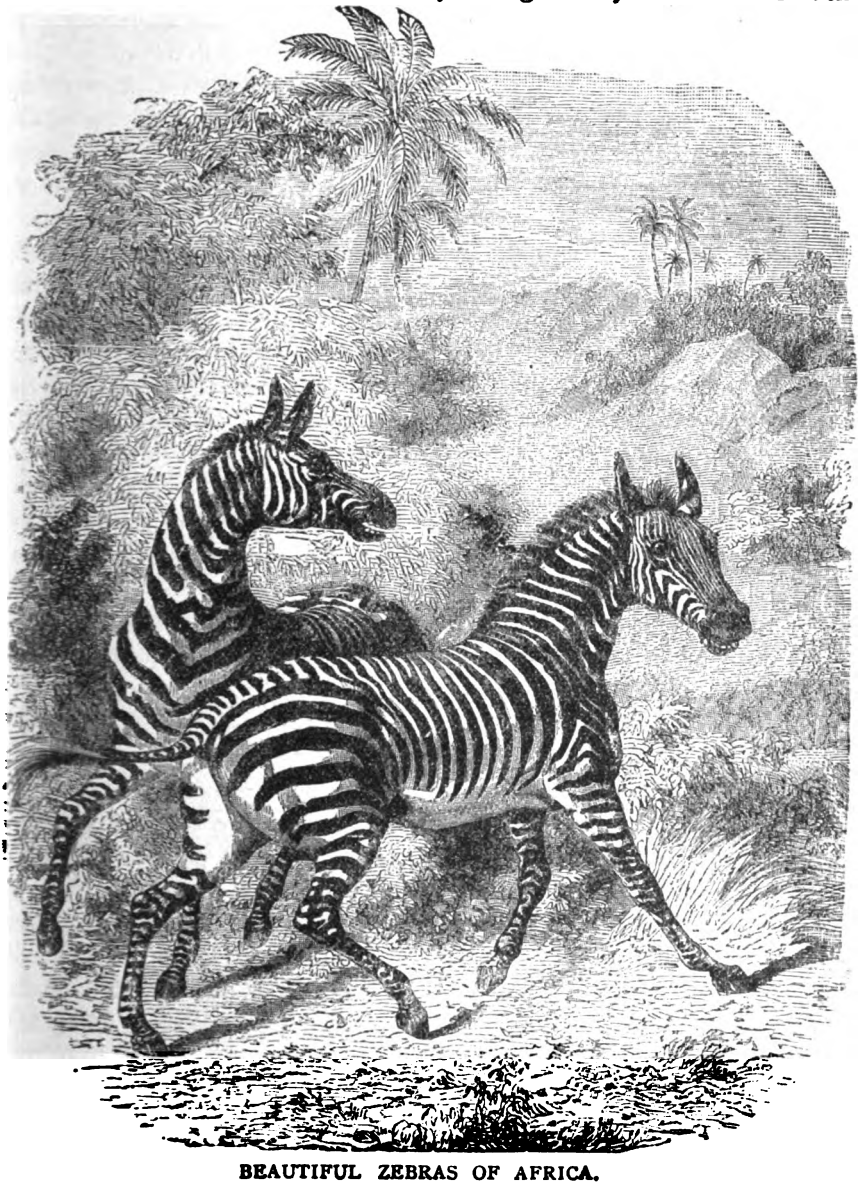
Reaching Calongo, Livingstone directed his course towards the territory of his old friend, Katema. They were generally well received at the



BEAUTIFUL ZEBRAS OF AFRICA.

villages. On the 2nd of June they reached that of Kanawa. This chief, whose village consisted of forty or fifty huts, at first treated them very

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politely, but he took it into his head to demand an ox as tribute. On their refusing it, Kanawa ordered his people to arm. On this, Livingstone directed his Makololo to commence the march. Some did so with alacrity, but one of them refused, and was preparing to fire at Kanawa, when the doctor, giving him a blow with his pistol, made him go too. They had already reached the banks of the river when they found that Kanawa had sent on ahead to carry off all the canoes. The ferrymen supposing that the travellers were unable to navigate the canoes, left them, unprotected, on the bank. As soon as it was dark, therefore, the Makololo quickly obtained one of them, and the whole party crossed, greatly to the disgust of Kanawa when he discovered in the morning what had occurred.

They now took their way across the level plain, which had been flooded on their former journey. Numberless vultures were flying in the air, showing the quantity of carrion which had been left by the waters. They passed Lake Dilolo, a sheet of water six or eight miles long and two broad. The sight of the blue waters had a soothing effect on the doctor, who was suffering from fever, after his journey through the gloomy forest and across the wide flat. Pitsane and Mohorisi, Livingstone's chief men, had proposed establishing a Makololo village on the banks of the Leeba, near its confluence with the Leeambye, that it might become a market to communicate westward with Loanda, and eastward with the regions along the banks of the Zambesi.

Exploits with the Gun.

Old Shinti, whose capital they now reached, received them as before in a friendly way, and supplied them abundantly with provisions. The doctor left with him a number of plants, among which were orange, cashew, custard, apple, and fig-trees, with coffee, acacias, and papaws, which he had brought from Loanda. They were planted out in the enclosure of one of his principal men, with a promise that Shinti should have a share of them when grown.

They now again embarked in six small canoes on the waters of the Leeba. Paddling down it, they next entered the Leeambye. Here they found a party of hunters, who had been engaged in stalking buffaloes, hippopotami, and other animals. They use for this purpose the skin of a deer, with the horns attached, or else the head and upper part of the body of a crane, with which they creep through the grass till they can get near enough to shoot their prey.

The doctor, wishing to obtain some meat for his men, took a small canoe and paddled up a creek towards a herd of zebras seen on the shore.

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NATIVES RETURNING TO CAMP WITH A HUGE PYTHON.

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Firing he broke the hind leg of one of them. His men pursued it, and, as he walked slowly after them, he observed a solitary buffalo, which had been disturbed by others of his party, galloping towards him. The only tree was a hundred yards off. The doctor cocked his rifle in the hope of striking the brute on the forehead. The thought occurred to him, but what should his gun miss fire? The animal came on at a tremendous speed, but a small bush a short distance off made it swerve and expose its shoulder. The doctor fired, and as he heard the ball crack, he fell flat on his face. The buffalo bounded past him towards the water, near which it was found dead. His Makololo blamed themselves for not having been by his side, while he returned thanks to God for his preservation.

A Joyous Reception.

On reaching the town of Lebouta, they were welcomed with the warmest demonstrations of joy, the women coming out, dancing and singing. Thence they were conducted to the *kotlar*, or house of assembly, where Pitsand delivered a long speech, describing the journey and the kind way in which they had been received at Loanda, especially by the English chief.

Next day Livingstone held a service, when his Makololo braves, arrayed in their red caps and white suits of European clothing, attended, sitting with their guns over their shoulders. As they proceeded down Barotse Valley, they were received in the same cordial manner.

The doctor was astonished at the prodigious quantities of wild animals of all descriptions which he saw on this journey, and also when traversing the country further to the east—elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and pigs. Frequently the beautiful springbok appeared, covering the plain, sometimes in sprinklings and at other times in dense crowds, as far as the eye could reach.

The troops of elephants also far exceeded in numbers anything which he had ever before heard of or conceived. He and his men had often to shout to them to get out of their way, and on more than one occasion a herd rushed in upon the travellers, who not without difficulty made their escape. A number of young elephants were shot for food, their flesh being highly esteemed. To the natives the huge beasts are a great plague, as they break into their gardens and eat up their pumpkins and other produce; when disturbed they are apt to charge those interrupting their feast, and, following them, to demolish the huts in which they may have taken refuge, not unfrequently killing them in their rage.

Resting at Sesheke, they proceeded to Linyanti, where the wagon and everything that had been left in it in November, 1853, was perfectly safe.

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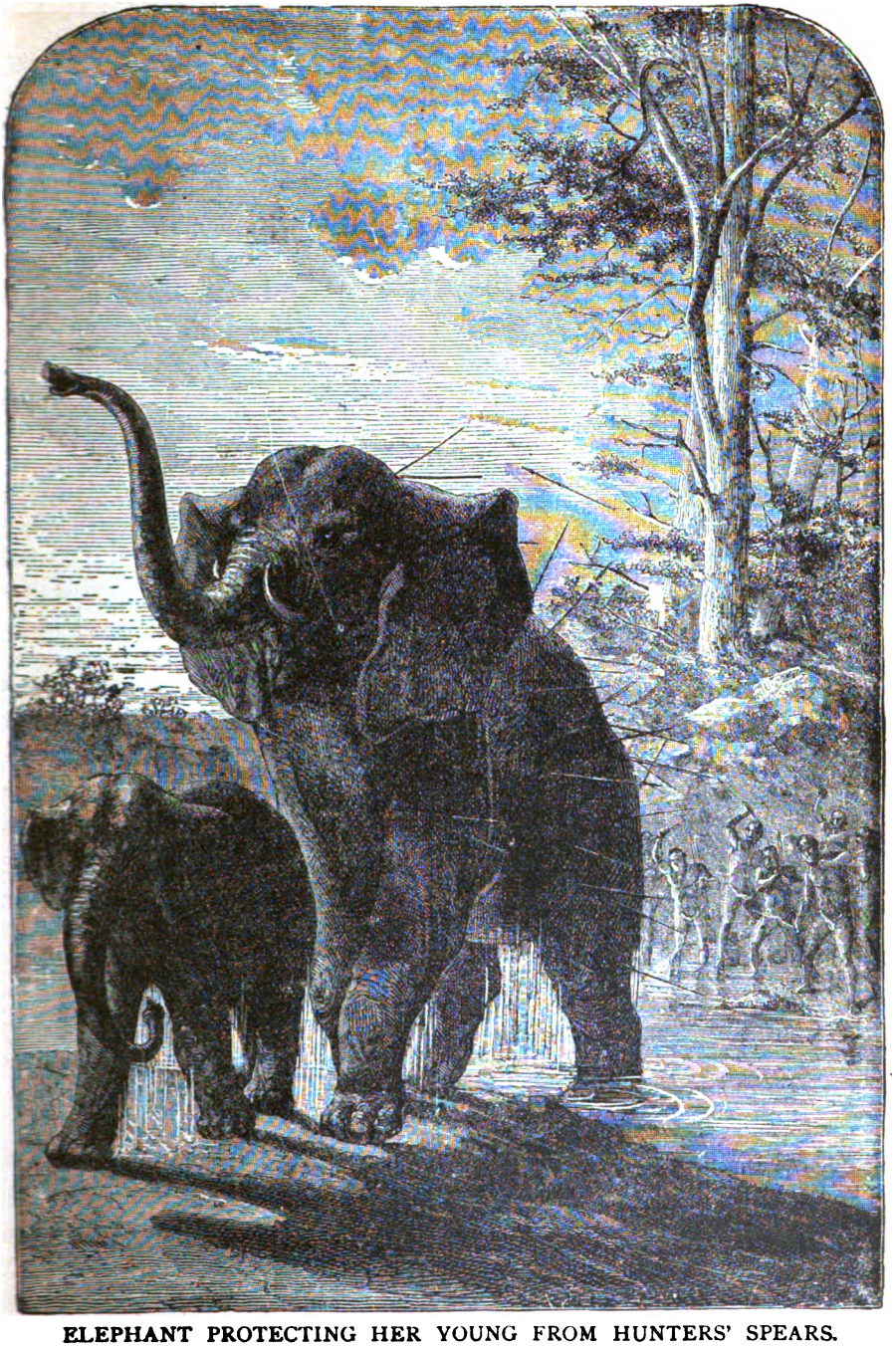

ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG FROM HUNTERS' SPEARS.

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A grand meeting was called, when the doctor made a report of his journey and distributed the articles which had been sent by the governor and merchants of Loanda. Pitsane and others then gave an account of what they had seen, and, as may be supposed, nothing was lost in the description. The presents afforded immense satisfaction, and on Sunday Sekeletu made his appearance in church dressed in the uniform which had been brought down for him, and which attracted every man's attention

The Arab, Ben Habed, and Sekeletu arranged with him to conduct another party with a load of ivory down to Loanda; they also consulted him as to the proper presents to send to the governor and merchants. The Makololo generally expressed great satisfaction at the route which had been opened up, and proposed moving to the Barotse Valley, that they might be nearer the great market. The unhealthiness of the climate, however, was justly considered a great drawback to the scheme. The doctor afterwards heard that the trading party which set out reached Loanda in safety, and it must have been a great satisfaction to him to feel that he had thus opened out a way to the enterprise of these industrious and intelligent people.

The donkeys which had been brought excited much admiration, and, as they were not affected by the bite of the *tsetse*, it was hoped that they might prove of great use. Their music, however, startled the inhabitants more than the roar of lions.

It is not difficult to believe this statement. It is in the nature of the donkey to be heard even farther than he can be seen, and when he takes in a full breath and opens his mouth, it is not strange that those who listen to his bray are frightened. This animal, however, is not to be judged either by his looks or his voice. He is exceedingly useful, and can be trained to difficult service and, although he has an extraordinary temper and an extraordinary pair of ears, still the world is better off for the donkey. He should be looked at as a part of the Divine creation, and the humblest animals are certainly deserving of consideration for the good that they render to the human race.

It is not customary in our country to make any great use of the donkey. In England, however, and on the Continent of Europe, as well as in other eastern countries, the peasants who are too poor to invest in horses can yet provide themselves with a beast of burden. All honor, then to the plain, ill-tempered, serviceable, long-eared, old-fashioned donkey. He should never be despised after such splendid services as he has rendered our Tropical heroes.

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CHAPTER VII.

ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY TO THE EAST COAST.

Livingstone's Resolve to Reach the East Coast—A Fine Race of Negroes—One hundred and fourteen Trustworthy Men—The Brave Leaders of the Company—A Terrible Storm—Sailing Down the River—Far-famed Victoria Falls—Scene of Extreme Beauty—Ascending Clouds of Spray—Immense Baobab Tree—Strange Mode of Salutation—Traffic in Ivory—Buffalo Brought Down with the Rifle—Presents from a Peace-loving Chief—Vast Numbers of Wild Animals—Huge Hippopotami and their Young—How the Natives Capture Elephants—Strange Appearance of the Natives—Mouths like those of Ducks—Hostilities by a Village Chief—Remains of an Old Portuguese Settlement—The Doctor's Ox Gallops off—Strange Cries and Waving Fire-brands—Visit from two Old Men—American Calico in a Far Land—Surprising Instinct of the Elephant—The Enormous Beast Taught to Work for his Master—A New Way of Laying Timbers—Remarkable Story by an English Officer—Extraordinary Sagacity of the Elephant—Dangers in the Path of the Expedition—Great Risk from Being Attacked by Lions—Dreadful Encounter with a King of the Forest—A "Civilized Breakfast"—Kind Reception by an English Major—Natives who Plant Gold for Seed—Tree Supposed to Have Remarkable Medical Virtues—Four Years away from Cape Town—Ravages of Famine—A Chief who Wishes to Visit England—Seized with Insanity and Lost Overboard—Livingstone arrives in England.

DR. LIVINGSTONE now began to make arrangements for performing another hazardous journey to the East Coast. In the mean time he was fully occupied in attending to the sick, and his other missionary duties. He was advised to wait till the rains had fallen and cooled the ground; and as it was near the end of September, and clouds were collecting, it was expected that they would soon commence. The heat was very great: the thermometer, even in the shade of his wagon, was at 100°, and, if unprotected, rose to 110°; during the night it sank to 70°.

Among other routes which were proposed, he selected that by the north bank of the Zambesi. He would, however, thus have to pass through territories in the possession of the Matabele, who, under their powerful chief, had driven away the Makololo, its original possessors. Notwithstanding this he had no fears for himself, as that chief looked upon Mr. Moffatt, his father-in-law, as his especial friend. A considerable district, also, of the country was still inhabited by the Makololo, and by them he was sure to be kindly treated. The Makololo, it must be understood, are a mixed race, composed of tribes of Bechuanas who formerly inhabited

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the country bordering the Kalahara Desert. Their language, the Bechuana, is spoken by the upper classes of the Makololo, and into this tongue, by the persevering labors of Mr. Moffatt, nearly the whole of the Scriptures have been translated. The bulk of the people are negroes, and are an especially fine, athletic, and skilful race.

As soon as Livingstone announced his intention of proceeding to the east, numerous volunteers came forward to accompany him. From among them he selected a hundred and fourteen trustworthy men, and Sekeletu appointed two, Sekwebu and Kanyata, as leaders of the company. Sekwebu had been captured, when a child, from the Matabele, and his tribe now inhabited the country near Tete; he had frequently travelled along the banks of the Zambesi, and spoke the various dialects of the people residing on them, and was, moreover, a man of sound judgment and prudence, and rendered great service to the expedition.

A Fearful Storm.

On the 3rd of November Livingstone, bidding farewell to his friends at Linyanti, set out, accompanied by Sekeletu and two hundred followers. On reaching a patch of country infested by troublesome flies it became necessary to travel at night. A fearful storm broke forth, sometimes the lightning, spreading over the sky, forming eight or ten branches like those of a gigantic tree. At times the light was so great that the whole country could be distinctly seen, and in the intervals between the flashes it was as densely dark. The horses trembled, turning round to search for each other, while the thunder crashed with tremendous roars, louder than is heard in other regions, the rain pelting down, making the party feel miserably cold after the heat of the day. At length a fire, left by some previous travellers, appeared in the distance. The doctor's baggage having gone on before, he had to lie down on the cold ground, when Sekeletu kindly covered him with his own blanket, remaining without shelter himself. Before parting at Sesheke, the generous chief supplied the doctor with twelve oxen, three accustomed to be ridden on, hoes and beads to purchase a canoe, an abundance of fresh butter and honey; and, indeed, he did everything in his power to assist him in his journey.

Bidding farewell to Sekeletu, the doctor and his attendants sailed down the river to its confluence with the Chobe. Having reached this spot, he prepared to strike across the country to the north-east, in order to reach the northern bank of the Zambesi. Before doing so, however, he determined to visit the Victoria Falls, of which he had often heard. The meaning of the African name is: "Smoke does sound there," in reference to the vapor and noise produced by the falls.

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After twenty minutes sail from Kalai they came in sight of five columns

GIGANTIC BAOBAB TREE AT VICTORIA FALLS.

of vapor, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles off, and bending as they ascended before the wind, the tops appear-

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ing to mingle with the clouds. The scene was extremely beautiful. The banks and the islands which appeared here and there amid the stream, were richly adorned with trees and shrubs of various colors, many being in full blossom. High above all rose an enormous baobab-tree surrounded by groups of graceful palms.

As the water was now low, they proceeded in the canoe to an island in the centre of the river, the further end of which extended to the edge of the falls. At the spot where they landed it was impossible to discover where the vast body of water disappeared. It seemed, suddenly to sink into the earth, for the opposite lip of the fissure into which it descends was only eighty feet distant. On peering over the precipice the doctor saw the stream, a thousand yards broad, leaping down a hundred feet and then becoming suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards, when, instead of flowing as before, it turned directly to the right and went boiling and rushing amid the hills.

The vapor which rushes up from this cauldron to the height of two or three hundred feet, being condensed, changes its hue to that of dark smoke, and then comes down in a constant shower. The chief portion falls on the opposite side of the fissure, where grow a number of evergreen trees, their leaves always wet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular. Altogether, Livingstone considered these falls the most wonderful sight he had beheld in Africa.

Returning to Kalai the doctor and his party met Sekeletu, and, bidding him a final farewell, set off northwards to Lekone, through a beautiful country, on the 20th of November. The further they advanced the more the country swarmed with inhabitants, and great numbers came to see the white man, invariably bringing presents of maize.

An African Salutation.

The natives in this region have a curious way of saluting a stranger. Instead of bowing they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, rolling from side to side and slapping the outsides of their thighs, while they utter the words "*Kina bomba! kina bomba!*" In vain the doctor implored them to stop. They, imagining him pleased, only tumbled about more fiercely and slapped their thighs with greater vehemence.

These villagers supplied the party abundantly with ground nuts, maize, and corn. Their chief, Monze, came one Sunday morning, wrapped in a large cloth, when, like his followers, he rolled himself about in the dust, screaming out "*Kina bomba!*" He had never before seen a white man, but had met with black native traders, who came, he said, for ivory, but not for slaves. His wife would have been good looking, had she not

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followed the custom of her country by knocking out her teeth. Monze soon made himself at home, and presented the travellers with as much food as they required.

As they advanced, the country became still more beautiful, abounding with large game. Often buffaloes were seen standing on eminences. One day, a buffalo was found lying down, and the doctor went to secure it for food. Though the animal received three balls they did not prove fatal, and it turned round as if to charge. The doctor and his companions ran for shelter to some rocks, but before they gained them, they found that three elephants had cut off their retreat. The enormous brutes, however, turned off, and allowed them to gain the rocks. As the buffalo was

CURIOUS MODE OF SALUTING A STRANGER.

moving rapidly away the doctor tried a long shot, and, to the satisfaction of his followers, broke the animal's fore leg. The young men soon brought it to a stand, and another shot in its brain settled it. They had thus an abundance of food, which was shared by the villagers of the neighborhood. Soon afterwards an elephant was killed by his men.

Leaving the Elephant Valley, they reached the residence of a chief named Semalembue, who, soon after their arrival, paid them a visit, and presented five or six baskets of meal and maize, and one of ground nuts, saying that he feared his guest would sleep the first night at his village hungry. The chief professed great joy at hearing the words of the Gospel of Peace, replying: "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hopes

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of eating and sleeping in quiet." It is remarkable that all to whom the doctor spoke, eagerly caught up the idea of living in peace as the probable effect of the Gospel. This region Sekwebu considered one of the best adapted for the residence of a large tribe. It was here that Sebitwane formerly dwelt.

They now crossed the Kafue by a ford. Every available spot betweer the river and hills was under cultivation. The inhabitants selected these positions to secure themselves and their gardens from their human enemies They are also obliged to make pit-holes to protect their grounds from the hippopotami. These animals, not having been disturbed, were unusually tame, and took no notice of the travellers. A number of young ones were seen, not much larger than terrier dogs, sitting on the necks of their dams, the little saucy-looking heads cocked up between the old one's ears; when older they sit more on the mother's back. Meat being required, a full-grown cow was shot, the flesh of which resembles pork.

Great Numbers of Wild Animals.

The party now directed their course to the Zambesi near its confluence with the Kafue. They enjoyed a magnificent view from the top of the outer range of hills. A short distance below them was the Kafue, winding its way over a forest-clad plain, while on the other side of the Zambesi lay a long range of dark hills. The plain below abounded in large game. Hundreds of buffalo and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood feeding two majestic elephants, each slowly moving its proboscis. On passing amidst them the animals showed their tameness by standing beneath the trees, fanning themselves with their large ears. A number also of red-colored pigs were seen. The people having no guns, they are never disturbed.

A night was spent in a huge baobab-tree, which would hold twenty men inside. As they moved on, a herd of buffaloes came strutting up to look at their oxen, and only by shooting one could they be made to retreat. Shortly afterwards a female elephant, with three young ones, charged through the centre of their extended line, when the men, throwing dowr their burdens, retreated in a great hurry, she receiving a spear for he temerity.

They were made aware of their approach to the great river by the vas number of waterfalls which appeared. It was found to be much broader than above the falls: a person might attempt in vain to make his voice heard across it. An immense amount of animal life was seen both around and in it. Pursuing their down the left bank, they came opposite the island of Menyemakaba, which is about two miles long and a quarter

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HIPPOPOTAMI AND YOUNG

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broad. Besides its human population it supports a herd of sixty buffalo. The comparatively small space to which the animals have confined themselves shows the luxuriance of the vegetation The only time that the natives can attack them is when the river is full and part is flooded: they then assail them from their canoes.

Both buffalo and elephants are numerous. To kill them the natives form stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which they come to the water. From thence they dart down their spears, the blades of which are twenty inches long by two broad, when the motion of the handle, aided by knocking against the trees, makes fearful gashes which soon cause death. They form also a species of trap. A spear inserted in a beam of wood is suspended from the branch of a tree, to which a cord is attached with a latch. The cord being led along the path when struck by the animal's foot, the beam falls, and, the spear being poisoned, death shortly ensues.

At each village they passed, two men were supplied to conduct them to the next, and lead them through the parts least covered with jungle.

Female Mouths Resembling those of Ducks.

The villagers were busily employed in their gardens. Most of the men have muscular figures. Their color varies from a dark to a light olive. The women have the extraordinary custom of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice till a shell can be inserted. The lip appears drawn out beyond the nose, and gives them a very ugly appearance. As Sekwebu remarked: "These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks." The commonest of these rings are made of bamboo, but others are of ivory or metal. When the wearer tries to smile, the contraction of the muscles turns the ring upwards, so that its upper edge comes in front of the eyes, the nose appearing through the middle, while the whole front teeth are exposed by the motion, exhibiting the way in which they have been clipped to resemble the fangs of a cat or a crocodile.

On their next halt Seole, the chief of the village, instead of receiving them in a friendly way, summoned his followers and prepared for an attack. The reason was soon discovered. It appeared that an Italian, who had married the chief's daughter, having armed a party of fifty slaves with guns, had ascended the river in a canoe from Tete, and attacked several inhabited islands beyond Makaba, taking large numbers of prisoners and much ivory. As he descended again with his booty, his party was dispersed and he himself was killed while attempting to escape on foot. Seole imagined that the doctor was another Italian.

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ELEPHANTS SPEARED TO DEATH BY NATIVES.

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Had not the chief with whom they had previously stayed arrived to explain matters, Seòle might have given them much trouble.

Mburuma, another chief of the same tribe, had laid a plan to plunder the party by separating them, but the doctor, suspecting treachery, kept his people together. They had on a previous occasion plundered a party of traders bringing English goods from Mozambique.

Ruins of An Old Town.

On the 14th of January they reached the confluence of the Loangwe and the Zambesi. Here the doctor discovered the ruins of a town, with remains of a church in its midst. The situation was well chosen, with lofty hills in the rear and a view of the two rivers in front. On one side of the church lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross. This he found was a Portuguese settlement called Zumbo.

The conduct of Mburuma and his people gave Livingstone much anxiety, as he could not help dreading that they might attack him the next morning. His chief regret was that his efforts for the welfare of the teeming population in that great region would thus be frustrated by savages, of whom it might be said: "They know not what they do." He felt especially anxious that the elevated and healthy district which he had now discovered, stretching towards Tete, should become known. It was such a region as he had been long in quest of as a centre from which missionary enterprise might be carried into the surrounding country.

While the party were proceeding along the banks of the river, passing through a dense bush, three buffaloes broke through their line. The doctor's ox galloped off, and, as he turned back, he saw one of his men tossed several feet in the air. On returning, to his satisfaction he found that the poor fellow had alighted on his face, and, although he had been carried twenty yards on the animal's horns, he had in no way suffered. On the creature's approaching him he had thrown down his load and stabbed it in the side, when it caught him and carried him off before he could escape.

Soon after this they had evidence that they were approaching the Portuguese settlements, by meeting a person with a jacket and hat on. From this person, who was quite black, they learned that the Portuguese settlement of Tete was on the other bank of the river, and that the inhabitants had been engaged in war with the natives for some time past. This was disagreeable news, as Livingstone wished to be at peace with both parties.

As they approached the village of Mpende, that chief sent out his people to enquire who the travellers were. The natives, on drawing near,

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uttered strange cries and waved some bright red substance towards them. Having lighted a fire, they threw some charms into it and hastened away, uttering frightful screams, believing that they should thus frighten the strangers and render them powerless. The Makololo, however, laughed at their threats, but the doctor, fully believing that a skirmish would take place, ordered an ox to be killed to feast his men, following the plan Sebituane employed for giving his followers courage.

At last two old men made their appearance and enquired if the doctor was a Bazunga, or Portuguese. On showing his hair and white skin, they replied: "Ah, you must be one of the tribe that loves black men." Finally the chief himself appeared, and expressed his regret that he had not known sooner who they were, ultimately enabling them to cross the river. After this they were detained for some time by the rains on the south bank.

Meeting with native traders, the doctor purchased some American calico in order to clothe his men. It was marked "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," with two small tusks, an interesting fact.

Game laws existed even in this region. His party having killed an elephant, he had to send back a considerable distance to give information to the person in charge of the district, the owner himself living near the Zambesi. Their messenger returned with a basket of corn, a fowl, and a few strings of beads, a thank-offering to them for having killed it. The tusk of the side on which the elephant fell belonged to the owner, while the upper was the prize of the sportsman. Had they begun to cut up the animal before receiving permission they would have lost the whole. The men feasted on their half of the carcass, and for two nights an immense number of hyænas collected round, uttering their loud laughter.

Wonderful Instinct of the Elephant.

All travellers in the Tropics are surprised at the remarkable intelligence of this animal, and the varied service it can be made to render. An elephant can be trained almost as a child is trained, and appears to know quite as much.

We have seen in some of the foregoing pages one side of the elephant's nature in his wild state, but it is only fair to remember his gentleness and friendliness in captivity, which is really voluntary, because he might with a blow of his trunk annihilate his keepers and escape to his native jungle. In his long life he often changes his master, but his allegiance goes too, and he is devoted to each, and figures alike as porter, wood-cutter, errand-boy, hunter, gladiator in fights with tigers, and artillery-man.

Says a traveller: I have seen in India, elephants let out by their owners

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as choppers, working as day-laborers and returning at night to sleep at home—that is, at their master's. These intelligent animals, armed with long axes, the use of which they have been taught, cut, at otherwise perfectly impracticable heights, the gigantic trees which are used in the keels of vessels, carry them to the nearest port, and deliver them to other elephants to pile—a feat which they accomplish with the greatest regularity and with a strength that no number of men can equal. They work alone, too, without any special oversight on the part of the keeper, who often comes but once a day to note their progress; and yet there is not a case on record where one of them has attempted to return to his free life in the forest, or rejoin his former companions enjoying themselves in the neighboring ravines, while he is working hard on the hills above. Indeed, they grow to hate their untamed cousins, and fight them—and usually successfully—at every opportunity, bearing them away in bondage to their masters.

A Grateful Beast.

The English have made use of their enormous strength in all the wars in India and, more recently, in Africa, where without them the troops would have been helpless to move the artillery, even the lighter pieces, which these dumb allies carried bravely into action on their backs, while their courage under fire has been attested by special mention in the reports from the English officers. One of them says:

"In our marches across Bengal we used elephants in the baggage train, so well disposed to us that, without waiting for a command from the keeper, if a wagon stuck, one of them would hurry up, put his mighty shoulder to the wheel, and never rest till it was rolling on smoothly again. Then he would return to his own proper place and duty in the line again. One morning, in the press of wagons and animals, one of the elephants was hurt by the heavy wheel of a cart running over his foot. I happened to be near, and bound it up with a towel dipped in camphorated brandy, and tightened the bandage as well as I could, and off he limped to his stable. In the afternoon I went to see how he was getting on. He was lying on a bed of straw; he recognized me at once, and held out his wounded foot for me to see. I renewed the bandage each day; and after that the grateful animal never passed my tent without a peculiar cry which he used for that occasion alone, and when he met me he always gently rubbed my back or shoulders with his trunk, uttering little sniffs of pleasure."

Major Skinner, of the English Army, vouches for the following story, which shows on the part of the elephant intelligence, memory, comparison, judgment, and good-nature.

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ELEPHANTS LAYING TIMBER.

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Riding along a very narrow trail near Kandy, in Ceylon, where he happened to be stationed, he heard the heavy tread of an approaching elephant, uttering discontented grunts which frightened his rather nervous horse, and made him rear and plunge. He says:

"I soon saw whence these sounds proceeded. A tame elephant had undertaken the difficult task of transporting a long girder, resting on his tusks, over the narrow road. Between the trees on either side there was not room for this to pass, and he could only advance by turning his head from side to side and avoiding each tree as he went. It was a slow business, and no wonder he complained; but on seeing how his trumpetings frightened my horse, he ceased instantly, threw down his load, and pressed his huge body close up against the trees on one side of the road to allow us to pass. My horse trembled all over, and refused to move, seeing which, the elephant drew still farther back and tried to encourage the coward by a gentler note.

"Finally the latter plucked up enough heart to dash by on his way, when the faithful elephant resumed the laborious errand in which we had found him engaged.

"This elephant had, before the campaign, been used as a watchman by his owner, whose estates bordered on a river. Marauders would drop down the stream in their craft, and rob the gardens and orchards, and be off again without leaving any trace of their coming than the empty trees and ravaged beds. Tired of losing the fruits of his labor, the owner had trained this elephant to perform sentinel duty along the bank; and, when danger threatened, the animal would growl like a dog, and filling his huge trunk with water from the stream, would play upon the rascals like a fire-engine, drowning them out of their boats like rats, until they were glad to hoist sail and make off to the best of their ability."

How Elephants are Captured.

The art of hunting the elephant, although of most ancient origin, is practiced to-day on a larger scale than ever before, because of the services which the English have found he can perform for them. As long as elephants were used simply to add splendor to the suite of a rajah, or dignity to one of the religious processions, it sufficed to hunt single animals, capturing them by a decoy elephant ridden by a native, who provoked and held the attention of the game, while another ran up behind and cleverly passed a chain around one of his legs. Bound in this way the elephant was sure, under the influence of starvation, and the example of his former companions, to yield eventually to his captors.

Now the country is divided into "preserves," over which a royal officer

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is appointed, and immense hunting parties are made up, and whole herds captured at once; although it is no easy thing to take alive and unwounded an animal that has at once such strength and such intelligence as the elephant. It could not be done without the aid of other elephants, who bring their attachment to their masters to this high point, and having assisted in the capture, go still farther and instruct the captives in their future duties. The trait of obedience is, however, rather the result of affection than fear, and in this regard the elephant's docility is more like that of the dog than of the horse. It even leads them to bear the pain of the worst surgical operations, like the burning out with a hot iron of tumors or ulcers, or the taking of the most bitter medicines at the hands of their "approved good masters."

Dangers Ahead.

Returning to our narrative, the people inhabiting the country on this side of the Zambesi are known as the Banyai; their favorite weapon is a huge axe, which is carried over the shoulder. It is used chiefly for hamstringing the elephant, in the same way as the Hamran Arab uses his sword. The Banyai, however, steals on the animal unawares, while the Hamran hunter attacks it when it is rushing in chase of one of his comrades, who gallops on ahead on a well-trained steed.

Those curious birds, the "honey guides," were very attentive to them, and, by their means, the Makololo obtained an abundance of honey. Of the wax, however, in those districts no use appears to be made. Though approaching the Portuguese settlement, abundance of game was still found. The Makololo killed six buffalo calves from among a herd which was met with.

They were warned by the natives that they ran a great risk of being attacked by lions when wandering on either side of the line of march in search of honey. One of the doctor's head men, indeed, Monahin, having been suddenly seized with a fit of insanity during the night, left the camp, and as he never returned, it was too probable that he was carried off by a lion.

This shows the appalling dangers attending travel in Africa, another instance of which is here related.

As the particulars were vouchsafed by spectators of the drama, it may be relied upon as true. A lion had been pursued, and had taken refuge in a patch of green reeds. This the hunting party surrounded. "We now," says the narrator, "ranged ourselves within pistol-shot of the reeds, taking care to have a clear view all around us; we then rent the air with deafening shouts, and pierced the brake with numerous bullets. All in

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vain; the animal remained motionless. The fire which we had originally lighted was now, however, quickly approaching the spot on which all eyes were fixed, and we hoped that it might effect what we had been unable to accomplish, when to our great vexation and disappointment, a slight veering of the wind drove the flames in another direction.

Lion Routed by Flames.

"We should now have been fairly baffled if the ingenuity of a native had not come to our aid. Collecting a number of dry reeds, with other inflammable matter, and setting fire to the same, this intelligent native seized the fagots at one end, and, running at the top of his speed, hurled the whole lighted mass into the very centre of the lion's hiding-place. The effect was almost instantaneous, for in a very few minutes afterward we had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy dash through the flames. It had been previously agreed on that, upon his first appearance, those who possessed double-barreled guns should fire only one barrel, reserving the other for the charge should he turn upon us. The mere sight, however, of the lion seemed to have frightened several of the party and their barrels were indiscriminately fired in every direction, and some even blazed away in the empty air.

"On receiving our fire the animal made straight for us, on which every one, with the exception of another and myself, took to his heels. The former gentleman, who had never seen a lion in its wild state, became so terrified that he was unable even to fire or to attempt to make his escape. He remained fixed and motionless on the spot, like one entranced. I had by this time taken a few steps backward, yet without ever averting my eyes from our foe, who, having approached to within a few paces, prepared himself to make the fatal spring. I had already fired when he burst out of his cover; but one barrel still remained to me, and seeing my friend's imminent danger, I no longer hesitated. Clapping the gun to my shoulder, I took a steady aim at the side of his head; unfortunately just as I pulled the trigger he made a slight movement, and the consequence was that instead of smashing his skull the bullet merely grazed it, passing in the same manner all along the left side of his body.

In the Jaws of the Infuriated Beast.

"Quick as thought, the enraged animal left his first intended victim, and turned with a ferocious growl upon me. To escape was impossible. I thrust, therefore, no other resource being left me, the muzzle of my gun into the extended jaws opened to devour me. In a moment the weapon was demolished. My fate seemed inevitable, when, just at this critical

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DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A FEROCIOUS LION.

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juncture, I was unexpectedly rescued. One of my men fired, and broke the lion's shoulder. He fell, and, taking advantage of this lucky incident, I scampered away at full speed. But my assailant had not yet done with me. Despite his crippled condition he soon overtook me. At that moment I was looking over my shoulder, when, unhappily, a creeper caught my foot and I was precipitated headlong to the ground. In another instant the lion had transfixed my right foot with his murderous fangs. Finding, however, my left foot disengaged, I gave the brute a severe kick on the head, which compelled him for a few seconds to suspend his attack.

"He next seized my left leg, on which I repeated the former dose on his head with my right foot; he once more, thereupon, let go his hold, but seized my right foot for a second time. Shortly afterward he dropped the foot and grasped my right thigh, gradually working his way up to my hip, where he endeavored to plant his claws. In this he partially succeeded, tearing, in the attempt, my trowsers and body linen, and grazing the skin of my body. Knowing that if he got a firm hold of me here it would surely cost me my life, I quickly seized him by his two ears, and, with a desperate effort, managed to roll him over on his side, which gave me a moment's respite.

Hair-breadth Escape from a Terrible Death.

"He next laid hold of my left hand, which he bit through and through, smashing the wrist, and tearing my right hand seriously. I was now totally helpless, and must inevitably have fallen a speedy victim to his fury had not prompt assistance been at hand. In my prostrate position I observed, and a gleam of hope sprung up, my friend advancing quickly toward me. The lion saw him too, and, with one of his paws on my wounded thigh, throwing his ears well back, he crouched, ready to spring at his new assailant. Now, if my friend had fired, in my present position I should have run great risk of being hit by the bullet; I hallooed out to him, therefore, to wait until I could veer my head a little. In time I succeeded, and the next instant I heard the click of a gun, but no report.

"Another moment, and a well-directed ball, taking effect in his forehead, laid the lion a corpse alongside my own bruised and mutilated body. Quick as lightning, I now sprang to my feet, and darted forward toward my companions, whom I saw at no great distance. Once or twice I felt excessively faint, but managed, nevertheless, to keep my head up.

"No sooner had my companion so successfully finished the lion than he mounted a horse hard by, and galoped off in the direction of our camp. In the meantime I was lifted upon a tame ox, which was led by a man preceding us. At about half-way to our camp two of my men came to

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meet me, bringing with them, to refresh me, some water and a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*. A drinking-cup we had not, but the crown of a wide-awake hat was a good substitute for one, and I drank the mixture of the two liquids greedily off. A few minutes afterward we were met by some of the servants carrying a door. Exchanging then my ox for this more commodious conveyance, I was carefully borne into camp. Up to this time I had retained perfect self-possession, but the moment my wounds were washed and dressed I swooned, and for three entire weeks remained in a state of complete unconsciousness. I have since perfectly recovered health, but, as you see, I am totally crippled in my left arm.

"I must not omit to mention that my brave dog, although shot through one of his fore-legs, on seeing the lion rush upon me, came forward at the best of his speed, and in his turn sprang upon my grim assailant, and clung desperately to him until my companion's bullet put an end to the combat."

Encounters similar to this are the fate of all travellers in some parts of Africa, and many were Livingstone's narrow escapes upon this journey.

It was not till the 2nd of March that the neighborhood of Tete was reached. Livingstone was then so prostrated that, though only eight miles from it, he could proceed no further. He forwarded, however, the letters of recommendation he received in Angola to the commandant. The following morning a company of soldiers with an officer arrived, bringing the materials for a civilized breakfast, and a litter in which to carry him. He felt so greatly revived by the breakfast, that he was able to walk the whole way.

He was received in the kindest way by Major Sicard, the commandant of Tete, who provided also lodging and provision for his men. Tete is a mere village, built on a slope reaching to the water, close to which the fort is situated. There are about thirty European houses; the rest of the buildings, inhabited by the natives, are of wattle and daub.

Town Destroyed by Fire.

Formerly, besides gold-dust and ivory, large quantities of grain, coffee, sugar, oil, and indigo were exported from Tete, but, on the establishment of the slave trade, the merchants found a more speedy way of becoming rich, by selling off their slaves, and the plantations and gold washings were abandoned, the laborers having been exported to the Brazils. Many of the white men then followed their slaves. After this a native of Goa, Nyaude by name, built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and Zambesi, took the commandant of Tete, who attacked him, prisoner, and

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sent his son Bonga with a force against that town and burned it. Others followed his example, till commerce, before rendered stagnant by the slave trade, was totally obstructed.

On the north shore of the Zambesi several fine seams of coal exist, which Livingstone examined. The natives only collect gold from the neighborhood whenever they wish to purchase calico. On finding a piece or flake of gold, however, they bury it again, believing that it is the seed of gold, and, though knowing its value, prefer losing it rather than, as they suppose, the whole future crop.

Livingstone found it necessary to leave most of his men here, and Major Sicard liberally gave them a portion of land that they might cultivate it, supplying them in the mean time with corn. He also allowed the young men to go out and hunt elephants with his servants, that they might purchase goods with the ivory and dry meat, in order that they might take them back with them on returning to their own homes. He also supplied them with cloth. Sixty or seventy at once accepted his offer, delighted with the thoughts of engaging in so profitable an enterprise. He also supplied the doctor with an outfit, refusing to take the payment which was offered.

Hunters in the Bushes.

The forests in the neighborhood abound with elephants, and the natives attack them in the boldest manner. Only two hunters sally forth together —one carrying spears, the other an axe of a peculiar shape, with a long handle. As soon as an elephant is discovered, the man with the spears creeps among the bushes in front of it, so as to attract its attention, during which time the axe-man cautiously approaches from behind, and, with a sweep of his formidable weapon, severs the tendon of the animal's hock. The huge creature, now unable to move in spite of its strength and sagacity falls an easy prey to the two hunters.

Among other valuable productions of this country is found a tree allied to the cinchona. The Portuguese believe that it has the same virtues as quinine. As soon as the doctor had recovered his strength he prepared to proceed down the river to Kilimane, or Quillimane, with sixteen of his faithful Makololo as a crew. Many of the rest were out elephant hunting, while others had established a brisk trade in fire-wood. Major Sicard lent him a boat, and sent Lieutenant Miranda to escort him to the coast. On their way they touched at the stockade of the rebel, Bonga, whose son-in-law, Manoel, received them in a friendly way.

They next touched at Senna, which was found in a wretchedly ruinous condition. Here some of the Makololo accepted employment from

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Lieutenant Miranda to return to Tete with a load of goods. Eight accompanied the doctor, at their earnest request, to Quilimane.

He reached that village on the 20th of May, when it wanted but a few days of being four years since he started from Cape Town. He was hospitably received by Colonel Nunes. A severe famine had existed among the neighboring population, and food was very scarce. He therefore advised his men to turn back to Tete as soon as possible, and await his return from England. They still earnestly wished to accompany him, as Sekeletu had advised them not to part with him till they had reached Ma-Robert, as they called Mrs. Livingstone, and brought her back with them.

A Native Bound for England.

With the smaller tusks he had in his possession he purchased calico and brass wire, which he sent back to Tete for his followers, depositing the remaining twenty tusks with Colonel Nunes, in order that, should he be prevented from visiting the country, it might not be supposed that he had made away with Sekeletu's ivory. He requested Colonel Nunes, in case of his death, to sell the tusks and deliver the proceeds to his men, intending to purchase the goods ordered by Sekeletu in England with his own money, and, on his return, repay himself out of the price of the ivory. He consented, somewhat unwillingly, to take Sekwebu with him to England.

After waiting about six weeks at Quillimane, the brig "Frolic" arrived, on board which he embarked. A fearful sea broke over the bar, and the brig was rolling so much that there was great difficulty in reaching her deck. Poor Sekwebu looked at his friend, asking: "Is this the way you go?" The doctor tried to encourage him; but, though well acquainted with canoes, he had never seen anything like it.

Having been three and a half years, with the exception of a short interval in Angola, without speaking English, and for thirteen but partially using it, the doctor found the greatest difficulty in expressing himself on board the "Frolic."

The brig sailed on the 12th of July for the Mauritius, which was reached on the 12th of August. Poor Sekwebu had become a favorite both with men and officers, and was gaining some knowledge of English, though all he saw had apparently affected his mind. The sight of a steamer, which came out to tow the brig into the harbor, so affected him that during the night he became insane and threatened to throw himself into the water. By gentle treatment he became calmer, and Livingstone tried to get him on shore, but he refused to go. In the evening his malady

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returned; and, after attempting to spear one of the crew, he leaped overboard and, pulling himself down by the chain cable, disappeared. The body of poor Sekwebu was never found.

After remaining some time at the Mauritius, till he had recovered from the effects of the African fever, our enterprising traveller sailed by way of the Red Sea for old England, which he reached on the 12th of December 1856.

Dr. Livingstone, in the series of journeys which have been described, had already accomplished more than any previous traveller in Africa, besides having gained information of the greatest value as regards both missionary and mercantile enterprise. He had as yet, however, performed only a small portion of the great work his untiring zeal and energy prompted him to undertake.

Livingstone's visit to England was one of great interest to himself and to the general public. Multitudes had followed his career in the Dark Continent, had journeyed with him in all his wanderings, had shared in imagination his sufferings and victories, and were ready to greet him with enthusiasm upon his return. To the Christian public the Dark Continent presented itself as a missionary field; to the commercial public the same continent presented itself as a mart for business and a market for trade. Thus the interest awakened by the great explorer's discoveries in the far land was almost universal. Livingstone was a renowned character, was invited to participate in various public meetings, was sought after by men of celebrity, was a kind of social lion throughout the country, while high hopes were entertained of future exploits, and free offers of support constantly poured in upon him.

The value of his discoveries can never be estimated. It will take many ages to fully understand what was attempted by this one man and what was achieved. He may be considered as a benefactor of his race; while devoted to exploration and scientific discovery, he took a higher view of his mission. The fact that the benighted continent of Africa has within the last few years been brought into close relations with the civilized parts of the world will form the brightest page in modern history.

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CHAPTER VIII.

AFLOAT ON THE RIVER ZAMBESI.

Fresh Start for a Long Exploring Tour—An English Steamer in African Waters—Battle between the Portuguese and a Savage Chief—Rescue of the Governor—The "Ma-Robert" Commences Her Voyage—Astonishment of the Natives—Hardships of Travelling in the Tropics—A Swift Cataract—The Murchinson Falls—A Chief Loses His Little Girl—Natives Obstructing the Expedition—Searching for a Great Lake—Pursued by a Buffalo—Trap for the Hippopotamus—Failure to Recover the Lost Child—Singular Ideas of Female Beauty—Fearful Cry from the River—A Native's Deadly Combat with a Crocodile—Monsters Hatched from Eggs—Discovery of the Great Lake—Scarcity of Water—Return of the "Ma Robert"—A Conspicuous Fraud—Hostile Chief Conciliated—Abundance of Game and Numerous Lions—Sketch of the Batoka Tribe—Peculiar Fashion of Wearing the Hair—Masters of the Canoe—Perils among Breakers—Very Polite Savages—Singular Customs and Ceremonies—Fearless Hunters—Native Belief in a Future Existence—Melodious Sounds of Music—African Poets—Incorrigible Liars—Put to Death for Bewitching a Chief—Gang of Cattle Stealers—Adventure with a River Horse—Man Saved on a Rock—Tropical Chameleon—A Marveleous Reptile—Shifting Colors—Seized by a Crocodile—Horse and Rider Terribly Wounded.

AFTER spending rather more than a year in England, Dr. Livingstone again set out, on the 10th of March 1858, on board Her Majesty's Ship "Pearl," at the head of a government expedition for the purpose of exploring the Zambesi and neighboring regions. He was accompanied by Dr. Kirk, his brother Charles Livingstone, and Mr. Thornton; and Mr. T. Baines was appointed artist to the expedition.

A small steamer, which was called the "Ma Robert," in compliment to Mrs. Livingstone, was provided by the government for the navigation of the river. The East Coast was reached in May. Running up the river Luawe, supposed to be a branch of the Zambesi, the "Pearl" came to an anchor, and the "Ma-Robert," which had been brought out in sections, was screwed together. The two vessels then went together in search of the real mouth of the river, from which Quillimane is some sixty miles distant, the Portuguese having concealed the real entrance, if they were acquainted with it, in order to deceive the English cruisers in search of slavers.

The goods for the expedition brought out by the "Pearl" having been landed on a grassy island about forty miles from the bar, that vessel sailed for Ceylon, while the little "Ma-Robert" was left to pursue her course

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alone. Her crew consisted of about a dozen Krumen and a few Europeans.

At Mazaro, the mouth of a creek communicating with the Quillimane or Kilimane River, the expedition heard that the Portuguese were at war with a half-caste named Mariano, a brother of Bonga, who had built a stockade near the mouth of the Shire, and held possession of all the intermediate country. He had been in the habit of sending out his armed bands on slave-hunting expeditions among the helpless tribes to the northwest, selling his victims at Quillimane, where they were shipped as free emigrants to the French island of Bourbon.

An Inhuman Monster.

As long as his robberies and murders were restricted to the natives at a distance, the Portuguese did not interfere, but when he began to carry off and murder the people near them, they thought it time to put a stop to his proceedings. They spoke of him as a rare monster of inhumanity. He frequently killed people with his own hand in order to make his name dreaded. Having gone down to Quillimane to arrange with the governor, or, in other words, to bribe him, Colonel De Silva put him in prison and sent him for trial to Mozambique. The war, however, was continued under his brother Bonga, and had stopped all trade on the river.

The expedition witnessed a battle at Mazaro, between Bonga and the Portuguese, when Livingstone, landing, found himself in the sickening smell and among the mutilated bodies of the slain. He brought off the governor, who was in a fever, the balls whistling about his head in all directions. The Portuguese then escaped to an island opposite Shupanga, where, having exhausted their ammunition, they were compelled to remain.

There is a one-storied house at Shupanga, from which there is a magnificent view down the river. Near it is a large baobab-tree, beneath which, a few years later, the remains of the beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone were to repose.

On the 17th of August the "Ma-Robert" commenced her voyage up the stream for Tete. It was soon found that her furnaces being badly constructed, and that from other causes she was ill-adapted for the work before her. She quickly, in consequence, obtained the name of the "Asthmatic." Senna, which was visited on the way, being situated on low ground, is a fever-giving place. The steamer, of course, caused great astonishment to the people, who assembled in crowds to witness her movements, whirling round their arms to show the way the paddles revolved.

Tete was reached on the 8th of September. No sooner did Living-

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DESPERATE BATTLE AT MAZARO.

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stone go on shore, than his Makololo rushed down to the water's edge, and manifested the greatest joy at seeing him. Six of the young men had foolishy gone off to make money by dancing before some of the neighboring chiefs, when they fell into the hands of Bonga, who, declaring that they had brought witchcraft medicine to kill him, put them all to death.

Hardships of Overland Travel.

The Portuguese at this place keep numerous slaves, whom they treat with tolerable humanity. When they can they purchase the whole of a family, thus taking away the chief inducement for running off.

The expedition having heard of the Kebrabasa Falls, steamed up the river to Panda Mokua, where the navigation ends, about two miles below them. Hence the party started overland, by a frightfully rough path among rocky hills, where no shade was to be found. At last their guides declared that they could go no further; indeed, the surface of the ground was so hot that the soles of the Makololos' feet became blistered. The travellers, however, pushed on. Passing round a steep promontory, they beheld the river at their feet, the channel jammed in between two mountains with perpendicular sides, and less than fifty yards wide. There is a sloping fall of about twenty feet in height, and another at a distance of thirty yards above it. When, however, the river rises upwards of eighty feet perpendicularly, as it does in the rainy season, the cataract might be passed in boats.

After returning to Tete, the steamer went up the Shire, January, 1859. The natives, as they passed them, collected at their villages in large numbers, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, threatening to attack them. Livingstone, however, went on shore, and explained to the chief, Tingane, that they had come neither to take slaves nor to fight, but wished to open up a path by which his countryman could ascend to purchase their cotton. On this Tingane at once became friendly.

Magnificent Cataract.

Their progress was arrested, after steaming up a hundred miles in a straight line, although, counting the windings of the river, double that distance, by magnificent cataracts known to the natives as those of the Mamvira, but called by the expedition the Murchison Falls. Rain prevented them making observations, and they returned at a rapid rate down the river.

A second trip up it was made in March of the same year. They here gained the friendship of Chibisa, a shrewd and intelligent chief, whose village was about ten miles below the cataracts. He told the doctor that

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a few years before his little daughter was kidnapped, and was now a slave to the *padre* at Tete, asking him, if possible, to ransom the child.

From this point Drs. Livingstone and Kirk proceeded on foot in a northerly direction to Lake Shirwa. The natives turned out from their villages, sounding notes of defiance on their drums; but the efforts to persuade them that their visitors came as friends were successful, and the lake was discovered on the 18th of April. From having no outlet, the water is brackish, with hilly islands rising out of it. The country around appeared very beautiful and clothed with rich vegetation, with lofty mountains eight thousand feet high near the eastern shore.

They returned to Tete in June, and thence, after the steamer had been repaired, proceeded to the Kongone, where they received provisions from Her Majesty's Ship "Persian," which also took on board their Krumen, as they were found useless for land journeys. In their stead a crew was picked out from the Makololo, who soon learned to work the ship, and who, besides being good travellers, could cut wood and require only native food.

Searching for a Great Lake.

Frequent showers fell on their return voyage up the Zambesi, and the vessel being leaky, the cabin was constantly flooded, both from above and below. They were visited on their way up by Paul, a relative of the rebel Mariano, who had just returned from Mozambique. He told them that the Portuguese knew nothing of the Kongone before they had discovered it, always supposing that the Zambesi entered the sea at Quillimane. A second trip up the Shire was performed in the middle of August, when the two doctors set out in search of Lake Nyassa, about which they had heard. The river, though narrow, is deeper than the Zambesi, and more easily navigated.

Marks of large game were seen, and one of the Makololo, who had gone on shore to cut wood, was suddenly charged at by a solitary buffalo. He took to flight, pursued by the maddened animal, and was scarcely six feet before the creature when he reached the bank and sprang into the river. On both banks a number of hippopotamus-traps were seen.

The animal feeds on grass alone, its enormous lip acting like a mowing machine, forming a path before it as it feeds. Over these paths the natives construct a trap, consisting of a heavy beam, five or six feet long, with a spear-head at one end, covered with poison. This weapon is hung to a forked pole by a rope which leads across the path, and is held by a catch, set free as the animal treads upon it. A hippopotamus was seen which, being frightened by the steamer, rushed on shore and ran imme-

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diately under one of these traps, when down came the heavy beam on his head.

The leaks in the steamer increased till the cabin became scarcely habitable. The neighborhood of Chibisa's village was reached late in August.

Failure to Recover a Kidnapped Child.

The doctor had now to send word to the chief that his attempts to recover his child had failed, for, though he had offered twice the value of a slave, the little girl could not be found, the *padre* having sold her to a distant tribe of Bazizulu. Though this *padre* was better than the average, he appeared very indifferent about the matter.

On the 28th of August, an expedition consisting of four whites, thirty-ix Makololo, and two guides left the ship in hopes of discovering Lake Nyassa. The natives on the road were very eager to trade. As soon as they found that the strangers would pay for their provisions in cotton cloth, women and girls were set to grind and pound meal, and the men and boys were seen chasing screaming fowl over the village. A head man brought some meal and other food for sale; a fathom of blue cloth was got out, when the Makololo head man, thinking a portion was enough, was proceeding to tear it. On this the native remarked that it was a pity to cut such a nice dress for his wife, and he would rather bring more meal. "All right," said the Makololo, "but look, the cloth is very wide, so see that the basket which carries the meal be wide too, and add a chicken to make the meal taste nicely."

The highland women of these regions all wear the *pelele*, or lip-ring, before described. An old chief, when asked why such things were worn, replied: "For beauty; men have beards and whiskers, women have none. What kind of creature would a woman be without whiskers and without the *pelele?*"

"The Fearful Cry from the River."

When, as they calculated, they were a day's march from Lake Nyassa, the chief of the village assured them positively that no lake had ever been heard of there, and that the river Shire stretched on, as they saw it, to a distance of two months, and then came out between two rocks which towered to the skies. The Makololo looked blank, and proposed returning to the ship. "Never mind," said the doctor, "we will go on and see these wonderful rocks."

Their head man, Massakasa, declared that there must be a lake, because it was in the white men's books, and scolded the natives for speaking a falsehood. They then admitted that there was a lake. The chief brought them a present in the evening. Scarcely had he gone

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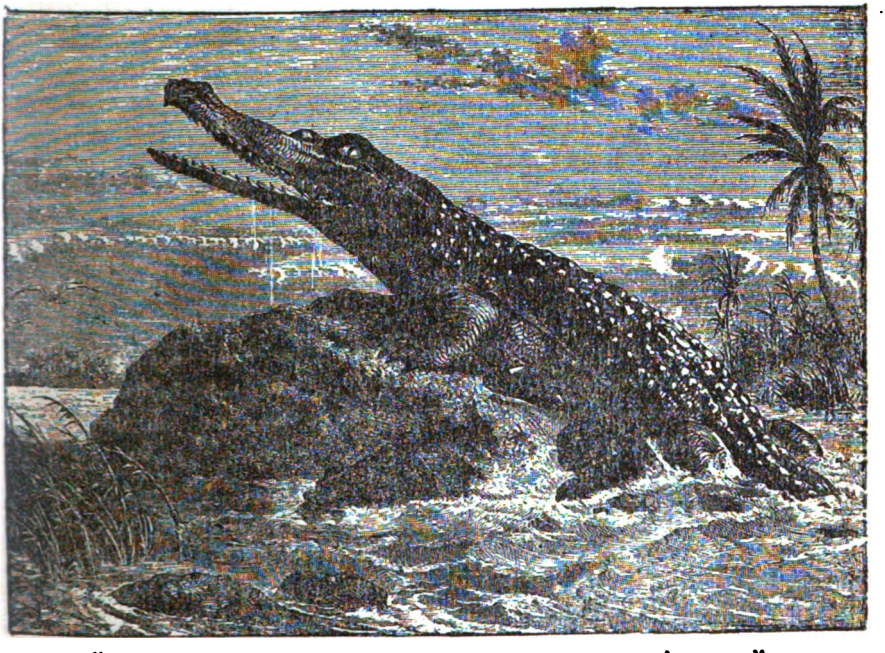
when a fearful cry arose from the river; a crocodile had carried off his principal wife. The Makololo, seizing their arms, rushed to the rescue; but it was too late.

Many of the natives show great courage and skill in capturing these formidable monsters which infest the rivers of Africa. The following graphic narrative by a traveller connected with an exploring party in the Tropics relates the manner in which the natives sometimes take their prey.

"You come and see Igubo kill de crocodile," I heard Timbo say to Leo



"IGUBO PLUNGED HIS KNIFE INTO THE MONSTER'S SIDE."

and Natty. These were names of natives accompanying our expedition.

Igubo had provided himself with a piece of one of the animals which he had brought home, and which had become no longer eatable. He had fastened it to the end of a long rope, and his sons carried it down to the water. Timbo and Leo, with the two boys, set off after them; and, taking my rifle, I followed to see what would happen.

On reaching the river, Igubo threw in the meat as far as he could, fastening the end of the rope to the trunk of a tree. Then, on his making a sign to us to hide ourselves, we retired behind some bushes. In a short time the rope was violently tugged, and Igubo, throwing off his scanty

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garments, drew his sharp knife from its sheath, and sprang into the water. I could not refraim from crying out, and entreating him to come back; but he paid no heed to me, and swam on.

Close Combat with a Crocodile.

Presently he disappeared, and I felt horror-struck at the thought that a crocodile had seized him; but directly afterwards the snout of the huge monster appeared above the water, Igubo rising at the same time directly behind it. The creature, instead of attempting to turn, made towards the bank, at a short distance off. Igubo followed; and I saw his hand raised, and his dagger descend into the side of the creature. Still the crocodile did not attempt to turn, but directly afterwards reaching the bank, climbed up it. Igubo followed, and again plunged his knife into the monster's side. Every instant I expected to see him seized by its terrific jaws; but the creature seemed terror-stricken, and made no attempt at defence.

Again and again the black plunged in his knife, while the crocodile vainly endeavored to escape. The next instant Igubo was on its back, and the creature lay without moving. A few minutes only had passed. It opened its vast jaws, each time more languidly than before, till at length it sank down, and, after a few struggles, was evidently dead. Igubo, springing up, flourished his knife over his head in triumph. Leo, running to the canoe, began to launch it. We all jumped in, and paddled off to the bank, Timbo bringing the rope with him. We fastened it round the crocodile's neck, and towed the body in triumph to the shore, up which we hauled it.

Strange Creatures Hatched from Eggs.

"Igubo say we find eggs not far off," said Timbo, as if doubting it.

Natty and his brother, at a sign from their father, began at once hunting about, and in a short time called us to them. There was a large hole in the bank concealed by overhanging bushes. It was full of eggs, about the size of those of a goose. On counting them we found no less than sixty. The shell was white and partially elastic, both ends being exactly the same size. The nest was about four yards from the water. A pathway led up to it; and Igubo told Timbo, that after the crocodile has deposited her eggs, she covers them up with about four feet of earth, and returns afterwards to clear it away, and to assist the young out of the shells. After this, she leads them to the water, where she leaves them to catch small fish for themselves.

At a little distance was another nest, from which the inmates had just been set free; and on a sandbank a little way down we caught sight of a

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number of the little monsters crawling about. They appeared in no way afraid of us as we approached, and Natty and his brother speared several. They were about ten inches long, with yellow eyes, the pupil being merely a perpendicular slit. They were marked with transverse stripes of pale green and brown, about half an inch in width. Savage little monsters they were, too; for though their teeth were but partly developed, they turned round and bit at the weapon darted at them, uttering at the same time a sharp welp like that of a small puppy when it first tries to bark. Igubo could not say whether the mother crocodile eats up her young occasionally, though, from the savage character of the creature, I should think it very likely that she does, if pressed by hunger.

As it is well known, the ichneumon has the reputation on the banks of the Nile of killing young crocodiles; but Igubo did not know whether they ever do so in his part of the world. He and his boys collected all the eggs they could find, declaring that they were excellent for eating. They however told us that they should only consume the yolk, as the white of the egg does not coagulate. When it is known what a vast number of eggs a crocodile lays, it may be supposed that the simplest way of getting rid of the creatures is to destroy them before they are hatched. It would seem almost hopeless to attempt to exterminate them by killing only the old ones. However, I fancy they have a good many enemies, and that a large number of the young do not grow up.

As we were walking along the bank, we saw, close to the water, a young crocodile just making his way into it; and Mango, leaping down, captured the little creature. Even then it showed its disposition by attempting to bite his fingers. On examining it, we found a portion of yolk almost the size of a hen's egg fastened by a membrane to the abdomen, which was doubtless left there as a supply of nourishment, to enable the creature to support existence till it was strong enough to catch fish for itself. Igubo declared that they caught the fish by means of their broad scaly tails. The eggs, I should say, had a strong internal membrane, and a small quantity only of lime in their composition.

We had some difficulty in inducing our friends to believe the account we gave them of Igubo's exploit. He however undertook, if they were not satisfied, to kill a crocodile in the same way another day.

Livingstone Discovers Lake Nyassa.

The expedition moving forward, on the 16th of September, 1859, the long-looked-for Lake Nyassa was discovered, with hills rising on both sides of it. Two months after this the lake was visited by Dr. Roscher,

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who was unaware of Drs. Livingstone and Kirk's discovery; unhappily he was murdered on his road back towards the Rovuma.

The travellers were now visited by the chief of a village near the confluence of the lake and the river, who invited them to form their camp under a magnificent banyan-tree, among the roots of which, twisted into the shape of a gigantic arm-chair, four of the party slept. The chief told them that a slave party, led by Arabs, was encamped near at hand; and in the evening a villainous set of fellows, with long muskets, brought several young children for sale; but, finding that the travellers were English, they decamped, showing signs of fear. The people of the Manganja tribe, amidst whom they were now travelling, showed much suspicion of their object, saying that parties had come before with the same sort of plausible story, and had suddenly carried off a number of their people. To allay these suspicions, Livingstone thought it best at once to return to the ship.

Soon afterwards Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, set off with guides to go across the country to Tete, the distance being about one hundred miles. From want of water they suffered greatly, while the *tsetse* infested the district.

Livingstone had resolved to visit his old friend Sekeletu; but, finding that before the new crop came in, food could not be obtained beyond the Kebrabasa, he returned in the "Ma-Robert" once more to the Kongone. They found Major Sicard at Mazaro, he having come there with tools and slaves to build a custom-house and fort.

A Bare-faced Fraud.

After this trip, the poor "Asthmatic" broke down completely; she was therefore laid alongside the island of Kanyimbe, opposite Tete, and placed under the charge of two English sailors. They were furnished with a supply of seeds to form a garden, both to afford them occupation and food.

Active preparations were now made for the intended journey westward; cloth, beads, and brass wire were formed into packages, with the bearers name printed on each.

The Makololos who had been employed by the expedition received their wages. Some of those who had remained at Tete had married, and resolved to continue where they were. Others did not leave with the same good will they had before exhibited, and it was doubtful, if attacked, whether they would not run to return to their lately formed friends.

All arrangements had been concluded by the 15th of May, 1860, and

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the journey was commenced. As the Banyai, who live on the right bank, were said to levy heavy fines, the party crossed over to the left.

Livingstone was stopping near the Kebrabasa village, when a man appeared, who pretended that he was a *pondoro;* that is, that he could change himself into a lion whenever he chose—a statement his countrymen fully believed. Sometimes the *pondoro* hunts for the benefit of the villagers, when his wife takes him some medicine which enables him to change himself back to a man. She then announces what game has been killed, and the villagers go into the forrest to bring it home. The people believe also that the souls of the departed chiefs enter into lions. One night, a buffalo having been killed, a lion came close to the camp, when the Makololo declared that he was a *pondoro,* and told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for trying to steal the meat of strangers. The lion, however, disregarding their addresses, only roared louder than ever, though he wisely kept outside the bright circle of the camp-fires. A little strychnine was placed on a piece of meat and thrown to him, after which he took his departure, and was never again seen.

A Hostile Chief Conciliated.

Again passing Kebrabasa, the travellers enjoyed the magnificent mountain scenery in this neighborhood, and came to the conclusion that not only it, but the Morumbwa could, when the river rises, be passed, so as to allow of a steamer being carried up to run on the upper Zambesi.

On the 20th of June they reached the territory of the chief Mpende, who had, on Livingstone's journey to the East Coast, threatened to attack him. Having in the mean time heard that he belonged to a race who love black men, his conduct was now completely changed, and he showed every desire to be friendly. Game was abundant, and lions were especially numerous.

After visiting Zumbo, Dr. Kirk was taken dangerously ill. He got better on the high ground, but immediately he descended into the valley he always felt chilly. In six days, however, he was himself again, and able to march as well as the rest. Again abundance of honey was obtained through the means of the "honey guide." The bird never deceived them, always guiding them to a hive of bees, though sometimes there was but little honey in it. On the 4th of August the expedition reached Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages, which owe allegiance to Sekeletu. From thence, beyond a beautiful valley, the columns of vapor rising from the Victoria Falls, upwards of twenty miles away, could clearly be distinguished.

At the village opposite Kalai the Malokolo head man, Mashotlane,

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paid the travellers a visit. He entered the nut where they were seated, a little boy carrying a three-legged stool. In a dignified way the chief took his seat, presenting some boiled hippopotamus meat. Having then taken a piece himself, he handed the rest to his followers. He had lately been attacking the Batoka, and when the doctor represented to him the wrongfulness of the act he defended himself by declaring that they had killed some of his companions. Here also they found Pitsane, who had been sent by Sekeletu to purchase horses from a band of Griquas.

Famous Batoka Tribe.

A description of the Batokas will be of interest in this connection. There are two distinct varieties; of whom those living on low-lying sands, such as the banks of the Zambesi, are very dark, while those of the higher lands are light brown. Their character seems to differ with their complexions, the former variety being dull, stupid, and intractable, while the latter are comparatively intellectual.

They do not improve their personal appearance by an odd habit of depriving themselves of their upper incisor teeth. The want of these teeth makes the corresponding incisors of the lower jaw project outward, and force the lip with them; so that even in youth they all have an aged expression of countenance. Knocking out these teeth is part of a ceremony which is practiced on both sexes when they are admitted into the ranks of men and women, and is probably the remains of some religious rite. The reason which they give is absurd enough, namely, that they like to resemble oxen, which have no upper incisors, and not to have all their teeth like zebras'. It is probable, however, that this statement may be merely intended as an evasion of questions which they think themselves bound to parry, but which may also have reference to the extreme veneration for oxen which prevails in the African's mind.

In spite of its disfiguring effect, the custom is universal among the various sub-tribes of which the Batoka are composed, and not even the definite commands of the chief himself, nor the threats of punishment, could induce the people to forego it. Girls and lads would suddenly make their appearance without their teeth, and no amount of questioning could induce them to state when, and by whom, they were knocked out. Fourteen or fifteen is the usual age for performing the operation.

Hair Done Up in Style.

Their dress is a little remarkable, especially the mode in which some of them arrange their hair. The hair on the top of the head is drawn and plastered together in a circle some six or seven inches in diameter. By dint of careful training, and plenty of grease and other appliances, it is

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AFRICAN CHIEF WITH SHIELD AND WAR-CLUB.

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at last formed into a cone some eight or ten inches in height, and slightly leaning forward. In some cases the cone is of wonderful height, the head man of a Batoka village wearing one which was trained into a long spike that projected a full yard from his head, and which must have caused him considerable inconvenience. In this case evidently other materials were freely mixed with the hair; and it is said that the long hair of various animals is often added, so as to mingle with the real growth, and aid in raising the edifice. Around the edges of this cone the hair is shaven closely, so that the appearance of the head is very remarkable, and somewhat ludicrous.

One of this tribe named Mantanyani accompanied Dr. Livingstone. He was a singularly skilful boatman, and managed an ordinary whaling boat as easily as one of his own canoes. The ornament which he wears in his hair is a comb made of bamboo. It was not manufactured by himself, but was taken from Shimbesi's tribe on the Shire, or Sheereh River. He and his companions forced the boat up the many rapids, and, on being interrogated as to the danger, he said that he had no fears, for he could swim like a fish, and that, if by any mischance he should allow Mr. Baines to fall overboard and be drowned, he should never dare to show his face to Livingstone again.

Mr. Baines remarks in his notes, that Mantanyani ought to have made a good sailor, for he was not only an adept at the management of boats, but could appreciate rum as well as any British tar. It so happened that at night, after the day's boating was over, grog was served out to the men, and yet for two or three nights Mantanyani would not touch it. Accordingly one night the following colloquy took place:—

"Mantanyani, non quero grog?" (That is, cannot you take grog?)

"Non quero." (I cannot.)

"Porquoi non quero grog?" (Why cannot you take grog?)

"Garaffa poco, Zambesi munta." (The bottle is little and the Zambesi is big.)

The hint was taken, and rum unmixed with water was offered to Mantanyani, who drank it off like a sailor.

No Talking nor Whistling Allowed.

A spirited account of the skill of the natives in managing canoes is given by Livingstone in "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." The canoe belonged to a man named Tuba-Mokoro, or the "Canoe-smasher," a rather ominous, but apparently undeserved title, inasmuch as he proved to be a most skilful and steady boatman. He seemed almost to be modest, for he took no credit to himself for his management, but attributed his

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success entirely to a certain charm or medicine which he had, and which he kept a profound secret. He was employed to take the party through the rapids to an island close to the edge of the great Smoke Sounding Falls, now called the Victoria Falls. This island can only be reached when the water happens to be very low, and, even in that case, none but the most experienced boatmen can venture so near to the Fall, which is double the depth of Niagara, and a mile in width, formed entirely by a vast and sudden rift in the basaltic bed of the Zambesi.

Before entering the race of water, we were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the value of the medicine, and no one with such boiling, eddying rapids before his eyes would think of disobeying the orders of a "canoe-smasher." It soon became evident that there was sound sense in the request of Tuba, though the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come.

It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and, when he saw a rock or a snag, to call out to the steersman. Tuba doubtless thought that talking on board might divert the attention of his steersman at a time when the neglect of an order, or a slight mistake, would be sure to spill us all into the chafing river. There were places where the utmost exertions of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapid and to prevent it from sweeping broadside on, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves among the plotuses and cormorants which are engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish.

"We Struck Hard."

At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then, with ready pole, turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. Once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy.

We were driving swiftly down, a black rock over which the white foam flew lay directly in our path, the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still, shallow place, to bail the water out. He gave us to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault—*that* had lost

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none of its virtue; the accident was owing to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said that we never let Tuba go without that meal again.

Among the Batokas is a body of men called in their own language the Go-nakeds. These men never wear an atom of any kind of clothing, but are entirely naked, their only coat being one of red ochre. These Go-nakeds are rather a remarkable set of men, and why they should voluntarily live without clothing is not very evident. Some travellers think that they are a separate order among the Batoka, but this is not at all certain. It is not that they are devoid of vanity, for they are extremely fond of ornaments upon their heads, which they dress in various fantastic ways. The conical style has already been mentioned, but they have many other fashions. One of their favorite modes is, to plait a fillet of bark, some two inches wide, and tie it round the head in diadem fashion. They then rub grease and red ochre plentifully into the hair, and fasten it to the fillet, which it completely covers. The head being then shaved as far as the edge of the fillet, the native looks as if he were wearing a red, polished forage-cap.

Rings of iron wire and beads are worn round the arms; and a fashionable member of this order thinks himself scarcely fit for society unless he carries a pipe and a small pair of iron tongs, with which to lift a coal from the fire and kindle his pipe, the stem of which is often ornamented by being bound with polished iron wire.

Very Polite Savages.

The Go-nakeds seem to be as devoid of the sense of shame as their bodies are of covering. They could not in the least be made to see that they ought to wear clothing, and quite laughed at the absurdity of such an idea; evidently looking on a proposal to wear clothing much as we should entertain a request to dress ourselves in plate armor.

The pipe is in constant requisition among these men, who are seldom seen without a pipe in their mouths, and never without it in their possession. Yet, whenever they came into the presence of their white visitors, they always asked permission before lighting their pipes, an innate politeness being strong within them. Their tobacco is exceedingly powerful, and on that account is much valued by other tribes, who will travel great distances to purchase it from the Batoka. It is also very cheap, a few beads purchasing a sufficient quantity to last even these inveterate smokers for six months.

Their mode of smoking is very peculiar. They first take a whiff after the usual manner, and puff out the smoke. But, when they have expelled

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nearly the whole of the smoke, they make a kind of catch at the last tiny wreath, and swallow it. This they are pleased to consider the very essence or spirit of the tobacco, which is lost if the smoke is exhaled in the usual manner.

The Batoka are a polite people in their way, though they have rather an odd method of expressing their feelings. The ordinary mode of salutation is for the women to clap their hands and produce that undulating sound which has already been mentioned, and for the men to stoop and clap their hands on their hips. But, when they wish to be especially respectful, they have another mode of salutation. They throw themselves on their backs, and roll from side to side, slapping the outside of their thighs vigorously, and calling out "Kina-bomba! kina-bomba!" with great energy, which has already been described. Livingstone says, that he never could accustom his eyes to like the spectacle of great naked men wallowing on their backs and slapping themselves, and tried to stop them. They, however, always thought that he was not satisfied with the heartiness of their reception, and so rolled about and slapped themselves all the more vigorously. This rolling and slapping seems to be reserved for the welcoming of great men, and, of course, whenever the Batoka present themselves before their chief, the performance is doubly vigorous.

Blacks who Stand on Ceremony.

When a gift is presented, it is etiquette for the donor to hold the present in one hand, and to slap the thigh with the other, as he approaches the person to whom he is about to give it. He then delivers the gift, claps his hands together, sits down, and then strikes his thighs with both hands. The same formalities are observed when a return gift is presented; and so tenacious are they of this branch of etiquette, that it is taught regularly to children by their parents.

They are an industrious people, cultivating wonderfully large tracts of land with the simple but effective hoe of their country. With this hoe, which looks something like a large adze, they not only break up the ground, but perform other tasks of less importance, such as smoothing the earth as a foundation for their beds. Some of these fields are so large, that the traveller may walk for hours through the native corn, and scarcely come upon an uncultivated spot. The quantity of corn which is grown is very large, and the natives make such numbers of granaries, that their villages seem to be far more populous than is really the case. Plenty, in consequence, reigns among this people. But it is a rather remarkable fact that, in spite of the vast quantities of grain, which they produce, they cannot keep it in store.

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The corn has too many enemies. In the first place, the neighboring tribes are apt to send out maurading parties, who prefer stealing the corn which their industrious neighbors have grown and stored to cultivating the ground for themselves. Mice, too, are very injurious to the corn. But against these two enemies the Batoka can tolerably guard, by tying up quantities of corn in bundles of grass, plastering them over with clay, and hiding them in the low sand islands left by the subsiding waters of the Zambesi.

Destructive Insects.

But the worst of all enemies is the native weevil, an insect so small that no precautions are available against its ravages, and which, as we too often find in this country, destoys an enormous amount of corn in a very short time. It is impossible for the Batoka to preserve their corn more than a year, and it is as much as they can do to make it last until the next crop is ready.

As therefore, the whole of the annual crop must be consumed by themselves or the weevil, they prefer the former, and what they cannot eat they make into beer, which they brew in large quantities, and drink abundantly; yet they seldom, if ever, intoxicate themselves, in spite of the quantities which they consume. This beer is called by them either "boala" or "pombe," just as we speak of beer or ale; and it is sweet in flavor, with just enough acidity to render it agreeable. Even travellers soon come to like it, and its effect on the natives is to make them plump and well nourished. The Batoka do not content themselves with simply growing corn and vegetables, but even plant fruit and oil-bearing trees—a practice which is not found among the other tribes.

Possibly on account of the plenty with which their land is blessed, they are a most hospitable race of men, always glad to see guests, and receiving them in the kindest manner. If a traveller passes through a village, he is continually hailed from the various huts with invitations to eat and drink, while the men welcome the visitor by clapping their hands, and the women by "lullilooing." They even feel pained if the stranger passes through the village without being entertained. When he halts in a village for the night, the inhabitants turn out to make him comfortable; some running to fetch fire-wood, others bringing jars of water, while some engage themselves in preparing the bed, and erecting a fence to keep off the wind.

Brave Hunters.

They are skilful and fearless hunters, and are not afraid even of the elephant or buffalo, going up closely to these formidable animals, and

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killing them with large spears. A complete system of game-laws is in operation among the Batoka, not for the purpose of prohibiting the chase of certain game, but in order to settle the disposal of the game when killed. Among them, the man who inflicts the first wound on an animal has the right to the spoil, no matter how trifling may be the wound which he inflicts. In case he does not kill the an mal himself, he is bound to give to the hunter who inflicts the fatal wound both legs of one side.

As to the laws which regulate ordinary life, there is but little that calls for special notice, except a sort of ordeal for which they have a great veneration. This is called the ordeal of the Muave, and is analogous to the corsned and similar ordeals of the early ages of England. The dread of witchcraft is very strong here, as in other parts of Southern Africa; but among the Batoka the accused has the opportunity of clearing himself by drinking a poisonous preparation called muave. Sometimes the accused dies from the draught, and in that case his guilt is clear; but in others the poison acts as an emetic, which is supposed to prove his innocence, the poison finding no congenial evil in the body, and therefore being rejected.

No one seems to be free from such an accusation, as is clear from Livingstone's account. Near the confluence of the Kapoe the Mambo, or chief, with some of his head-men, came to our sleeping-place with a present, Their foreheads were smeared with white flour, and an unusual seriousness marked their demeanor. Shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft: conscious of innocence, they accepted the ordeal, and undertook to drink the poisoned muave. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill of Nehomokela, on which repose the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirit to attest the innocence of their children, they swallowed the muave, vomited, and were therefore declared not guilty.

Belief in Future Existence.

It is evident that they believe that the soul has a continued existence, and that the spirits of the departed know what those they have left behind them are doing, and are pleased or not, according as their deeds are good or evil. This belief is universal. The owner of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirit of his father, who helped him when he killed the hippopotamus. Another, when the bargain for his canoe was nearly completed, seeing a large serpent on a branch of a tree overhead, refused to complete the sale, alleging that this was the spirit of his father, come to protest against it.

Some of the Batoka believe that a medicine should be prepared which

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would cure the bite of the *tsetse*, that small but terrible fly which makes such destruction among the cattle, but has no hurtful influence on mankind. This medicine was discovered by a chief, whose son Moyara showed it to Livingstone. It consisted chiefly of a plant, which was apparently new to botanical science. The root was peeled, and the peel sliced and reduced to powder, together with a dozen or two of the *tsetse* themselves. The remainder of the plant is also dried. When an animal shows symptoms of having been bitten by the *tsetse*, some of the powder is administered to the animal, and the rest of the dried plant is burned under it so as to fumigate it thoroughly. Moyara did not assert that the remedy was infallible, but only stated that if a herd of cattle were to stray into a district infested with the fly, some of them would be saved by the use of the medicine, whereas they would all die without it.

Sweet Sounds of Music.

The Batoka are fond of using a musical instrument that prevails, with some modifications, over a considerable portion of Central Africa. In its simplest form it consists of a board, on which are fixed a number of flat wooden strips, which, when pressed down and suddenly released, produce a kind of musical tone. In fact, the principle of the sansa is exactly that of our musical-boxes, the only difference being that the teeth, or keys, of our instrument are steel and that they are sounded by little pegs, and not by the fingers. Even among this one tribe there are great differences in the formation of the sansa.

The best and most elaborate form is that in which the sounding-board of the sansa is hollow, in order to increase the resonance; and the keys are made of iron instead of wood, so that a really musical sound is produced. Moreover, the instrument is enclosed in a hollow calabash, for the purpose of intensifying the sound; and both the sansa and the calabash are furnished with bits of steel and tin, which make a jingling accompaniment to the music. The calabash is generally covered with carvings. When the sansa is used, it is held with the hollow or ornamented end toward the player, and the keys are struck with the thumbs, the rest of the hand being occupied in holding the instrument.

African Poets.

This curious instrument is used in accompanying songs. Livingstone mentions that a genuine native poet attached himself to the party, and composed a poem in honor of the white men, singing it whenever they halted, and accompanying himself on the sansa. At first, as he did not know much about his subject, he modestly curtailed his poem, but extended it day by day, until at last it became quite a long ode. There was

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an evident rhythm in it, each line consisting of five syllables. Another native poet was in the habit of solacing himself every evening with an extempore song, in which he enumerated everything that the white men had done. He was not so accomplished a poet as his brother improvisatore, and occasionally found words to fail him. However, his sansa helped him when he was at a loss for a word, just as the piano helps out an unskilled singer when at a loss for a note.

The Batoka are remarkable for their clannish feeling; and, when a large party are travelling in company, those of one tribe always keep together, and assist each other in every difficulty. Also, if they should happen to come upon a village or dwelling belonging to one of their own tribe, they are sure of a welcome and plentiful hospitality.

The Batoka appear from all accounts to be rather a contentious people, quarrelsome at home and extending their strife to other villages. In domestic fights—that is in combats between inhabitants of the same village—the antagonists are careful not to inflict fatal injuries. But when village fights against village, as is sometimes the case, the loss on both sides may be considerable. The result of such a battle would be exceedingly disagreeable, as the two villages would always be in a state of deadly feud, and an inhabitant of one would not dare to go near the other.

Chronic Liars.

The Batoka, however, have invented a plan by which the feud is stopped. When the victors have driven their opponents off the field, they take the body of one of the dead warriors, quarter it, and perform a series of ceremonies over it. This appears to be a kind of challenge that they are masters of the field. The conquered party acknowledge their defeat by sending a deputation to ask for the body of their comrade, and, when they receive it, they go through the same ceremonies; after which peace is supposed to be restored, and the inhabitants of the villages may visit each other in safety.

Livingstone's informant further said, that when a warrior had slain an enemy, he took the head, and placed it on an ant-hill, until all the flesh was taken from the bones. He then removed the lower jaw, and wore it as a trophy. He did not see one of these trophies worn, and evidently thinks that the above account may be inaccurate. Indeed, Livingstone expressly warns the reader against receiving with implicit belief accounts that are given by a native African. The dark interlocutor amiably desires to please, and, having no conception of truth as a principle, says exactly what he thinks will be most acceptable to the great white chief, on whom he looks as a sort of erratic supernatural being.

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Ask a native whether the mountains in his own district are lofty, or gold is found there, and he will assuredly answer in the affirmative. So he will if he be asked whether unicorns live in his country, or whether he knows of a race of tailed men, being only anxious to please, and not thinking that the truth or falsehood of the answer can be of the least consequence. If the white sportsman shoots at an animal, and makes a palpable miss, his dusky attendants are sure to say that the bullet went through the animal's heart and that it only bounded away for a short distance. "He is our father," say the natives, "and he would be displeased if we told him that he had missed." It is even worse with the slaves, who are often used as interpreters; and it is hardly possible to induce them to interpret with any modicum of truth.

The Expedition Halts.

The travellers landed at the head of Garden Island, and, as the doctor had done before, peered over the giddy heights at the further end across the chasm. The measurement of the chasm was now taken; it was found to be eighty yards opposite Garden Island, while the waterfall itself was twice the depth of that of Niagara, and the river where it went over the rock fully a mile wide. Charles Livingstone, who had seen Niagara, pronounced it inferior in magnificence to the Victoria Falls.

The Batokas consider Garden Island and another further west as sacred spots, and here, in days gone by, they assembled to worship the Deity.

Livingstone, on his former visit, had planted a number of orange-trees and seeds at Garden Island, but though a hedge had been placed round them, they had all been destroyed by the hippopotami. Others were now put in. They, as was afterwards found, shared the same fate.

They now proceeded up the river, and very soon met a party from Sekeletu, who was now at Sesheke, and had sent to welcome them. Afterward they entered his town. They were requested to take up their quarters at the *kotlar*, or public meeting-place tree. During the day visitors continually called on them, all complaining of the misfortunes they had suffered. The condition of Sekeletu, however, was the most lamentable. He had been attacked by leprosy, and it was said that his fingers had become like eagles' claws, and his face so fearfully distorted that no one could recognize him.

One of their head men had been put to death, it being supposed that he had bewitched the chief. The native doctor could do nothing for him, but he was under the charge of an old doctress of the Manyeti

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tribe, who allowed no one to see him except his mother and uncle. He, however, sent for Dr. Livingstone, who gladly went to him. He and Dr. Kirk at once told him that the disease was most difficult to cure, and that he might rest assured that he had not been bewitched. They applied lunar caustic externally and hydrate of potash internally, with satisfactory results; so that in the course of a short time the poor chief's appearance greatly improved.

How a Chief Thought to Get Rid of the Falls.

Although the tribe had been suffering from famine, the chief treated his visitors with all the hospitality in his power. Some Benguela traders had come up to Sesheke, intending probably to return from the Batoka country to the east with slaves; but the Makololo, however, had secured all the ivory in that region. As the traders found that the trade in slaves without ivory did not pay, they knew it would not be profitable to obtain them, for Sekeletu would allow no slaves to be carried through his territory, and thus by his means an extensive slave-mart was closed.

Sekeletu was greatly pleased with the articles the doctor brought him from England, and enquired whether a ship could not bring up the remainder of the things which had been left at Tete. On being told that possibly a steamer might ascend as far as Sinainanes, he enquired whether a cannon could not blow away the Victoria Falls, so as to enable her to reach Sesheke.

The Makololo, who had been sent down to Benguela, came to pay the travellers a visit, dressed in well-washed shirts, coats and trousers, patent leather boots, and brown wide-awakes on their heads. They had a long conversation with their men about the wonderful things they had all seen. Sekeletu, who took a great fancy to Dr. Kirk, offered him permission to select any part of the country he might choose for the establishment of an English colony. Indeed, there is sufficient uncultivated ground on the cool unpeopled highlands for a very large population.

A Tribe of Cattle Stealers.

The Makololo are apt to get into trouble by their propensity to steal cattle; for if their marauding is sanctioned by the chief, they do not look upon it as dishonorable.

The expedition left Sesheke on the 17th of September, 1860, convoyed by Pitsane and Leshore. Pitsane was directed to form a hedge round the garden at the falls on his way. When navigating the river, the canoemen kept close to the bank during the day for fear of being upset by the hippopotami, but at night, when those animals are found near the shore, they sailed down the middle of the stream. The canoes were wretched,

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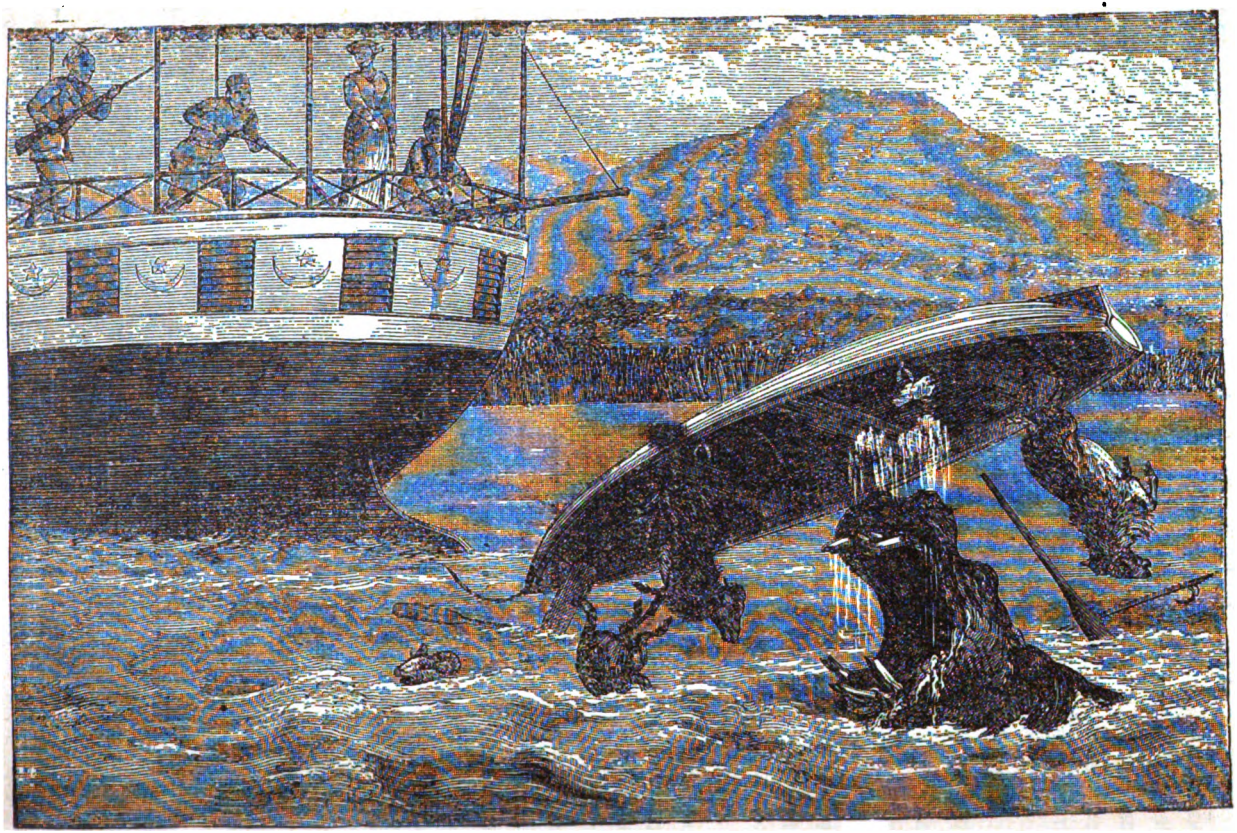

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION OF A BOAT BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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and a strong wind blew against them, but their Batoka boatmen managed them with great dexterity. Some of these men accompanied the expedition the whole way to the sea.

On their passage down the river, in approaching Kariba Rapids, they came upon a herd of upwards of thirty hippopotami. The canoe-men were afraid of venturing among them, asserting that there was sure to be an ill-tempered one who would take a malignant pleasure in upsetting the canoes. Several boys on the rocks were amusing themselves by throwing stones at the frightened animals. One was shot, its body floating down the current. A man hailed them from the bank, advising them to let him pray to the Kariba gods that they might have a safe passage down the rapids, for, without his assistance they would certainly be drowned. Notwithstanding, having examined the falls, seeing that canoes might be caried down in safety, they continued their voyage. The natives were much astonished to see them pass in safety without the aid of the priest's intercession.

Recovering the Prize.

Here they found the hippopotamus which had been shot, and, taking it in tow, told the villagers that if they would follow to their landing-place, they should have most of the meat. The crocodiles, however, lugged so hard at it, that they were compelled to cast it adrift and let the current float it down. They recovered the hippopotamus, which was cut up at the place where they landed to spend the night. As soon as it was dark, the crocodiles attacked the portion that was left in the water, tearing away at it and lashing about fiercely with their tails.

A day or two afterwards they encamped near some pitfalls, in which several buffaloes had shortly before been caught, and one of the animals had been left. During the night the wind blew directly from the dead buffalo to their sleeping-place, and a hungry lion which came to feed on the carcass so stirred up the putrid mass and growled so loudly over his feast, that their slumbers were greatly disturbed.

They reached Zumbo by the first of November. Here their men had a scurvy trick played them by the Banyai. The Makololo had shot a hippopotamus, when a number of the natives came across, pretending to assist them in rolling it ashore, and advised them to cast off the rope, saying that it was an encumbrance. All were shouting and talking, when suddenly the carcass disappeared in a deep hole. The Makololo jumped in after it, one catching the tail, another a foot, but down it went, and they got but a lean fowl instead. It floated during the night, and was found about a mile below, on the bank. The Banyai, however, there

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disputed the right to it, and, rather than quarrel, the Makololo, after taking a small portion, wisely allowed them to remain with the rest.

Saved by Grasping the Rock.

Believing that there was sufficient depth of water, they ventured down the Kebrabasa Rapids. For several miles they continued onward till the river narrowing, navigation became both difficult and dangerous. Two canoes passed safely down the narrow channel with an ugly whirlpool, caused by the water being divided by a rock in the centre. Livingstone's canoe came next, and while it appeared to be drifting broadside into the vortex, a crash was heard, and Kirk's canoe was seen dashed against the perpendicular rock by a sudden boiling-up of the river, which occurs at regular intervals. Kirk grasped the rock and saved himself, while his steersman, holding on to the same ledge, preserved the canoe, but all its contents were lost, including the doctor's notes of the journey, and botanical drawings of the fruit-trees of the interior. After this the party, having had enough of navigation, performed the remainder of the journey on shore.

Tete was reached on the 23d of November, the expedition having been absent rather more than six months. They were glad to find that the two English sailors were in good health, and had behaved very well; but their farm had been a failure. A few sheep and fowls had been left with them; they had purchased more of the latter, and expected to have a good supply of eggs, but they unfortunately also bought two monkeys, who ate up all their eggs. One night a hippopotamus destroyed their vegetable garden, the sheep ate up their cotton-plants, while the crocodiles carried off the sheep, and the natives had stolen their fowls.

Having discovered that the natives have a mortal dread of the chameleon, one of which animals they had on board, they made good use of their knowledge. They had learned the market price of provisions, and determined to pay that and no more. When the traders, therefore, demanded a higher price and refused to leave the sheep till it was paid, the chameleon was instantly brought out of the cabin, when the natives sprang overboard, and made no further attempt to impose upon them. A remarkable reptile this is, and we subjoin an accurate description of it.

The Famous Chameleon.

One character of the chameleon consists in the tongue being cylindrical, worm-like, capable of being greatly elongated, and terminating in a fleshy tubercle, lubricated with a viscid saliva. Another appears in the surface of the skin being covered with horny granules, instead of scales. A third is seen in the deep and compressed form of the body, which is

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LONG-TONGUED AFRICAN CHAMELEON.

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surmounted by an acute dorsal ridge; a fourth, in the tail being round, tapering, and capable of grasping; and a fifth, in the parrot-like structure of the feet, which have each five toes, divided into two opposing sets—three being placed outwardly and two inwardly, connected together as far as the second joint, and armed with five sharp claws.

The head of these animals is very large; and from the shortness of the neck, it seems as if set upon the shoulders. The upper part generally presents an elevated central crust; and a ridged arch is over each orbit to the muzzle. The internal organ of hearing is entirely concealed. The mouth is very wide; the teeth are sharp, small, and three-lobed. The whole of the ball of each eye, except the pupil, is covered with skin, and forms a single circular eyelid, with a central orifice. The furrow between the ball of the eye and the edge of the orbit is very deep; and the eyelid, closely attached to the ball, moves as it moves. As each eye has an independent power of motion, the axis of one eye may be seen directly upwards or backwards, while that of the other is in a contrary direction, giving to the creature a strange and most ludicrous appearance.

The chameleon was once said to live on air; but insects, slugs, and such like creatures form its food. For their seizure its tongue is especially adapted. With the exception of the fleshy tubercle forming its tip, it consists of a hollow tube, which, when withdrawn into the throat, is folded in upon itself, somewhat in the way in which a pocket telescope is shut up. When fully protruded, it reaches to a distance at least equal to the chameleon's body; and is launched forth and retracted with equal rapidity. An insect on a leaf at an apparently hopeless distance, or a drop of water on a twig, is gone so instantaneously, that the spectator is astonished. "I never knew," said an acute observer, "a chameleon I long kept miss his aim but once, and then the fly was on the other side of the glass."

Curious Shifting Colors.

The remote cause, says Weissenborn, of the difference of color in the two latteral halves of the chameleon may, in most cases, be distinctly referred to the manner in which the light acts upon the animal The statement of Murray, that the side turned towards the light is always of a darker color, is perfectly true. This rule holds good as well with reference to the direct and diffused light of the sun, or moon, as to artificial light. Even when the animal was moving in the walks of my garden, and happened to come near enough to the border to be shaded by the box edging, that side (so shaded) would instantly become less darkly colored than the other. Now, as the light in these cases seldom

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illumines exactly one lateral half of the animal in a more powerful manner than the other, and as the middle line is constantly the line of demarcation between the two different shades of color, we must evidently refer the different effects to two different centres, from which the nervous currents can only radiate.

Over these centres, without doubt, the organ of vision immediately presides; and, indeed, we ought not to wonder that the action of light has such powerful effects on the highly irritable organization of the chameleon, considering that the eye is most highly developed. The lungs are but secondarily affected; but they are likewise more strongly excited on the darker side, which is constantly more convex than the other.

An Animal Like Two Glued Together.

Notwithstanding the strictly symmetrical structure of the chameleon, as to its two halves, the eyes move independently of each other, and convey different impressions to their respective centres of perception. The consequence is that, when the animal is agitated, its movements appear like those of two animals glued together. Each half wishes to move its own way, and there is no concordance of action. The chameleon, therefore, is not able to swim, like other animals: it is so frightened, if put into water, that the faculty of concentration is lost, and it tumbles about as if in a state of intoxication. On the other hand, when the creature is undisturbed, the eye which receives the strongest impression propagates it to the common centre, and prevails upon the other eye to follow that impression, and directs itself to the same object. The chameleon, moreover, may be asleep on one side and awake on the other. When cautiously approaching a specimen at night, with a candle, so as not to awaken the whole animal, by the shaking of the room, the eye turned towards the flame will open, and begin to move, and the corresponding side to change color; whereas the other side will remain for several seconds longer in its torpid and unchangeable state, with its eye shut.

It was this singular creature that produced such an effect upon the natives. It was regarded as something supernatural.

Livingstone found that the sailors at Tete had performed a gallant act. They were aroused one night by a fearful shriek, when they immediately pushed off in their boat, supposing, as was found to be the case, that a crocodile had cought a woman and was dragging her across a shallow bank. Before they reached her, the reptile snapped off her leg. They carried her on board, bandaged up her limb, bestowed Jack's usual remedy for all complaints, a glass of grog, on her, and carried her to a hut in the village. Next morning they found the bandages torn off and

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the poor creature left to die, their opinion being that it had been done by her master, to whom, as she had lost a leg, she would be of no further use, and he did not wish the expense of keeping her.

The following account is taken from the diary of an explorer in the Kaffir country: "Yesterday, as the men were digging out the steamers, which had become jammed by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They immediately scrambled away in time to avoid the large head of a crocodile that broke its way through the tangled mass in which it had been jammed and held prisoner by the rafts. The black soldiers, armed with swords and bill-hooks, immediately

"INSTANTLY HE WAS DRAGGED FROM THE SADDLE."

attacked the crocodile, who, although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Humane Society. He was quickly dispatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking-pots of the party.

"I was amused with the account of this adventure given by various officers who were eye-witnesses. One stated, in reply to my question as to the length of the animal, 'Well, sir, I should not like to exaggerate, but I should say it was forty-five feet long from snout to tail!' Another witness declared it to be at least twenty feet; but if one were seized by such a creature he would be disposed to think that, whatever might be its length, it is made up mostly of jaws."

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From the graphic narrative of Mr. Grout, the missionary, we take the following description of an exciting adventure:

Mr. Butler, a member of our mission, narrowly escaped from one of the savage creatures with which the rivers abound. In going to one of the stations, it was necessary for him to cross the Umkomazi. No natives being at hand to manage the boat, he ventured to cross on horseback, though the water was deep and turbid. As he went over safely, when he returned the next day he again ventured into the river in the same way. When about two-thirds of the was across, his horse suddenly kicked and plunged, as if to disengage himself from his rider; and the next moment an alligator seized Mr. Butler's leg with his horrible jaws. The river at this place is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, if measured at right angles to the current; but from the place we enter to the place we go out, the distance is three times as great. The water at high tide, when the river is not swollen, is from four to eight or ten feet deep. On each side the banks are skirted with high grass and reeds.

Mr. Butler, when he felt the sharp teeth of the crocodile, clung to the mane of his horse with a death-hold. Instantly he was dragged from the saddle: and both he and the horse were floundering in water, often dragged entirely under, and rapidly going down stream. At first the alligator drew them again to the middle of the river; but at last the horse gained shallow water, and approached the shore. As soon as he was within reach, natives ran to his assistance, and beat off the crocodile with spears and clubs.

Horse and Rider Frightfully Mangled.

Mr. Butler was pierced with five deep gashes, and had lost much blood. He left all his garments, except shirt and coat, on the opposite shore with a native who was to follow him; but when the struggle commenced, the native returned, and would not venture into the water again. It was now dark; and, without garments and weak from loss of blood, he had seven miles to ride before he could reach the station of a brother missionary. He borrowed a blanket of a native; and after two hours succeded in reaching the station, more dead than alive.

His horse also was terribly mangled; a foot square of the flesh and skin was torn from his flanks. The animal, it is supposed, first seized the horse; and when shaken off, he caught Mr. Butler, first below the knee, and then in the thigh, making five or six wounds, from two to four inches long, and from one-half to two and a half inches wide. After a severe illness, Mr. Butler recovered, but will not soon lose the marks of this fast and loving friend's hold upon him.

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CHAPTER IX.

BATTLING WITH DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.

Setting Out in a Leaky Vessel—A Losing Adventure—Bishop Mackenzie's Arrival—The "Pioneer" gets Aground—Description of a Well-known tribe—Farming in Africa—Generous Hospitality—Remarkable Costumes—Elegant Tattooing—Natives that Seldom Wash—An African Dancing Party—Belief in Visits from Departed Spirits—Burning Villages—Battle with Ajawa Warriors—Transporting the Boats Overland—Sudden and Terrific Storm—Air Thick with Midges—Enormous Crocodiles—Camp Plundered by Thieves—Dangers Thicken—The Expedition on its Return—Mrs. Livingstone's Arrival—Deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mrs. Livingstone—Lonely Graves in a Strange Land—Bullets and Poisoned Arrows—Immense Flocks of Beautiful Birds—The Fiery Flamingo—Wine from the Palm—A Bird's Extraordinary Nest—Odd Specimen of the Monkey Tribes—Deserted Country—Lord Russell Recalls the Expedition—Alarm from Savage Invaders—The "Pioneer" Disabled—Livingstone at Bombay.

ONCE more, in December, the leaky "Asthmatic" was got under way, but every day fresh misfortunes happened to her, till Rae declared: "She cannot be any worse than she is, sir."

He and his mate, Hutchings, had done their best to patch her up, but her condition was past their skill. She soon grounded on a sand-bank and filled. The river rising, all that was visible the next day was about six feet of her two masts. The property on board was, however, saved, and the expedition spent their Christmas of 1860 encamped on the island of Chimba.

Canoes having been procured, they reached Senna late in the month. They here saw a large party of slaves belonging to the commandant, who had been up to trade with Mozelekatse, carrying a thousand muskets and a large quantity of gunpowder, and bringing back ivory, ostrich feathers, a thousand sheep and goats, and thirty head of fine cattle, and in addition a splendid white bull, to show that he and the traders parted friends. The adventure, however, was a losing one to the poor commandant: a fire had broken out in the camp, and the ostrich feathers had been burned; the cattle had died from the bite of the *tsetse*, as had the white bull, and six hundred of the sheep had been eaten by the slaves, they thinking more of their own comfort than their master's gain.

Proceeding down the river in boats, the expedition reached Congo early in January, 1861. Here a flag-staff and a custom-house (a floorless hut of mangrove stakes roofed with stakes) had been erected. The gar-

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rison of the place being almost starved, the provisions of the expedition also ran short, though they obtained game in abundance.

A Notable Arrival.

On the last day of the month the "Pioneer," the steamer which had been sent to replace the "Asthmatic," appeared off the bar, but the bad weather prevented her entering. At the same time two men-of-war arrived, bringing Bishop Mackenzie at the head of the Oxford and Cambridge mission to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. It consisted of six Englishmen and five colored men from the Cape. The bishop wished at once to proceed up to Chibisa; but the "Pioneer" was under orders to explore the Rovuma, and it was ultimately arranged that the members of the mission should be carried over to Johanna in the "Lyra" man-of-war, while the bishop himself accompanied the expedition in the "Pioneer."

They had reached the mouth of the Rovuma late in February. The rainy season was already half over, and the river had fallen considerably. The scenery was superior to that on the Zambesi. Eight miles from the mouth the mangrove disappeared, and a beautiful range of well-wooded hills rose on either side. Unhappily fever broke out, and the navigation of the "Pioneer" fell to the charge of Dr. Livingstone and his companions. The water falling rapidly, it was considered dangerous to run the risk of detention in the river for a year, and the ship returned down to the sea.

On their voyage back they touched at Mohilla, one of the Comoro Islands, and from thence went on to Johanna, where they received the bishop's followers, and proceeded back to the Kongone. Thence they at once directed their course up the Zambesi to the Shire. The "Pioneer," it was found, drew too much water for the navigation of the river, and she in consequence frequently grounded.

Among his many duties, Charles Livingstone was engaged in collecting specimens of cotton, and upwards of three hundred pounds were thus obtained, at a price of less than two cents a pounds, which showed that cotton of a superior quality could be raised by native labor alone, and that but for the slave trade a large amount might be raised in the country.

Wherever they went they gained the confidence of the people, and hitherto the expedition had been eminently successful. At Chigunda a Manganja chief had invited the bishop to settle in his country near Magomero, adding that there was room enough for both. This spontaneous invitation seemed to decide the bishop on the subject.

The country which this tribe inhabits is well and fully watered,

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abounding in clear and cold streams, which do not dry up even in the dry season. Pasturage is consequently abundant, and yet the people do not trouble themselves about cattle, allowing to lie unused tracts of land which would feed vast herds of oxen, not to mention sheep and goats.

Their mode of government is rather curious, and yet simple. The country is divided into a number of districts, the head of which goes by the title of Rundo. A great number of villages are under the command of each Rundo, though each of the divisions is independent of the others, and they do not acknowledge one common chief or king. The chieftainship is not restricted to the male sex, as in one of the districts a woman named Nyango was the Rundo, and exercised her authority judiciously, by improving the social status of the women throughout her dominions. An annual tribute is paid to the Rundo by each village, mostly consisting of one tusk of each elephant killed, and he in return is bound to assist and protect them should they be threatened or attacked.

The Manganjas are an industrious race, being good workers in metal, especially iron, growing cotton, making baskets, and cultivating the ground, in which occupation both sexes usually share; and it is a pleasant thing to see men, women and children all at work together in the fields, with perhaps the baby lying asleep in the shadow of a bush.

African Farmers.

They clear the forest ground exactly as is done in America, cutting down the trees with their axes, piling up the branches and trunks in heaps, burning them, and scattering the ashes over the ground by way of manure. The stumps are left to rot in the ground, and the corn is sown among them. Grass land is cleared in a different manner. The grass in that land is enormously thick and long. The cultivator gathers a bundle into his hands, twists the ends together, and ties them in a knot. He then cuts the roots with his adze-like hoe, so as to leave the bunch of grass still standing, like a sheaf of wheat. When a field has been entirely cut, it looks to a stranger as if it were in harvest, the bundles of grass standing at intervals like the grain shocks. Just before the rainy season comes on, the bundles are fired, the ashes are roughly dug into the soil, and an abundant harvest is the result.

The cotton is prepared after a very simple and slow fashion, the fibre being picked by hand, drawn out into a "roving," partially twisted, and then rolled up into a ball. It is the opinion of those who have had practical experience of this cotton, that, if the natives could be induced to ·nt and dress it in large quantities, an enormous market might be found

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for it. The "staple," or fibre, of this cotton is not so long as that in America, and has a harsh, wooly feeling in the hand. But, as it is very strong, and the fabrics made from it are very durable, the natives prefer it to the foreign plant. Almost every Manganja family of importance has its own little cotton patch, from half an acre to an acre in size, which is kept carefully tended and free from weeds. The loom in which they weave their simple cloth is very rude, and is one of the primitive forms of a weaver's apparatus. It is placed horizontally, and not vertically, and the weaver has to squat on the ground when engaged in his work. The shuttle is a mere stick, with the thread wound spirally round it, and, when it is passed between the cross threads of the warp, the warp is beaten into its place with a flat stick.

Unbounded Hospitality.

They are a hospitable people, and have a well-understood code of ceremony in the reception of strangers. In each village there is a spot called the Boala, that is, a space of about thirty or forty yards diameter, which is sheltered by baobab, or other spreading trees, and which is always kept neat and clean. This is chiefly used as a place where the basket-makers and others who are engaged in sedentary occupations can work in company, and also serves as a meeting-place in evenings, where they sing, dance, smoke, and drink beer after the toils of the day.

As soon as a stranger enters a village, he is conducted to the Boala, where he takes his seat on the mats that are spread for him, and awaits the coming of the chief man of the village. As soon as he makes his appearance, his people welcome him by clapping their hands in unison, and continue this salutation until he has taken his seat, accompanied by his councillors. "Our guides," writes Livingstone, "then sit down in front of the chief and his councillors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other. The chief repeats a word, such as 'Ambuiata' (our father or master), or 'Moio' (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last dies away, or is brought to an end, by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette."

This curious salutation is valued very highly, and the people are carefully instructed in it from childhood. The chief guide of the stranger party then addresses the chief, and tells him about his visitors—who they are, why they have come, etc.; and mostly does so in a kind of blank

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verse—the power of improvising a poetical narrative being valued as highly as the court salutations, and sedulously cultivated by all of any pretensions to station. It is rather amusing at first to the traveller to find that, if he should happen to inquire his way at a hut, his own guide addresses the owner of the hut in blank verse, and is answered in the same fashion.

Singular Costume.

The dress of this tribe is rather peculiar, the head being the chief part of the person which is decorated. Some of the men save themselves the trouble of dressing their hair by shaving it off entirely, but a greater number take a pride in decorating it in various ways. The head-dress which seems to be most admired is that in which the hair is trained to resemble the horns of the buffalo. This is done by taking two pieces of hide while they are wet and pliable, and bending them into the required shape. When the two horns are dry and hard, they are fastened on the head, and the hair is trained over them, and fixed in its place by grease and clay. Sometimes only one horn is used, which projects immediately over the forehead; but the double horn is the form which is most in vogue.

Others divide their hair into numerous tufts, and separate them by winding round each tuft a thin bandage, made of the inner bark of a tree, so that they radiate from the head in all directions, and produce an effect which is much valued by this simple race. Some draw the hair together toward the back of the head, and train it so as to hang down their backs in a shape closely resembling the pigtail which was so fashionable an ornament of the British sailor in Nelson's time. Others, again, allow the hair to grow much as nature formed it, but train it to grow in heavy masses all round their heads.

The women are equally fastidious with the men, but have in addition a most singular ornament called the "the pelele." This is a ring that is not fixed into the ear or nose, but into the upper lip, and gives to the wearer an appearance that is most repulsive to an American.

Elaborate Tattooing.

In this part of the country the sub-tribes are distinguished by certain marks wherewith they tattoo themselves, and thereby succeed in still farther disfiguring countenances which, if allowed to remain untouched, would be agreeable enough. Some of them have a fashion of pricking holes all over their faces, and treating the wounds in such a way that, when they heal, the skin is raised in little knobs, and the face looks as if it were covered with warts. Add to this fashion the pelele, and the

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reader may form an opinion of the beauty of a fashionable woman. If the object of fashion be to conceal age, this must be a most successful fashion, as it entirely destroys the lines of the countenance, and hardens and distorts the features to such an extent, that it is difficult to judge by the face whether the owner be sixteen or sixty.

One of the women had her body most curiously adorned by tattooing

SPECIMEN OF ELEGANT TATTOOING.

and, indeed, was a remarkable specimen of Manganja fashion. She had shaved all her head, and supplied the want of hair by a feather tuft over her forehead, tied on by a band. From a point on the top of her forehead ran lines radiating over the cheeks as far as the ear, looking something like the marks on a New Zealander's face. This radiating principle was carried out all over her body. A similar point was marked on each shoulder blade, from which the lines radiate down and back and over the

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shoulders, and on the lower part of the spine and on each arm were other patterns of a similar nature. She of course wore the pelele; but she seemed ashamed of it, probably because she was a travelled woman, and had seen white men before. So when she was about to speak to them, she retired to her hut, removed the pelele, and, while speaking, held her hand before her mouth, so as to conceal the ugly aperture in her lip.

Cleanliness seems to be unsuitable to the Manganja constitution. They could not in the least understand why travellers should wash themselves, and seemed to be personally ignorant of the process. One very old man, however, said that he did remember once to have washed himself; but that it was so long ago that he had quite forgotten how he felt.

Afraid of Cold Water.

A very amusing use was once made of this antipathy to cold water. One of the Manganjas took a fancy to attach himself to the expedition, and nothing could drive him away. He insisted on accompanying them, and annoyed them greatly by proclaiming in every village to which they came, "These people have wandered; they do not know where they are going." He was driven off repeatedly; but as soon as the march was resumed, there he was, with his little bag over his shoulder, ready to proclaim the wandering propensities of the strangers, as usual. At last a happy idea struck them. They threatened to take him down to the river and wash him; whereupon he made off in a fright, and never made his appearance again.

Perhaps in consequence of this uncleanliness, skin diseases are rife among the Manganjas, and appear to be equally contagious and durable; many persons having white blotches over their bodies, and many others being afflicted with a sort of leprosy, which, however, does not seem to trouble them particularly. Even the fowls are liable to a similar disease, and have their feet deformed by a thickening of the skin.

Sobriety seems as rare with the Manganjas as cleanliness; for they are notable topers, and actually contrive to intoxicate themselves on their native beer, a liquid of so exceedingly mild a character that nothing but strong determination and a capability of consuming vast quantities of liquid would produce the desired effect. The beer is totally unlike ordinary drink. In the first place, it is quite thick and opaque, and looks much like gruel of a pinkish hue. It is made by pounding the vegetating grain, mixing it with water, boiling it, and allowing it to ferment. When it is about two days old, it is pleasant enough, having a slightly sweetish-acid flavor, which has the property of immediately

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quenching thirst, and is therefore most valuable to the traveller, for whose refreshment the hospitable people generally produce it.

As to themselves, there is some explanation of their intemperate habits. They do not possess hops, or any other substance that will preserve the beer, and in consequence they are obliged to consume the whole brewing within a day or two. When, therefore, a chief has a great brew of beer, the people assemble, and by day and night they continue drinking, drumming, dancing, and feasting, until the whole of the beer is gone. Yet, probably on account of the nourishing qualities of the beer—which is, in fact, little more than very thin porridge—the excessive drinking does not seem to have any injurious effect on the people, many being seen who were evidently very old, and yet who had been accustomed to drink beer in the usual quantities. The women seem to appreciate the beer as well as the men, though they do not appear to be so liable to intoxication. Perhaps the reason for this comparative temperance is, that their husbands do not give them enough of it. In their dispositions they seem to be lively and agreeable, and have a peculiarly merry laugh, which seems to proceed from the heart, and is not in the least like the senseless laugh of the western negro.

People Who Trade Names.

In this part of the country, not only among the Manganjas but in other tribes, the custom of changing names is prevalent, and sometimes leads to odd results. One day a head-man named Sininyane was called as usual, but made no answer; nor did a third and fourth call produce any result. At last one of his men replied that he was no longer Sininyane, but Moshoshama, and to that name he at once responded. It then turned out that he had exchanged names with a Zulu. The object of the exchange is, that the two persons are thenceforth bound to consider each other as comrades, and to give assistance in every way. If, for example, Sininyane had happened to travel into the country where Moshoshama lived, the latter was bound to treat him like a brother.

They seem to be an intelligent race, and to appreciate the notion of a Creator, and of the immortality of the soul; but, like most African races, they cannot believe that the white and the black races have anything in common, or that the religion of the former can suit the latter. They are very ready to admit that Christianity is an admirable religion for white men, but will by no means be persuaded that it would be equally good for themselves.

They have a hazy sort of idea of *their* Creator, the invisible head-chief of the spirits, and ground their belief in the immortality of the soul on

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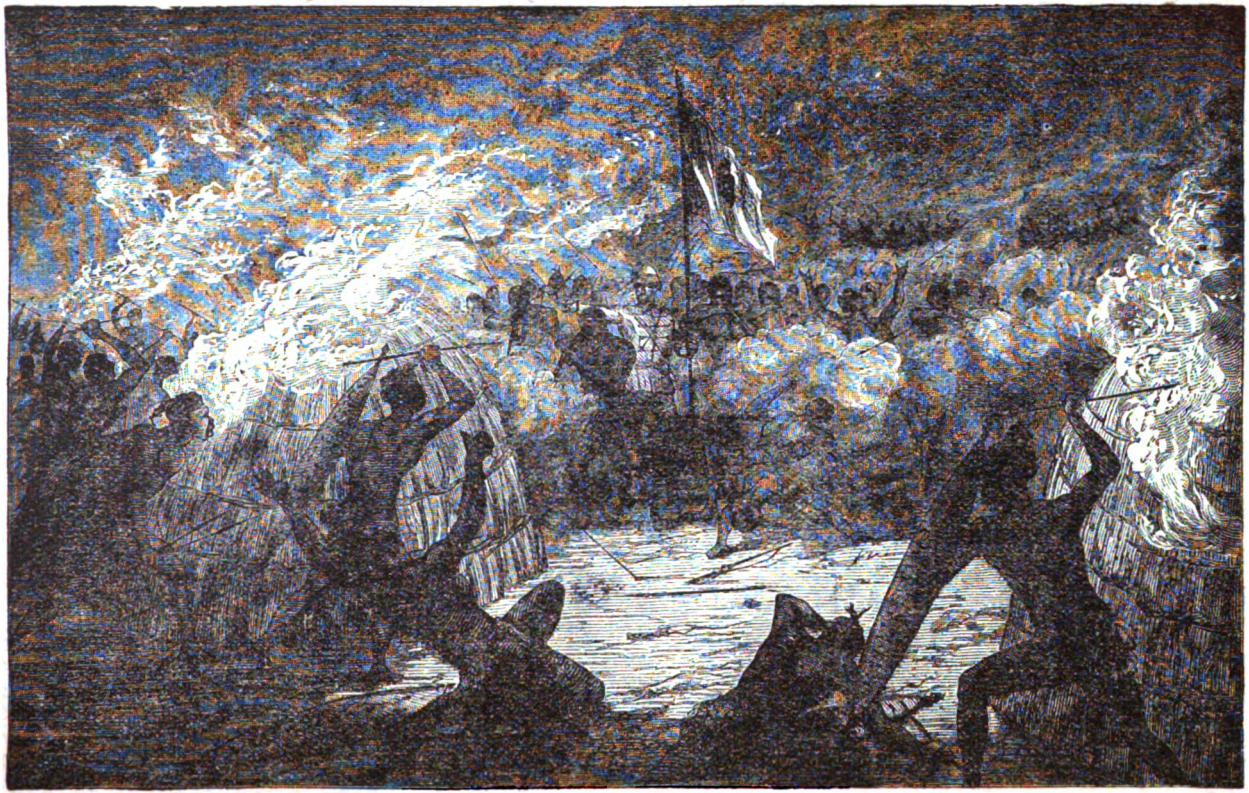

DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE BY FIRE.

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the fact that their departed relatives come and speak to them in their dreams. They have the same idea of the muave poison that has already been mentioned; and so strong is their belief in its efficacy that, in a dispute, one man will challenge the other to drink muave; and even the chiefs themselves will often offer to test its discriminating powers.

When a Manganja dies, a great wailing is kept up in his house for two days; his tools and weapons are broken, together with his cooking vessels. All food in the house is taken out and destroyed; and even the beer is poured on the earth.

The burial grounds seem to be carefully cherished—as carefully, indeed, as many of the churchyards in America. The graves are all arranged north and south, and the sexes of the dead are marked by the implements laid on the grave. These implements are always broken; partly, perhaps, to signify that they can be used no more, and partly to save them from being stolen. Thus a broken mortar and pestle for pounding corn, together with the fragments of a sieve, tell that there lies below a woman who once had used them; whilst a piece of a net or a shattered paddle are emblems of the fishermen's trade, and tell that a fisherman is interred below. Broken calabashes, gourds, and other vessels, are laid on almost every grave; and in some instances a banana is planted at the head. The relatives wear a kind of mourning, consisting of narrow strips of palm leaf wound around their heads, necks, arms, legs, and breasts, and allowed to remain there until they drop off by decay.

Startling News.

As Livingstone marched forward word was received that the Ajawa were near, burning villages; and at once the doctor and his companions advanced to seek an interview with these scourges of the country. On their way they met crowds of Manganjas flying, having left all their property and food behind them. Numerous fields of Indian corn were passed, but there was no one to reap them. All the villages were deserted. One, where on the previous visit a number of men had been seen peacefully weaving cloth, was burned, and the stores of grain scattered over the plain and along the paths. The smoke of burning villages was seen in front, and triumphant shouts, mingled with the wail of the Manganja women lamenting over the slain, reached their ears. The bishop knelt and engaged in prayer, and on rising, a long line of Ajawa warriors with their captives was seen. In a short time the travellers were surrounded, the savages shooting their poisoned arrows and dancing hideously. Some had muskets, but, on shots being fired at them, they ran off.

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The main body in the mean time decamped with the captives, two only of whom escaped and joined their new friends. Most of the party proposed going at once to the rescue of the captive Manganja; but this Livingstone opposed, believing that it would be better for the bishop to wait the effect of the check given to the slave-hunters. It was evident that the Ajawa were instigated by the Portuguese agents from Tete. It was possible that they might by persuasion be induced to follow the better course, but, from their long habit of slaving for the Quillimane market, this appeared doubtful. The bishop consulted Livingstone as to whether, should the Manganjas ask his assistance against the Ajawa, it would be his duty to give it? The reply was: "Do not interfere in native quarrels."

Leaving the members of the commission encamped on a beautiful spot, surrounded by stately trees, near the clear little stream of Magomero, the expedition returned to the ship to prepare for their journey to Lake Nyassa.

A Fresh Start.

In August, 1861, the two doctors and Charles Livingstone started in a four-oared gig, with one white sailor and twenty Makololo, for Nyassa. Carriers were easily engaged to convey the boat past the forty miles of the Murchison Cataracts. Numberless volunteers came forward, and the men of one village transported it to the next. They passed the little Lake of Pamalombe, about ten miles long and five broad, surrounded thickly by papyrus. Myriads of mosquitoes showed the presence of malaria, and they hastened by it.

Again launching their boat, they proceeded up the river, and entered the lake early in September, greatly refreshed by the cool air which came off its wide expanse of water. The centre appeared to be of a deep blue, while the shallow water along the edge was indicated by its light green color. A little from the shore the water was from nine to fifteen fathoms in depth, but round a grand mountain promontory no bottom could be obtained with their lead-line of thirty-five fathoms. The lake was estimated to be about two hundred miles long and from twenty to sixty broad.

The lake appeared to be surrounded by mountains, but on the west they were merely the edges of high table-land.

It is visited by sudden and tremendous storms. One morning the sea suddenly rose around them, preventing them from advancing or receding, as the tremendous surf on the beach would have knocked their light boat to pieces, while the waves came rolling on in threes, their crests

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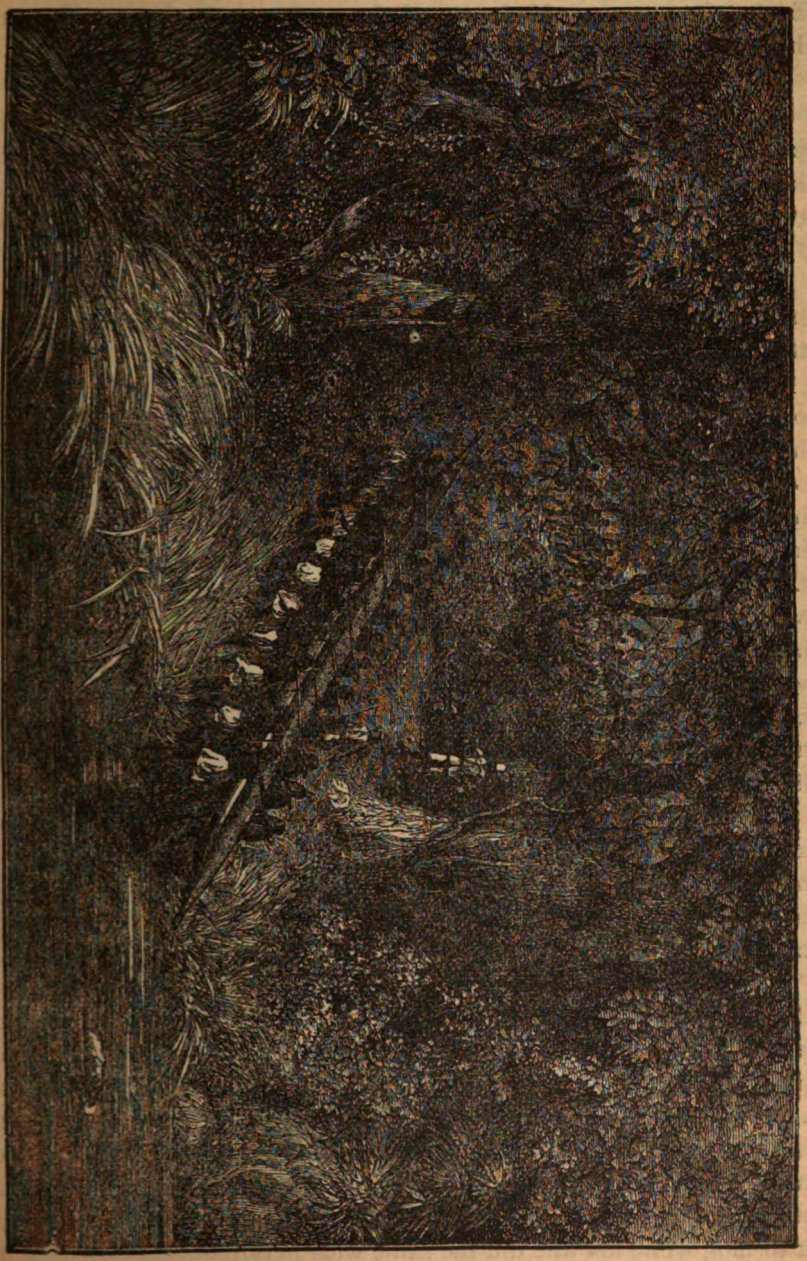

CARRYING BOATS THROUGH AN AFRICAN FOREST.

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broken into spray. Had one of them struck the boat, nothing could have saved her from being swamped.

"They are Lost! They are all Dead!"

For six hours they remained at anchor a little from the shore, thus exposed to the fury of the gale. The crew became sea-sick and unable to keep the boat's head to the sea, while some of their party who had remained on shore watched them, the natives every moment exclaiming "They are lost! they are all dead!"

After this, every night they hauled the boat up on the beach; and had it not been supposed that these storms were peculiar to one season, they would have given the Nyassa the name of the "Lake of Storms."

A dense population exists on the shores of the lake, some being a tribe of Zulus who came from the south some years ago. They own large herds of cattle, and are on the increase by uniting other people to themselves. The marshy spots are tenanted by flocks of ducks, geese, cranes, herons, and numerous other birds. The people cultivate the soil, growing large quantities of rice, sweet potatoes, maize and millet. Those at the north end reap a curious harvest. Clouds of what appeared to be smoke rising from miles of burning grass were seen in the distance. The appearance was caused by countless millions of midgets. As the voyagers' boat passed through them, eyes and mouth had to be kept closed. The people collect these insects by night and boil them into thick cakes, to be eaten as a relish. One of these cakes, which tasted like salted locusts, was presented to the doctor.

Abundance of fish were caught, some with nets, and others with hook and line. Women were seen fishing, with babies on their backs. Enormous crocodiles were seen, but, as they can obtain abundance of fish, they seldom attack men. When, however, its proper food is scarce, the crocodile, as is always the case, becomes very dangerous.

The lake tribes appear to be open-handed, and, whenever a net was drawn, fish was invariably offered. On one occasion the inhabitants, on their arrival, took out their seine, dragged it, and made their visitors a present of the entire haul. The chiefs treated them also with considerable kindness. One at the north of Marenga, who was living in a stockade in a forest surrounded by a wide extent of country, which he owned, made them beautiful presents. The doctor admiring an iron bracelet studded with copper which the chief wore, he took it off and presented it to him, while his wife did the same with hers.

At one place a party of thieves stole into the camp and carried off most of their goods, no one awaking, though their rifles and revolvers were all

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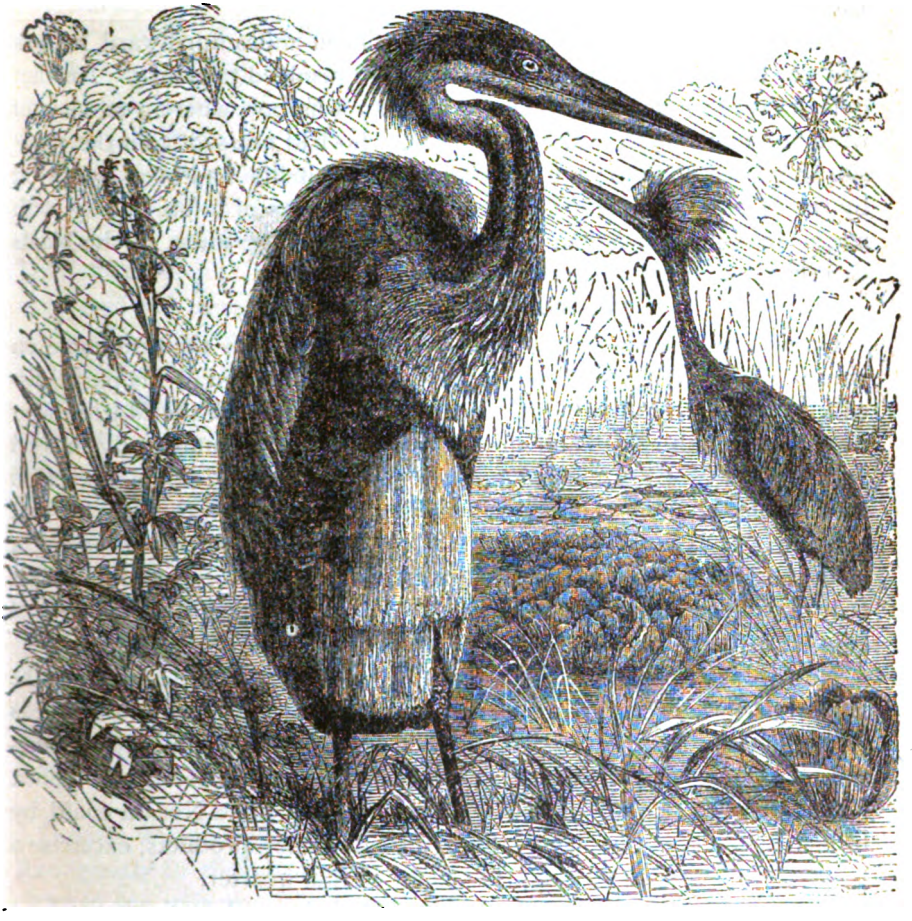
ready. The cloth, having been used for pillows, escaped, but nearly all their clothing was lost, and even their note-books and specimens.

On the highlands, at the northern end, a tribe of Zulus, known as the Mazitu, make sudden swoops on the villages of the plains, and carry off the inhabitants and burn villages; and putrid bodies slain by Mazitu



GIANT HERON OF AFRICA.

spears were seen in all directions. In consequence of this the land party, composed of blacks, were afraid of proceeding and Livingstone accordingly landed to accompany them. While he struck inland to go round a mountain, the boat pursued her course; but a fresh gale compelled her to run in-shore. On continuing her voyage, a number of armed Mazitu were seen on a small island, with several large canoes belonging to them.

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It was evident that it was a nest of lake pirates. Further on they met a still larger band, and the voyagers were ordered to come on shore. On refusing, a number of canoes chased them, one with nine paddles persevering a considerable time, till a good breeze enabled the gig to get away from them. This circumstance caused great anxiety about Dr. Livingstone.

The boat party having sailed on for fifteen miles northward, he was still nowhere to be seen, and they therefore resolved to return. Another gale, however, compelled them to put into a harbor, where a number of wretched fugitives from the slave trade, who had crossed from the opposite shore, were found; but the ordinary inhabitants had been swept off by the Mazitu. In their deserted gardens cotton of a fine quality, with staple an inch and a half long, was seen growing, some of the plants deserving to be ranked with trees.

The Way Beset with Dangers.

On returning, their former pursuers tried to induce them to come on shore. Four days passed before Livingstone with two of his party discovered them. He had in the meantime fallen in with the Mazitu, who were armed with spears and shields, and their heads fantastically dressed with feathers. By his usual courage and determination he prevented them from attacking him. When they demanded presents, he told them his goods were in the boat; and when they insisted on having a coat, the Makololo enquired how many of the party they had killed, that they thus began to divide the spoil; and at last, suspecting that he had support at hand, they took to their heels.

Numerous elephants, suprisingly tame, were seen on the borders of the lake even close to the village, and hippopotami swarmed in all the creeks and lagoons. Several were shot for food during the journey. Sometimes food was thus abundant; at others, a few sardines served for dinner.

The doctor saw that a small armed steamer on Lake Nyassa could, by furnishing goods in exchange for ivory and other products, excercise a powerful influence in stoppiug the traffic in that quarter.

The expedition had spent from the 2d of September to the 27th of October in exploring the lake, and their goods being now expended, it was necessary to return to the ship. On their way back they fell in with a number of Manganja families, driven from their homes by Ajawa raids, taking shelter among the papyrus growing on Lake Pamalombe, supporting themselves on the fine fish which abound in it. The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, but in a weak condition, having latterly suffered greatly from hunger.

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They soon received a visit from the bishop, who appeared in excellent spirits, and believed that all promised well for future success. He arranged to explore the country from Magomero to the mouth of the river, and it was agreed that the "Pioneer," her draught being too great for the upper part of the Shire, should on her next trip not go higher than Ruo.

The "Pioneer" Aground.

With three hearty cheers, the "Pioneer" steamed down the river. The rain ceasing, she unfortunately ran on a shoal, and was detained in an unhealthy spot for five weeks. Here the carpenter's mate, a fine healthy young man, was seized with fever and died. A permanent rise in the river enabled them at last to get on. On reaching Ruo, they heard that Mariano had returned from Mozambique, and was desolating the right bank of the river. He had lived in luxury during his nominal imprisonment, and was now able to set the Portuguese at defiance. An officer sent against him, instead of capturing the rebel, was captured himself, but soon returned to Tete with a present of ivory he had received.

The Zambesi was reached in January, 1862, when the "Pioneer" proceeded to the Great Luabo mouth of the river. Soon Her Majesty's ship "Gorgon" arrived, towing the brig which brought out Mrs. Livingstone and some ladies about to join the University mission, as well as the sections of a new iron steamer intended for the navigation of Lake Nyassa. The name of the "Lady Nyassa" was given to the new vessel.

The "Pioneer," with as large a portion of the vessel as she could carry, accompanied by two of the "Gorgon's" paddle-box boats, steamed off for Ruo in February. Her progress was very slow, and six months were expended before Shupanga was reached. Here the sections of the "Lady Nyassa" were landed, and preparations were made to screw her together.

Sad Deaths.

Captain Wilson had kindly gone on in his boat to Ruo. On reaching Ruo, greatly to their dismay the chief declared that no white man had come to his village. They thence went on to Chibisa, where the sad news was received of the death of the bishop. The sad tale of the bishop's death has often been told. He had set off in the hopes of rescuing some of his flock who had been kidnapped, and, undergoing fatigue and exposure to rain far greater than his constitution could stand, having been upset in a canoe and sleeping afterwards in his wet clothes, had succumbed to fever when returning to Ruo.

About the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was attacked by fever.

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Notwithstanding the most skillful medical aid rendered to her, her eyes were closed in death as the sun set on a Sabbath day, the 27th of April, 1862. Her grave was placed beneath the great baobab-tree in the spot before described. There rested the daughter of the Missionary Moffat, that Christian lady who had exercised such beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, and might, it was hoped, have renewed her labors in the country to which she had come.

The "Lady Nyassa" was now screwed together and her stores got on board; but, as she could not be taken to the cataract before the rains in December, the "Pioneer" sailed for Johanna to obtain mules and oxen to convey her by land, after she had been taken to pieces, above the falls.

To fill up the time the doctor resolved, on the return of the "Pioneer," to explore the Rovuma in boats. Captain Gardner and several of his officers accompanied them two days in the gig and cutter. The water was now low; but when filled by the rains, in many respects the Rovuma appears superior to the Zambesi. It would probably be valuable as a highway for commerce during three-fourths of each year.

Trip up the Rovuma.

Above Kichokomane was a fertile plain, studded with a number of deserted villages. Its inhabitants were living on low sandbanks, though they had left their property behind, fearing only being stolen themselves. They showed, however, an unfriendly spirit to the white men, not understanding their objects. The blacks assembled on the shore, and evidently intended to attack the party as they passed the high bank, but a stiff breeze swept the boats by. Attempts were made to persuade the natives that the travellers had only peaceful intentions, that they wished to be their friends, and that their countrymen bought cotton and ivory. Notwithstanding this, these savages were not satisfied, and their leader was seen urging them to fire.

Many of them had muskets, while others, who were armed with bows, held them with arrows ready set to shoot. Still the doctor and his companions were exceedingly unwilling to come to blows, and half an hour was spent, during which, at any moment, they might have been struck by bullets or poisoned arrows. The English assured them that they had plenty of ammunition, that they did not wish to shed the blood of the children of the same Great Father, and that if there was a fight, the guilt would be theirs. At last their leader ordered them to lay down their arms, and he came, saying that the river was theirs, and that the English must pay toll for leave to pass. As it was better to do so than

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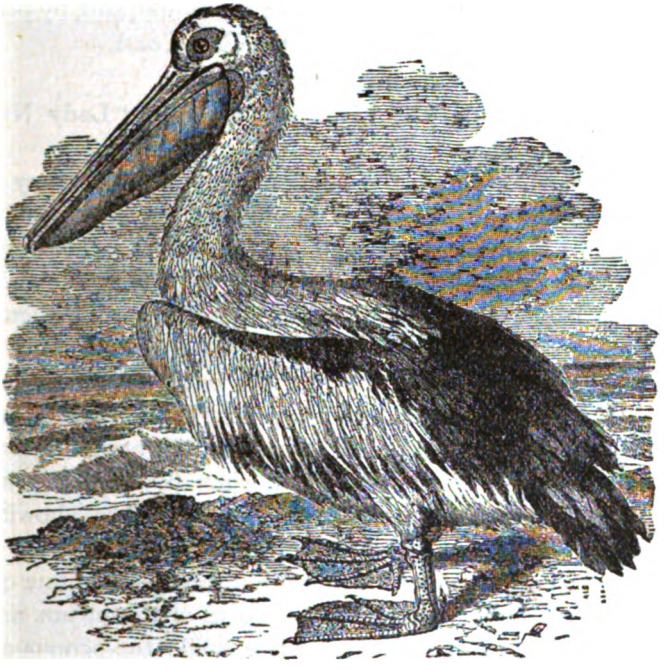
fight, the payment demanded was given, and they promised to be friends ever afterwards.

The sail was then hoisted, and the boats proceeded up, when they were followed by a large party, as it was supposed merely to watch them, but without a moment's warning the savages fired a volley of musket-balls and poisoned arrows. Providentially they were so near that six arrows passed over their heads, and four musket-balls alone went through the sail. Their assailants immediately bolted, and did not again appear till the boats had got to a considerable distance. A few shots were fired



THE PELICAN.

over their heads, to give them an idea of the range of the Englishmen's rifles. They had probably expected to kill some of the party, and then in the confusion to rob the boats.

They were more hospitably treated by a Makoa chief higher up, who had been to Iboe, and once to Mozambique with slaves. His people refused to receive gaily-colored prints, having probably been deceived by sham ones before, preferring the plain blue stuff of which they had experience. Another old chief, on seeing them go by, laid down his gun, and when they landed approached them.

They proceeded up the cataracts of the Rovuma, but finding that the

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distance overland was far greater to Lake Nyassa than that by Murchison's Cataracts on the Shire, they considered it best to take their steamer up by that route. After having been away a month, they reached the "Pioneer" on the 9th of October. The ship's company had used distilled water, and not a single case of sickness had occurred on board, while those who had been in the boats had some slight attacks.

After this they put to sea and visited Johanna, returning to the fever-haunted village of Quillimane. Here they were kindly entertained by one of the few honorable Portuguese officials they met with in that region, Colonel Nunes. He came out as a cabin-boy, and, by persevering energy, has become the richest man on the East Coast.

Extraordinary Sight.

Early in January, 1863, the "Pioneer," with the "Lady Nyassa" in tow, steamed up the Shire.

The Shire marshes support prodigious numbers of many kinds of water-fowl. An hour at the mast-head unfolded novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favorite tree, rest scores of plotuses and cormorants, which stretch their snake-like necks and in mute amazement turn one eye and then another towards the approaching monster. By and by the timid ones begin to fly off, or take "headers" into the stream; but a few of the bolder, or more composed, remain, only taking the precaution to spread their wings, ready for instant flight. The pretty ardetta, of a light yellow color when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing, and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often showing where buffaloes and elephants are by perching on their backs.

Ducks are very abundant, and being night feeders, meditate quietly by the small lagoons until startled by the noise of the steam machinery. Pelicans glide over the water catching fish, while the scopus and large herons peer intently into pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose (a constant marauder of native gardens) springs up, and circles round to find out what the disturbance can be, and then settles down again with a splash. Hundreds of linongolos rise on the wing from the clumps of reeds, or low trees, on which they build in colonies, and are speedily high in mid-air.

Charming little red and yellow weavers remind one of butterflies, as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendant nests, chattering briskly to their mates within. Kites and vultures are busy overhead, viewing the ground for their repast of carrion; and the solemn-looking, stately-stepping flamingoes, with a taste for dead

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fish or men, stalk slowly along the almost stagnant channels. Groups of men and boys are searching diligently in various places for lotus and other roots. Some are standing in canoes, on the weed-covered ponds, spearing fish, while others are punting over the small intersecting streams to examine their sunken fish-baskets.

GROUP OF FLAMINGOES.

Towards evening, hundreds of pretty little hawks are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragon-flies and locusts. They come, apparently, from resting on the palm trees during the heat of the day. Flocks of scissor-bills are then also on the wing, and in search of food,

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ploughing the water with their lower mandibles, which are nearly half an inch longer than the upper ones.

At the north-eastern end of the marsh, and about three miles from the river, commences a great forest of palm trees. It extends many miles, and at one point comes close to the river. The gray trunks and green tops of this immense mass of trees give a pleasing tone of color to the view. The mountain range, which rises close behind the palms, is generally of a cheerful green, and has many trees, with patches of a lighter tint among them, as if spots of land had once been cultivated. The sharp angular rocks and dells on its sides have the appearance of a huge crystal broken; and this is so often the case in Africa that one can guess pretty nearly at sight whether a range is of the old crystalline rocks or not. The borassus, though not an oil-bearing palm, is a useful tree. The fibrous pulp round the large nuts is of a sweet, fruity taste, and is eaten by men and elephants. The natives bury the nuts until the kernels begin to sprout; when dug up and broken, the inside resembles coarse potatoes, and is prized in times of scarcity as nutritious food. During several months of the year palm-wine, or *sura*, is obtained in large quantities; when fresh, it is a pleasant drink, somewhat like champagne, and not at all intoxicating; though, after standing a few hours, it becomes highly so.

Vegetable Champagne.

Sticks, a foot long, are driven into notches in the hard outside of the tree—the inside being soft or hollow—to serve as a ladder; the top of the fruit-shoot is cut off, and the sap, pouring out at the fresh wound, is caught in an earthen pot, which is hung at the point. A thin slice is taken off the end, to open the pores and make the juice flow every time the owner ascends to empty the pot. Temporary huts are erected in the forest, and men and boys remain by their respective trees day and night; the nuts, fish and wine being their sole food. The Portuguese use the palm-wine as yeast, and it makes bread so light that it melts in the mouth like froth.

Above the palm-trees, a succession of rich, low islands stud the river. Many of them are cultivated and grow maize at all times of the year. Some patches ripe are seen, and others half-grown, or just sprouting out of the ground. The shores are adorned with rows of banana-trees, and the fruit is abundant and cheap. Many of the reedy banks are so intertwined with convolvulus, and other creepers, as to be absolutely impenetrable. They are beautiful to the eye, a smooth wall of living green rising out of the crystal water, and adorned with lovely flowers; but so

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CURIOUS NEST OF THE FLAMINGO.

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dense that, if capsized in the water, one could scarcely pass through to land. Probably no tropical bird is more remarkable than the famous flamingo. The following incident is related by one of a party of travellers in Africa:

Our path led through the forest near the banks of the river, of which we occasionally got glimpses. It was here of considerable width, bordered by mangrove bushes. In one or two places there were wide flats covered with reeds. Suddenly, as we passed a point of the river, I saw drawn up what had much the appearance, at the first glance, of a regiment of soldiers, with red coats and white trousers.

"Why, where can those men have come from?" I cried out.

A Regiment of Birds.

One of the party, who was near me, burst into a laugh, in which his sisters and the boys joined. "Why, those are birds," he answered. "A regiment, true enough, but of flamingoes; and see! they are in line, and will quickly march away as we approach."

A second glance showed me that he was right; and a very curious appearance they had. "See! there is the sentinel."

As he spoke, one of the birds nearest to us issued a sound like that of a trumpet, which was taken up by the remainder; and the whole troop, expanding their flaming wings, rose with loud clamors into the air, flying up the stream. We went on, and cutting off a bend in the river, again met it; and here our bearers declared that they must stop and rest. We accordingly encamped, though our guide warned us that we must remain but a short time, as we wished to reach some higher ground before dark. A fire was lighted for cooking; and while our meal was preparing, I, with others, went down nearer the banks to see what was to be seen. We observed on the marshy ground a little way off a high mound, and creeping along, that we might not disturb the numerous birds which covered the banks or sat on the trees around, we caught sight of another mound, with a flamingo seated on the top of it, her long legs, instead of being tucked up as those of most birds would have been, literally astraddle on it.

"That is one of their nests," whispered one. "The bird is a hen sitting on her eggs. Depend upon it, the troop is not far off. See, see! there are many others along the banks. What a funny appearance they have."

Red Wings Sweeping Through the Air.

Presently a flash of red appeared in the blue sky, and looking up, we saw what might be described as a great fiery triangle in the air sweeping down towards us. On it came, greatly diminishing its rate, and we then

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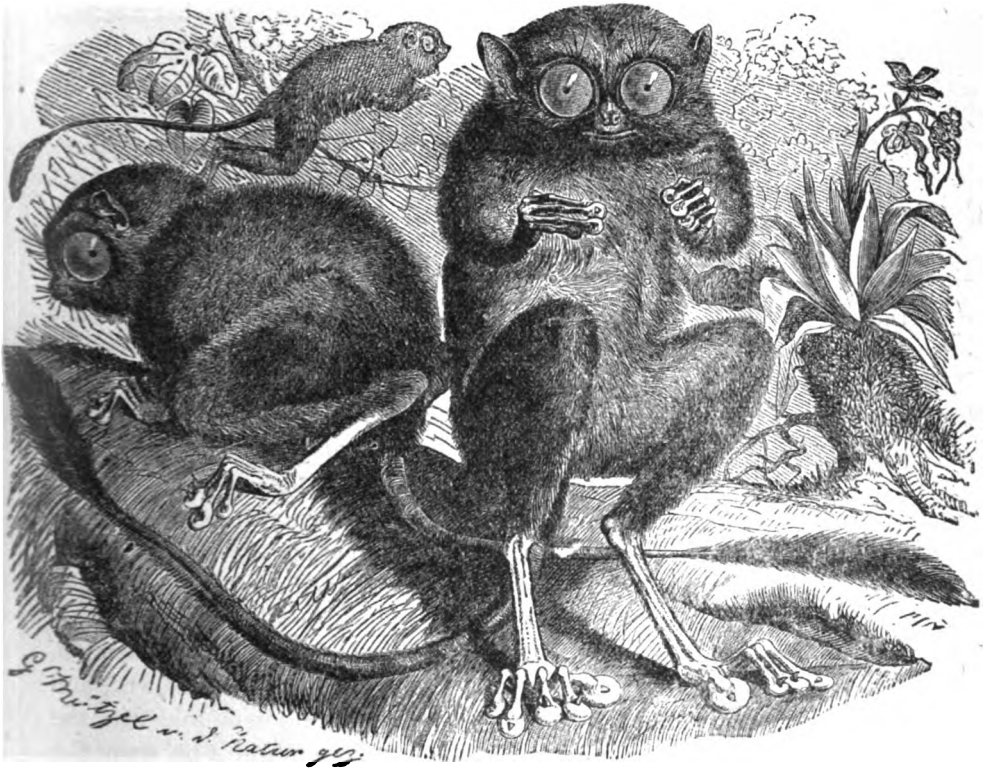
saw that it was composed of flamingoes. They hovered for a moment, then flew round and round, following one another, and gradually approached the marsh, on which they alighted. Immediately they arranged themselves as we had before seen them, in long lines, when several marched off on either side to act as sentinels, while the rest commenced fishing. We could see them arching their necks and digging their long bills into the ground, while they stirred up the mud with their webbed feet, in order to procure the water-insects on which



THE MARVELLOUS SPECTRAL LEMUR.

they subsist. They, however, were not the only visitors to the river. The tide was low, and on every mud-bank or exposed spot countless numbers of birds were collected—numerous kinds of gulls, herons, and long-legged cranes—besides which, on the trees were perched thousands of white birds, looking at a distance like shining white flowers. Vast flocks of huge pelicans were swimming along the stream, dipping their enormous bills into the water, and each time bringing up a fish. They have enormous pouches, capable of containing many pounds of their finny prey.

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Other forms of animal life abound in the Tropics, and not the least marvellous of these is the spectral lemur.

Lemur is the name applied to about thirty species of monkeys. They are divided into five principal genera, inhabiting chiefly Madagascar, a few living in Africa and the warm regions of Asia and its archipelago.

The animals have two sharp claws on each hind foot, all their other nails are flat. In their habits and economy, as well as in their hand-like paws, the lemurs are like the other monkeys. They principally differ from those animals in the shape of the head, which is somewhat like that of a dog, and in the great length of their hind legs. The latter are so long, that when the lemurs walk on all-fours, their haunches are considerably more elevated than the shoulders.

But this structure is of great advantage to them in climbing trees. Many of the species are so active that they leap from branch to branch with a rapidity which the eye is scarcely able to follow. The lemurs derive their name from their nocturnal habits and their noiseless movements. They live in the depths of the forests, and only move by night, the entire day being spent in sleep. Their food consists of fruits and insects which latter they take while they are sleeping.

The spectral lemur is of a grayish-brown color, and lives in some of the forests of Africa, its long tarsi, or hind legs enabling it to leap like a frog, and its curious eyes giving it a singular appearance.

Scenes Along the River's Banks.

Surrounded by such tropical scenes as we have just described, with their wonderful specimens of animal life, Livingstone pursued his way. A country once very populous was nearly deserted on account of continuous raids by slave hunters.

A hippopotamus was shot, and, at the end of three days, it floated. As the boat was towing it, immense numbers of crocodiles followed, and it was necessary to fire at them to keep them off. It is said that the crocodile never eats fresh meat; indeed, the more putrid it becomes, the better he enjoys his repast, as he can thus tear the carcass more easily. The corpse of a boy was seen floating by. Several crocodiles dashed at it, fighting for their prey, and in a few seconds it disappeared. Sixty-seven of the repulsive reptiles were seen on one bank. The natives eat the animal, but few who had witnessed the horrible food on which they banquet would willingly feed on their flesh.

Their former companion, Mr. Thornton, here rejoined them. Hearing that the remaining members of the bishop's party were in want at Chibisa, he volunteered to carry over a supply of goats and sheep to them.

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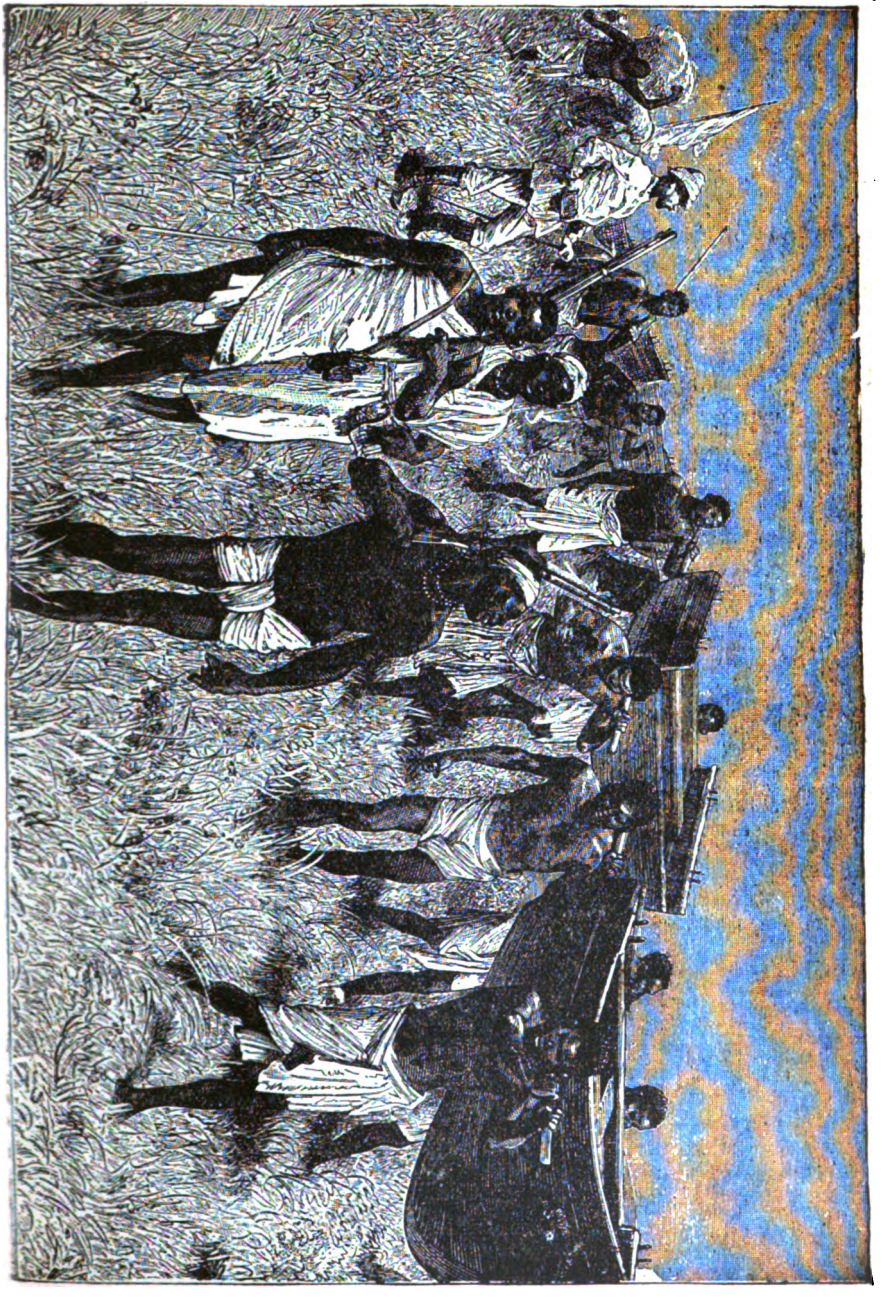

NATIVES CARRYING A BOAT IN SECTIONS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

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Overcome by the fatigues of the journey, he was attacked by fever, which terminated fatally in April, 1863.

The whole of the once pleasant Shire valley was now a scene of widespread desolation. Fearful famine had devastated it, and the sights which met their eye in every direction were heart-rending. The ground was literally covered with human bones. Many had ended their career under the shade of trees, others under projecting crags of the hills, while others lay in their huts with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse with a few rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow; the little skeleton of a child that had perished first, was rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons.

Transporting the Boat Overland.

Hoping that the "Lady Nyassa" might be the means of affording relief to sufferers across the lake, they hurried on with their work. She was unscrewed at a spot about five hundred yards below the first cataract, and they began to make a road over the portage of forty miles, by which she was to be carried piecemeal.

Trees had to be cut down and stones removed. The first half-mile of road was formed up a gradual slope till two hundred feet above the river was reached, where a sensible difference in the climate was felt. Before much progress was made, Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone were seized with fever, and it was deemed absolutely necessary that they should be sent home. Soon afterwards Dr. Livingstone was himself attacked.

The "Pioneer" meantime was roofed over and left in charge of the trustworthy gunner, Mr. Young. One day, an empty canoe was seen floating down with a woman swimming near it. The boat put off and brought her on board, when she was found to have an arrow-head in the middle of her back. A native cut it out, and, notwithstanding the fearful character of the wound, being fed liberally by Mr. Young, she recovered.

About the middle of June the remaining members of the expedition started for the upper cataracts. Cotton of superior quality was seen dropping off the bushes, with no one to gather it. The huts in several villages were found entire, with mortars and stones for pounding and grinding corn, empty corn safes and kitchen utensils, water and beer-pots untouched, but the doors were shut, as if the inhabitants had gone to search for roots or fruits and had never returned; while in others, skeletons were seen of persons who died apparently while endeavoring to reach something to allay the gnawings of hunger.

Several journeys had been made over the portage, when, on returning

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to the ship in July, they received a despatch from Earl Russell, directing the return home of the expedition. Arrangements therefore were made to screw the "Lady Nyassa" together again, as the "Pioneer" could not move till the floods in December. In the meantime it was determined to make another trip to the lake in a boat to be carried overland past the cataracts.

The same scenes were witnessed as before. Wild animals had taker possession of the ruins of a large village in which on their previous visit the inhabitants had been living in peace and plenty. They had no idea, having before kept closer to the river, of the number of villages, always apparently selected with a view to shade, existing in that region, all of which were now deserted.

They at length reached a region which had hitherto escaped, where the people welcomed them with the greatest cordiality, and were willing to spare the small amount of food they had remaining for themselves. But even here news of war soon reached them, and they found that a tribe of Zulus, the Mazitu, were ravaging the country, and that the inhabitants were only safe within their stockades. They soon encountered men and women carrying grain towards these fortifications, and soon they came upon dead bodies, first one and then another, lying in postures assumed in mortal agony such as no painter can produce.

Terror from Savage Invaders.

On their arrival at Chinsamba's stockade, they were told that the Mazitu had been repulsed thence the day before, and the sad sight of the numerous bodies of the slain showed the truth of the report. Chinsamba urged them not to proceed to the north-west, where the Mazitu had occupied the whole region, and they accordingly remained with him till September.

After this they visited Chia Lakelet. On their way they met men and women eagerly reaping the corn in haste, to convey it to the stockades, while so much was found scattered along the paths by the Mazitu and the fugitives that some women were winnowing it from the sand. Dead bodies and burned villages showed that they were close upon the heels of the invaders. Among the reeds on the banks of the lake was seen a continuous village of temporary huts in which the people had taken refuge from their invaders.

Another extensive and interesting journey was taken in the neighborhood of the lake, and, on their return along the shores, they found the reeds still occupied by the unhappy fugitives, who were already suffering fearfully from famine. Numbers of newly-made graves showed that

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many had already perished, and others had more the appearance of human skeletons than living beings.

Altogether in this expedition they travelled seven hundred and sixty miles in a straight line, averaging about fifteen miles a day, and they reached the ship on the 1st of November, where all were found in good health and spirits. They were visited on board by an Ajawa chief named Kapeni, who asserted that he and his people would gladly receive the associates of Bishop Mackenzie as their teachers.

About the middle of December news reached them of the arrival of the successor of Bishop Mackenzie, but that gentleman, after spending a few months on the top of a mountain as high as Ben Nevis, at the mouth of the Shire, where there are few or no people to be taught, returned home, while six of the boys who had been reared by Bishop Mackenzie had been deserted and exposed to the risk of falling back into heathenism. The poor boys, however, managed to reach the ship, expressing their sorrow that they no longer had one to look after them, remarking that Bishop Mackenzie had a loving heart, and had been more than a father to them.

In January, 1864, the Shire suddenly rising, the "Pioneer" was once more got under way; but, her rudder being injured, she was delayed, and did not reach Morambala till February. Here they received on board about thirty orphan boys and girls, and a few helpless widows who had been attached to Bishop Mackenzie's mission, and who could not be abandoned without bringing odium on the English name. The moment permission to embark was given, they all rushed into the boat, nearly swamping her in their eagerness to be safe on the "Pioneer's" deck.

At the mouth of the Zambesi, they found Her Majesty's ships "Orestes" and "Ariel," when the former took the "Pioneer" in tow, and the latter the "Lady Nyassa," bound for Mozambique. After encountering a heavy storm, when the little vessels behaved admirably, while the "Pioneer" was sent to the Cape, the "Lady Nyassa," under charge of Dr. Livingstone, proceeded by way of Zanzibar to Bombay, which they safely reached, though at times they thought their epitaph would be: "Left Zanzibar on the 30th of April, 1864, and never more heard of."

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CHAPTER X.

LIVINGSTONE LOST IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

Sensation Caused by Livingstone's Discoveries—New Expedition—Arrival at Zanzibar—Hard March Across the Country—Desertion of Sepoys—Arrival on the Shores of the Lake—No Canoes—Report of Murders by Arabs—Desertions Among the Men—Story of Livingstone's Death—Excitement in England—Expedition Sent to Learn the Explorer's Fate—Ravages by a Savage Tribe—Thieves in the Camp—Loss of the Medicine Chest—Sufferings from Fever—Arrival at Tanganyika—A New Lake on the West—Further Progress Stopped—Patient Waiting—Off for the New Lake at Last—Down the Lake to Cazembe's—High and Mighty Potentate—Formal Reception to Livingstone—Presents to the Chief—Shocking Stories of Human Sacrifices—Cropping off Ears and Lopping off Hands—A Tribe that Smelts Copper-ore—Hot Springs and Frequent Earthquakes—Exploring Lake Bangweolo—Grave in the Forest—"Poor Mary Lies on Shupanga Brae"—Remarkable Discovery—Modesty of the Great Explorer.

THE excitement caused in England by Livingstone's account of all that he had seen and done in his great journeys was intense. Men of science were eager to ascertain if the lakes of the South were connected with those of Central Africa, and, if so, by what means. One and all felt that the work begun must be carried on at whatever cost. Missionary societies prepared to send members into the new and vast fields that had been opened.

On every side arose a cry for new men, willing to risk their lives in the common cause of humanity and geographical discovery. With the missionaries who responded to this appeal we have not now to deal, though we are glad to be able to add that quite a little colony went to work on the shores of the Nyassa. Our task is merely to trace the further progress of the solution of the great problems of Central African geography, and it is with feelings of mingled joy and regret that we resume our narrative of the career of one of the greatest of all our heroes. We rejoice that Livingstone was spared to add yet another chapter to geographical science; we bitterly regret that our gain was purchased at the cost of a life so valuable as his.

On his return to England in 1864, the great explorer would fain have retired from active service, and spent the evening of his life in settling the pecuniary affairs of his family and enjoying the society of his children. When asked by his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, president of the Royal Geographical Society, to name a leader for a new expedition to

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resolve the problem of the watershed between the Nyassa and Tanganyika, Livingstone at once fixed upon an eminent traveller, whose name is for obvious reasons withheld. That traveller declined to undertake the mission because no sufficient remuneration was offered for his services, and in his disappointment, Sir Roderick appealed to Livingstone. Why could not he, who had already done so much, undertake this one more journey? Who so fit to complete the work as the experienced explorer who had begun it?

Resolve to Return to Africa.

For a moment, but only for a moment, our hero hesitated, and then he urged, almost apologetically, all the reasons against the undertaking of fresh responsibility by a man of the advanced age of fifty-three, who was already worn out by the fatigues of two previous journeys, each extending over several years. All objections were, however, overruled, and before the interview closed Livingstone had consented to start for Zanzibar as soon as his book on the Zambesi was published.

For this new expedition the English Government subscribed the sum of $2,500, the Royal Geographical Society $2,500, and a private friend $5,000. Its main object was to explore the country between the Nyassa and Tanganyika, with a view to determining the relation of the two lakes to each other, but from first to last Livingstone never lost sight of the question—to him of equal importance—of the best means for benefiting the barbarous races in Africa.

Our hero left England for the third and last time in August, 1865, scarcely more than a year after his return home from his Zambesi journey, and arrived in Zanzibar in January, 1866. He proposed penetrating to the Nyassa by way of the Rovuma River and those districts on the east of the lake inhabited by the dreaded Ajawa, but, except for this mere outline of a plan, he determined to be guided by circumstances, knowing from many a provoking experience how seldom any programme can be accurately carried out in African travel.

Kindly received by the Sultan of Zanzibar, to whom he had first-rate letters of introduction, Livingstone was able to make the necessary arrangements for his journey with great rapidity, and by the beginning of March he had in his service, in addition to thirteen Sepoys from India, ten Johanna men, two Shapunga men, one of them the now celebrated Susi, two Wayans, the Chumah who with Susi remained with his master to the last, and a Wakatani. An Arab dhow was purchased for the transit to the Rovuma of the animals, consisting of six camels, three

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buffaloes, two mules, and four donkeys, and large stores of merchandise and provisions. No pains, in short, were spared to ensure success, and on the 18th of March all was ready for the start.

The Expedition Starts.

The explorer and his retinue crossed from Zanzibar to the main land in Her Majesty's ship "Penguin," and after a rather disheartening examination of the mouths of the Rovuma, Mikindany Bay, twenty-five miles above them, was fixed upon as the best spot for disembarkation. Livingstone and his people landed, the "Penguin" took her leave, and the work of the expedition may be said to have begun. A house on the sea-shore was hired at the rate of four dollars a month to form a kind of permanent storehouse; the animals were disembarked from the dhow, carriers were engaged, and early in April the march to the south was commenced.

The caravan wound slowly through dense jungle, which had to be cut down for the passage of the camels, though it offered no serious obstruction to the men of the party, and, halting now at one, now at another Makonde village, arrived on the banks of the Rovuma, opposite the furthest point reached by the "Pioneer" in 1866.

The course was now due west, along the edge of "that ragged outline of table-land" which had been seen on the previous expedition as flanking both sides of the river. A rough path led, in winding fashion, from one village to another, all inhabited by Makonde, a degraded negro race, knowing nothing—though they are in constant intercourse with Arabs—of God, of a future state, or of the commonest usages of civilized life. They pray to their mothers when dying or in distress, and believe implicitly in the power of their doctors over life and death. The headman of every village was also the doctor. Livingstone made several attempts to teach the Makonde the first principles of religion, but his ignorance of their language rendered all his efforts unsuccessful.

Cruel Drivers.

In the middle of April the caravan turned southwards, and for the next two months a south-westerly course was pursued, through a mountainous and well-wooded country, peopled by the Mtambwe, said to be a branch of the Makonde. In this march the chief difficulty with which our hero had to contend was the cruelty of his men to the animals, many of which were lamed by blows from their drivers, but whether with a view to retarding the journey, or from a wanton love of inflicting suffering, it was impossible to decide. The camels often came back from pasture bleeding from newly-inflicted wounds, and the buffaloes and mules were also soon covered with sores.

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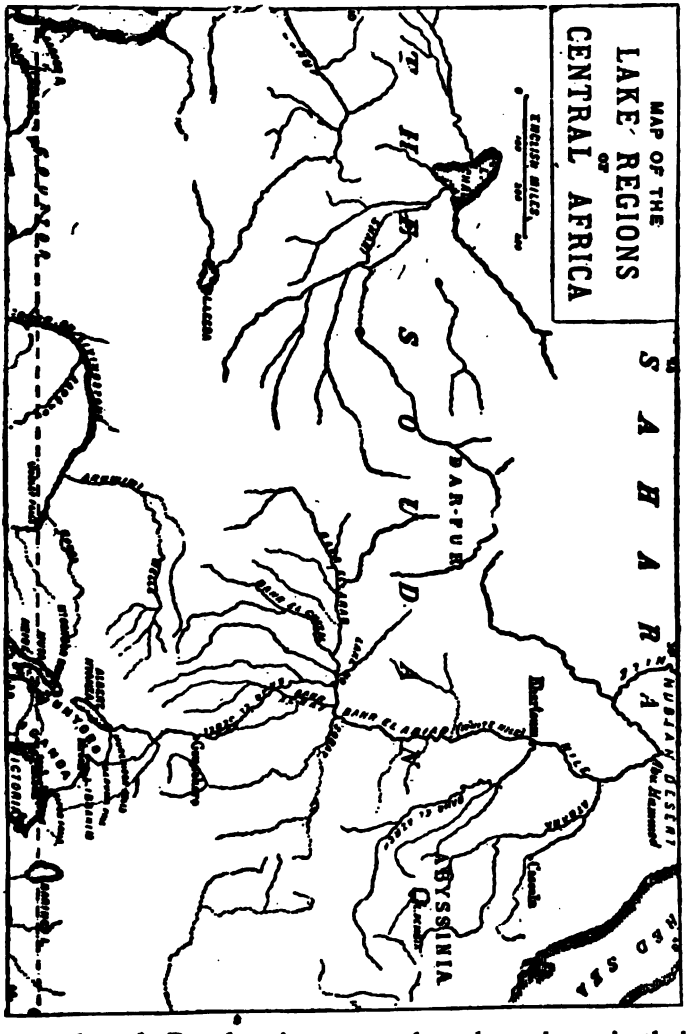
In May a country comparatively free of wood was entered, in which it was possible to advance without perpetual cutting and clearing, and the same month the highest point of the Rovuma reached by the "Pioneer" in 1866 was passed. Beyond camp districts hitherto totally unknown to



Europeans—though Roscher is supposed to have been in their neighborhood—where the natives, though not exactly unfriendly, did not readily supply food to the exploring party. Much coaxing and bargaining were required to obtain needed supplies, which were not always of the best quality, yet they were always dear. The country was suffering

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from drought, and the people were in daily fear of raids from the Mazite, a warlike race living on the southern banks of the Rovuma, who plunder and murder the surrounding tribes with savage recklessness.

Miserably short marches were all that could be made on the small rations to which Livingstone was now obliged to reduce his men, but finally, all difficulties surmounted, the junction with the Loendi, supposed to be the parent stream of the Rovuma, was reached, and, crossing it with the help of a friendly chief called Matumora, our hero hoped to make his way rapidly to Lake Nyassa, across the southern bank of the Rovuma.

Mutiny Among the Sepoys.

But now the Sepoys, who had long shown signs of insubordination, declared they would go no further, and inquiry revealed that they had offered Ali, the leader of the retinue, eight rupees to take them to the coast. The Nassick boys followed their example. They would not go on to be starved; Livingstone must pay their wages and let them go. By continued threats and promises, however, a truce was patched up for a time, and the whole party crept on along the southern bank of the Rovuma till the 18th June, when one of the Nassick boys died, and the Sepoys again rebelled. To make a long story short, we may add that, after several vain attempts to bind them to his service, Livingstone finally consented to the return of the Indians to Zanzibar, and that those who survived the journey to the coast arrived there in August or September. They appear to have suffered greatly, and to have had some excuse for their unwillingness to proceed further in a country where death from starvation was the least of many evils to be feared.

Pressing on with his reduced numbers, Livingstone followed the course of the Rovuma until the 1st July. Then leaving the river he entered the Ajawa country, and, traversing it in a south-westerly direction, came to Lake Nyassa at the confluence of the Nishinge, in August, to find himself once more amongst the friendly Manganja, to whom he had rendered such great services in 1861.

The practicability of the shorter route to the Nyassa from the eastern coast was now proved beyond a doubt, and, overjoyed by the successful termination of the first stage of his journey, Livingstone eagerly set about endeavoring to cross the lake, hoping to reach an Arab settlement which he knew to exist on the western shore, with a view to making it the starting-point for Tanganyika.

In this plan our hero was disappointed. After trying for nearly a month to persuade first one and then another native chief to lend him a

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canoe, Livingstone finally determined to go southwards round Cape Maclear and ascend the lake on the other side. In this he was successful, and we soon find him marching across the base of the promontory, with the singular addition to his retinue of two Ajawa, who acted as guides and carriers, much to their own surprise, and that of everybody else, this tribe seldom condescending to do any work but fighting.

A Courteous Chief.

The village of Marenga, situated at the eastern edge of the bottom of the heel of the lake, was entered, inhabited by a tribe called Babisa, who had lately joined with the Ajawa in their raids upon the Manganja. The chief of this village, who was suffering from a loathsome skin disease introduced into the country by the Arabs, received Livingstone courteously, but allowed him to proceed northwards without warning him that the Mazitu were ravaging the country through which he must pass.

Late in September an Arab met the party, and told Musa, one of the Johanna men, that all who ventured further would certainly be murdered; forty-four Arabs had been killed at Kasungu; he only had escaped to tell the tale.

Surprised that he had heard nothing of this from Marenga, and half suspecting foul play, Livingstone lost no time in returning to that chief to inquire if there were any foundation for the story. The reply received was to the effect that it might be true. The natives were very bitter against the Arabs, who were gradually destroying their country. They would allow no more to settle amongst them, but their hostility would not extend to Livingstone or his people, and there were no Mazitu where he was going.

Completely reassured himself, Livingstone determined to proceed, but the Johanna men had taken alarm. "Musa's eyes stood out with terror." He said, speaking of Marenga, "I no can believe that man;" and when Livingstone inquired how he came to give such ready credence to the Arab, he answered, "I ask him to tell me true, and he say true, true." Reasoning and persuasion were alike in vain. Convinced that they and their master were doomed, the Johanna resolutely declined to go further, and when the start was again made they went off in a body, leaving their loads on the ground.

Report of Livingstone's Death.

This was the true origin of the report, long believed in England, of the murder of Livingstone by natives on the western shores of Lake Nyassa. The deserters made their way back to Zanzibar, and, anxious to excuse

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their own conduct, and explain their sudden return, related the following plausible story:

The expedition had safely reached Lake Nyassa and crossed it. The doctor then pushed on westwards, and in course of time reached Goomani, a fishing village on a river. The people of Goomani warned Livingstone that the Mafites, a wandering predatory tribe, were out on a plundering expedition, and that it would not be safe to continue the journey; but the dangers thus presented to view were not of a nature to deter a man who had braved so many before. Treating the warnings as of little moment, therefore, he crossed the river in canoes the next morning, with his baggage and his train of followers. All the baggage animals had perished from want of water before this river was reached, so that the luggage had to be carried by the men. Being a fast walker, Livingstone soon distanced all his heavily-laden followers except Musa, and two or three others who kept up with him.

Musa's Story.

The march had continued some distance, when Dr. Livingstone saw three armed men ahead, and thereupon he called out to Musa, "The Mafites are out after all!" These were the last words he uttered.

The Mafites, armed with bows and arrows and axes, closed upon the doctor, who drew his revolver and shot two. The third, however, got behind him, and with one blow from an axe clove in his head. The wound was mortal, but the assassin quickly met his own doom, for a bullet from Musa's musket passed through his body, and the murderer fell dead beside his victim.

Musa added that the doctor died instantly, and that, finding the Mafites were out, he ran back to the baggage-men, and told them that their master had been killed. The baggage was then abandoned, and the whole party sought safety by a hasty flight, which they continued till sunset, when they took refuge for the night in a jungle. The next day they returned to the scene of the disaster, and found Livingstone's body lying on the ground naked but for the trousers, the rest of his clothing having been stolen. A hole was hastily "scratched" in the ground, and the explorer was buried. No papers or any other means of identification were recovered, and, broken-hearted at the loss of their beloved master, the Johanna men started for the coast, enduring great hardships by the way, but finally arriving safely in Zanzibar.

To this tale all the faithless servants adhered through one cross-examination after another, and it was very generally believed, until Sir Roderick Murchison, in a letter to the *Times*, pointed out several flaws in the

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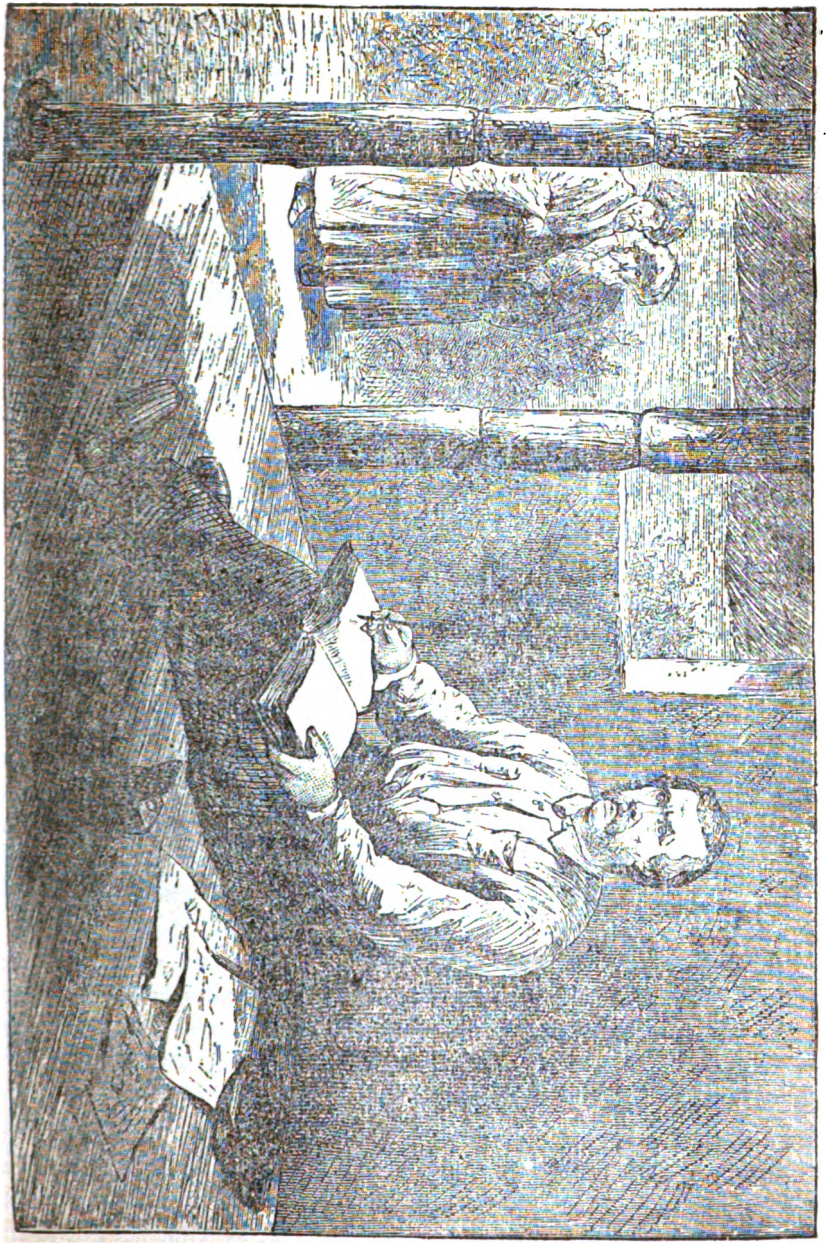

DR. LIVINGSTONE AT WORK ON HIS JOURNAL.

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ingenious fabrication, proposing at the same time that an expedition should be sent to the western shores of Lake Nyassa to examine into the truth of the report. The English Government promptly seized this suggestion; volunteers were called for, and hundreds of brave men eagerly offered their services. Mr. Edward Daniel Young was selected to take the command, and left England on the 11th of June, 1869.

Young's Search Expedition.

In a trip extending over less than five months, the gallant officer completely proved the falsity of Musa's account, obtained trustworthy evidence of Livingstone's continued health and activity, and in October embarked for England, where the news he brought was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, Livingstone, ignorant alike of the report of his death and of the efforts being made on his behalf, quietly reflects in his journal that he is not sorry to have got rid of the Johanna men, they were such inveterate thieves. Pressing on with his small retinue, now reduced to the surviving Nassick boys and the Shapunga and Ajawa men, Livingstone reached a village at the foot of Mount Mulundini, on the west of the heel of the Nyassa, and, obtaining there confirmation of the reports of disturbances on the north, determined to go west amongst the Manganja, here called Maravi.

This resolution was attended with the best results. Courteously received at every village, and supplied with guides to the next, our hero passed safely through a beautiful mountainous country, till he came to the hamlet of Pamiala, where he turned southwards, and, pursuing a zig-zag course, reached Chipanga, the most southerly point of his journey.

A short march westward from Chipanga, brought the party to a village called Theresa, beyond which the course was north-easterly, and through districts hitherto totally unknown to Europeans. One river after another, flowing towards Lake Nyassa, was crossed, and all seemed likely to go well, when, in October, after a successful hunt, in which a fine hartebeest antelope was shot, came news, from villagers flying southwards for their lives, that the Mazitu were out and close at hand.

Alarm and Flight.

The servants, who were eagerly anticipating a hearty supper, such as rarely fell to their lot, started to their feet, the half-cooked meat was hastily packed, and Livingstone and his guide Mpanda set out to engage extra carriers to aid in the retreat.

As they approached the next village, however, the inhabitants poured

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out. The Mazitu were there, too, and the terrified people were fleeing to the Zalanyama mountains, on the south-west. Mpanda and his men now wished to go home and look after their own property, but Livingstone managed to persuade them to remain, and follow with him "the spoor of the fugitives." Taking his stand at the foot of the rocky sides of the Zalanyama range, now crowded with trembling natives, our hero intended to defend his property to the last; but after waiting some time he heard that the enemy had gone to the south. Had he carried out his first scheme of going forward in search of men, he would have walked

LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MEN CROSSING A "SPONGE."

straight into the hands of the Mazitu, and his fate would probably have differed but little from that assigned to him in Musa's story.

Most of the region before these mountains are reached is lowlands, and filled with "sponges;" Livingstone's description of the latter will stand the reader in good stead when he comes to the constant mention of these obstructions in the later travels towards the north. They were among the most formidable obstacles he had to encounter, and at times greatly impeded his progres

"The bogs, or earthen sponges, of this country, occupy a most important part in its physical geography, and probably explain the

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annual inundations of most of the rivers. Wherever a plain sloping towards a narrow opening in hills or higher ground exists, there we have the conditions requisite for the formation of an African sponge. The vegetation, not being of a healthy or peat-forming kind, falls down, rots, and then forms rich black loam. In many cases a mass of this loam, two or three feet thick, rests on a bed of pure river sand, which is revealed by crabs and other aquatic animals bringing it to the surface. At present, in the dry season, the black loam is cracked in all directions, and the cracks are often as much as three inches wide, and very deep.

"The whole surface has now fallen down, and rests on the sand, but when the rains come, the first supply is nearly all absorbed in the sand. The black loam forms soft slush, and floats on the sand. The narrow opening prevents it from moving off in a landslip, but an oozing spring rises at that spot. All the pools in the lower portion of this spring-course are filled by the first rains, which happen south of the equator when the sun goes vertically over any spot. The second, or greater rains, happen in his course north again, when all the bogs and river-courses being wet, the supply runs off, and forms the inundation: this was certainly the case as observed on the Zambesi and Shire, and, taking the different times for the sun's passage north of the equator, it explains the inundation of the Nile."

So saturated was the soil with moisture, that for days solid land was not to be found. Where there was not absolute swamp and mire, the ground was covered with a matted green carpet—a thin crust of vegetation and soil covering "the waters under the earth"—which rose and fell a foot at each step. These treacherous places had to be crossed with a light step, and without pausing, for at the least delay the foot might slip through the floating mass, and the unhappy traveller plunge up to the armpits in mire.

Fire and Desolation.

As the journey westward was pursued, the smoke of burning villages on the east and on the south plainly marked the course of the marauders, and, thankful for his narrow escape, Livingstone pressed on as rapidly as possible to the village of Mapino, beyond which he could only advance very slowly, as the country was thinly peopled, and food and water were scarce. The constant raids of marauders from the north and the visits of Arab slave-traders from the south had, moreover, rendered the natives suspicious and inhospitable, but, as in his previous journeys, Livingstone everywhere succeeded in overcoming the prejudice against white

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men, and convincing the poor down-trodden people that he meant them nothing but good.

In November, the foot of Mount Chisia was reached, and a halt was made at a blacksmith's or founder's village, where Livingstone was interested in witnessing the primitive native mode of smelting iron, and was watching the erection of a furnace on an ant-hill, when the feeling of security was again dispelled by tidings of the approach of the Mazitu. They were already, said the messenger, at the village on the north, which was to have been the next halting-place.

The head-man of the village at once urged Livingstone to remain with him till it was certain which path the hated invaders would take, and the women were all sent away, whilst the men went on quietly with their usual occupations. No Mazitu came, but an elephant approached Livingstone's camp and "screamed at him," making off, however, at the shouting of the villagers.

The next morning the march was resumed, and the Mazitu having been fortunately avoided, the source of the Bua, a tributary of the Loangwa, was reached, beyond which a halt was made outside a stockaded village, where the people refused to admit our hero until the head-man came and gave permission. This was a foretaste of many similar difficulties, but slowly, very slowly, step by step and inch by inch, the advance northwards continued, now broken by illness, now hindered by roundabout excursions in search of the way.

A Serious Loss.

In December, the banks of the Loangwa were sighted, and, unable to obtain food at the village on its eastern shores, Livingstone crossed the stream without a guide, and beyond it entered a "pathless, bushy country," where the way had to be cut step by step by the almost fainting travellers.

To give the merest outlines of the difficulties surmounted, the dangers escaped, and the privations endured as the gallant little band advanced further and further into the unknown interior, would be to fill a volume. We must content ourselves with stating that a climax appears to have been reached in January, 1867, when, after plodding on under heavy rains through a famine-stricken country, and crossing the river Chambeze, afterwards under its name of the Lualaba discovered to be of such vast importance, which comes down from the western slope of Lobisa, our hero was deserted by the two Ajawa men mentioned as having joined his party at Lake Nyassa. The loss of two carriers was bad enough, but, to complicate matters still further, they took with them the

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medicine-box for the sake of the cloth, and some clothes belonging to a boy named Baraka, in which were packed a quantity of flour, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch.

Livingstone, in relating the incident in his journal, remarks pathetically that the thieves would, of course, only throw away the valuable contents of the medicine-box when they discovered their nature, adding that he felt as if he had now received the sentence of death.

"There can be little doubt," says Mr. Waller, editor of Livingstone's Journal, "that the severity of his subsequent illnesses mainly turned upon the loss of his medicines, and it is hardly too much to believe that his constitution from this time was steadily sapped by the effects of fever-poison which he was powerless to counteract, owing to the want of quinine." Before quoting Livingstone's account of this loss it may be well to explain that after the desertion of the Johanna men he was obliged to rely on the natives through whose districts he passed not only for guides but for porters. The following is the narrative:

"A guide refused, so we marched without one. The two Waiyau, who joined us at Kande's village, now deserted. They had been very faithful all the way, and took our part in every case. Knowing the language well, they were extremely useful, and no one thought that they would desert, for they were free men—their masters had been killed by the Mazitu—and this circumstance, and their uniform good conduct, made us trust them more than we should have done any others who had been slaves. But they left us in the forest, and heavy rain came on, which obliterated every vestige of their footsteps. To make the loss more galling, they took what we could least spare—the medicine-box, which they would only throw away as soon as they came to examine their booty.

The Thieves Escape.

"One of these deserters exchanged his load that morning with a boy called Baraka, who had charge of the medicine-box, because he was so careful. This was done, because with the medicine-chest were packed five large cloths and all Baraka's clothing and beads, of which he was very careful. The Waiyau also offered to carry this burden a stage to help Baraka, while he gave his own load, in which there was no cloth, in exchange. The forest was so dense and high, there was no chance of getting a glimpse of the fugitives, who took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambeze, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie.

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"All the other goods I had divided in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of that undercurrent of vexations which is not wanting in even the smoothest life, and certainly not worthy of being moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and people—but this loss I feel most keenly." Every effort was made to intercept the runaways and recover the precious box; but they were fruitless, and it was not until Livingstone met Stanley at Ujiji five years later that he was again supplied with those medicines without which travel in Africa is so deadly.

After crossing the Chambeze Livingstone found himself in a country called Lobemba, and late in January reached the village of the head chief Chitapanga. Chitapanga gave the travellers a grand reception and made a favorable impression upon Livingstone at first by his jolly good-nature; but subsequently he exhibited on a small scale all the rapacity of Kamrasi, and Livingstone was glad to get away after a stay of a few days.

Interview with a Great Chief.

The stockade of Chitapanga was quite a formidable-looking structure. Besides a triple stockade, the village was defended by a deep, broad ditch, and hedge of thorny shrub.

The messengers from the great chief soon approached to inquire if the traveller desired an audience, and instructing him that their custom required every one to take something in his hand the first time he came before so great a man as Chitapanga. Being tired from marching, Livingstone deferred his visit to the chief until evening. At. 5 P. M. he sent notice of his coming. Passing through the inner stockade and then on to an enormous hut, he entered the presence of the chief. His Majesty was seated on the three-legged stool, which is one of the peculiar institutions of the country. Near him were three drummers, beating furiously, and ten or more men with odd-looking rattles in their hands, with which they kept time to the drums, while seated and standing all about in the background were hundreds of eager subjects, who gazed with deepest interest on the reception. A noticeable feature of the ceremony was the regular approaching and receding of the rattlers, who seemed to give to their chief some special reverence by advancing toward him and holding their toy-looking instruments quite near the ground, while they kept up still with the drummers.

Chitapanga was a strongly-built burly-looking fellow, with a jolly, laughing face. Livingstone was seated on a huge tusk, and the talk

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began. He found little difficulty in interesting the chief in those things which he had to tell, and was treated with a respect and cordiality which impressed him very favorably with him. When they had got a little acquainted, the chief walked with his visitor toward a group of cows and with a generous air pointed out one and said, "That is yours."

Various circumstances conspired to protract the stay of Livingstone twenty days at this village. Though quite favorably impressed with Chitapanga, the necessity of holding all his interviews through others gave rise to serious annoyances. He was particularly troubled and vexed, after killing the cow which had been given him, by the chief's demanding a blanket for it. This was more annoying because he had none except such as belonged to the men who were with him.

Tricks of Lying Interpreters.

This demand was pressed, however, and it at length turned out that one of the Nassick lads, who had acted as interpreter at their interviews, had not stated the conversation correctly. The chief had given the cow, expecting a blanket, but the boy had said to Livingstone, "He says you may give him any little thing you please." This presumptuous interference of interpreters is one of the most serious annoyances of travelling in any country; particularly is it so in Africa: not only Dr. Livingstone but many travellers there have been greatly troubled by it.

At this village Livingstone met a party of small black Arab slave-traders from Bagamoio, on the coast near Zanzibar, by whom he was able to send a packet of letters, which reached England safely and greatly relieved the public mind concerning the great traveller, who had been reported dead by Musa after he had so heartlessly deserted him near Nyassa. These Arab traders had come into the country by a much nearer route: a route too which was full of villages and people who had plenty of goats. By these men Livingstone ordered another supply of cloth and beads and a small quantity of coffee and sugar, candles, preserved meats, etc., with some medicines, to be sent to Ujiji.

Little else occurred during the stay with Chitapanga worthy of special mention. The frequent returns of illness were nothing uncommon now. It was sad indeed to be so great a sufferer, and deprived of the relief which he could have found in his medicine-box. We cannot imagine a more painful experience than the consciousness of failing health in a far away heathen land without a single remedy at hand.

At length, after repeated misunderstandings and compromises with Chitapanga, all growing out of the unpardonable interference of the boys, who presumed to interpret the conversation according to their ideas of

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GRAND RECEPTION TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

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what it was best should be said, Dr. Livingstone prepared to leave. He says:

"I told the chief before starting that my heart was sore because he was not sending me away so cordially as I liked. He at once ordered men to start with us, and gave me a brass knife with ivory sheath, which he had long worn as a memorial. He explained that we ought to go north as, if we made easting, we should ultimately be obliged to turn west, and all our cloth would be expended ere we reached the Lake Tanganyika; he took a piece of clay off the ground and rubbed it on his tongue as an oath that what he said was true, and came along with us to see that all was right; and so we parted."

The Bold Discoverer Turned Aside.

Holding a north-westerly course from this point, numerous small rivers and rivulets were crossed, and in March, he came in sight of Lake Liemba, which subsequent exploration proved to be the southern extremity of Tanganyika. It was Livingstone's desire to march up the shore of the lake and discover at once what its northern connections were; but news of a Mazitu raid in that direction compelled him to desist, and he concluded to strike westward, visit Casembe, and explore Lake Moero, of which he had already heard rumors. This plan he carried out fully, in spite of many delays; and after his arrival at Casembe's town, he wrote a despatch to Lord Clarendon, dated December 10th, 1867 (which, however, was never sent), in which he gives an epitomized description of his travels, and of his stay at Casembe. This despatch is especially valuable because it treats of the geography of the whole district between Lakes Nyassa and Moero, and we reproduce it nearly entire:

The altitude of this upland is from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is generally covered with forest, well watered by numerous rivulets, and comparatively cold. The soil is very rich, and yields abundantly wherever cultivated. This is the watershed between the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, and several rivers which flow towards the north. Of the latter, the most remarkable is the Chambeze, for it assists in the formation of three lakes, and changes its name three times in the five or six hundred miles of its course.

On leaving Lobemba we entered Ulungu, and, as we proceeded northwards, perceived by the barometers and the courses of numerous rivulets, that a decided slope lay in that direction. A friendly old Ulungu chief, named Kasonso, on hearing that I wished to visit Lake Liemba, which lies in his country, gave his son with a large escort to guide me thither;

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and early in April last we reached the brim of the deep cup-like cavity in which the lake reposes. The descent is 2,000 feet, and still the surface of the water is upwards of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea.

Beautiful Cascades.

The sides of the hollow are very steep, and sometimes the rocks run the whole 2,000 feet sheer down to the water. Nowhere is there three miles of level land from the foot of the cliffs to the shore, but top, sides, and bottom are covered with well-grown wood and grass, except where the bare rocks protrude. The scenery is extremely beautiful. A stream of fifteen yards broad and thigh deep came down alongside our precipitous path, and formed cascades by leaping 300 feet at a time. These, with the bright red of the clay schists among the greenwood-trees, made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. Antelopes, buffaloes, and elephants abound on the steep slopes; and hippopotomi, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the water. Gnus may live to old age if not beguiled into pitfalls. The elephants sometimes eat the crops of the natives, and flap their big ears just outside the village stockades. One got out of our way on to a comparatively level spot, and then stood and roared at us. Elsewhere they make clear off at sight of man.

The first village we came to on the banks of the lake had a grove of palm-oil and other trees around it. This palm-tree was not the dwarf species seen on Lake Nyassa. A cluster of the fruit passed the door of my hut which required two men to carry it. The fruit seemed quite as large as those on the West Coast. Most of the natives live on two islands, where they cultivate the soil, rear goats, and catch fish.

We remained six weeks on the shores of the lake, trying to pick up some flesh and strength. A party of Arabs came into Ulungu after us in search of ivory, and hearing that an Englishman had preceded them, naturally inquired where I was. But our friends, the Bäulungu, suspecting that mischief was meant, stoutly denied that they had seen anything of the sort; and then became very urgent that I should go on to one of the inhabited islands for safety.

Cunning Natives.

I regret that I suspected them of intending to make me a prisoner there, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes; but when the villagers who deceived the Arabs told me afterwards with an air of triumph how nicely they had managed, I saw that they had only been anxious for my safety. On three occasions the same friendly disposition was shown; and when we went round the west side of the lake

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in order to examine the arm or branch above referred to, the head-man at the confluence of the Lofu protested so strongly against my going —the Arabs had been fighting, and I might be mistaken for an Arab, and killed—that I felt half-inclined to believe him. Two Arab slaves entered the village the same afternoon in search of ivory, and confirmed all he had said.

We now altered our course, intending to go south about the district disturbed by the Arabs. When we had gone 60 miles we heard that the head-quarters of the Arabs were 22 miles farther. They had found ivory very cheap, and pushed on to the west, till attacked by a chief named Nsama, whom they beat in his own stockade. They were now at a loss which way to turn. On reaching Chitimba's village, I found them about 600 in all; and, on presenting a letter I had from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was immediately supplied with provisions, beads, and cloth. They approved of my plan of passing to the south of Nsama's country, but advised waiting till the effects of punishment, which the Bäulungu had resolved to inflict on Nsama for breach of public law, were known. It had always been understood that whoever brought goods into the country was to be protected; and two hours after my arrival at Chitimba's, the son of Kasonso, our guide, marched in with his contingent. It was anticipated that Nsama might flee; if to the north, he would leave me a free passage through his country; if to the south, I might be saved from walking into his hands.

Not Anxious to Marry an African Belle.

But it turned out that Nsama was anxious for peace. He had sent two men with elephants' tusks to begin a negotiation; but treachery was suspected, and they were shot down. Another effort was made with ten goats, and repulsed. This was much to the regret of the head Arabs. It was fortunate for me that the Arab goods were not all sold, for Lake Moero lay in Nsama's country, and without peace no ivory could be bought, nor could I reach the lake.

The peace-making between the people and Arabs was, however, a tedious process, occupying three and a half months drinking each other's blood. I thought that had I been an Arab I could easily swallow that but not the next means of cementing the peace—marrying a black wife. Nsama's daughter was the bride, and she turned out very pretty. She came riding pickaback on a man's shoulders; this is the most dignified conveyance that chiefs and their families can command. She had ten maids with her, each carrying a basket of provisions, and all having the same beautiful features as herself. She was taken by the principal Arab,

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out soon showed that she preferred her father to her husband, for seeing preparations made to send off to purchase ivory, she suspected that her father was to be attacked, and made her escape.

I then visited Nsama, and, as he objected to many people coming near

A CHIEF'S MOST DIGNIFIED CONVEYANCE.

him, took only three of my eight attendants. His people were very much afraid of fire-arms, and felt all my clothing to see if I had any concealed on my person. Nsama is an old man, with head and face like those sculptured on the Assyrian monuments. He has been a great

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conqueror in his time, and with bows and arrows was invincible. He is said to have destroyed many native traders from Tanganyika, but twenty Arab guns made him flee from his own stockade, and caused a great sensation in the country.

He was much taken with my hair and woolen clothing; but his people, heedless of his scolding, so pressed upon us that we could not converse, and, after promising to send for me to talk during the night, our interview ended. He promised guides to Moero, and sent us more provisions than we could carry; but showed so much distrust, that after all we went without his assistance.

Remarkably Handsome Natives.

Nsama's people are particularly handsome. Many of the men have as beautiful heads as one could find in an assembly of Europeans. All have very fine forms, with small hands and feet. None of the West-coast ugliness, from which most of our ideas of the Negroes are derived, is here to be seen. No prognathous jaws nor lark heels offend the sight. My observations deepened the impression first obtained from the remarks of Winwood Reade, that the typical Negro is seen in the ancient Egyptian, and not in the ungainly forms which grow up in the unhealthy swamps of the West Coast. Indeed it is probable that this upland forest region is the true home of the Negro. The women excited the admiration of the Arabs. They have fine, small, well-formed features; their great defect is one of fashion, which does not extend to the next tribe; they file their teeth to points, the hussies, and that makes their smile like that of the crocodile.

Nsama's country is called Itawa. From the large population he had under him, Itawa is in many parts well cleared of trees for cultivation, and it is lower than Ulungu, being generally about 3,000 feet above the sea. Long lines of tree-covered hills raised some 600 or 700 feet above these valleys of denudation, prevent the scenery from being monotonous. Large game is abundant. Elephants, buffaloes and zebras grazed in large numbers on the long sloping banks of a river called Chisera, a mile and a half broad. In going north, we crossed this river, or rather marsh, which is full of papyrus plants or reeds. Our ford was an elephant's path; and the roots of the papyrus, though a carpet to these animals, were sharp and sore to feet usually protected by shoes, and often made us shrink and flounder into holes chest deep. The Chisera forms a larger marsh west of this, and it gives off its water to the Kalongosi, a feeder of Lake Moero.

The Arabs sent out men in all directions to purchase ivory; but their

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victory over Nsama had created a panic among the tribes, which no verbal assurances could allay. If Nsama had been routed by twenty Arab guns, no one could stand before them but Casembe; and Casembe had issued strict orders to his people not to allow the Arabs who fought Nsama to enter his country. They did not attempt to force their way,

CASEMBE DRESSED TO RECEIVE LIVINGSTONE.

but after sending friendly messages and presents to different chiefs, when these were not cordially received, turned off in some other direction, and at last, despairing of more ivory, turned homewards. From first to last they were extremely kind to me, and showed all due respect to the Sultan's letter.

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When at the lower end of Moero we were so near Casembe that it was thought well to ascertain the length of the lake, and see Casembe too. We came up between the double range that flanks the east of the lake; but mountains and plains are so covered with well-grown forest that we could seldom see it. We reached Casembe's town late in November. It stands near the north end of a lakelet; this is from one to three miles broad, and some six or seven long; it is full of sedgy islands and abounds in fish.

The town of Casembe covers a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being dotted over that space. Some have square enclosures of reeds, but no attempt has been made at arrangement; it might be called a rural village rather than a town. No estimate could be formed by counting the huts, they are so irregularly planted, and hidden by cassava; but my impression from other collections of huts was that the population was under a thousand souls. The court or compound of Casembe—some would call it a palace—is a square enclosure of 300 yards by 200 yards. It is surrounded by a hedge of high reeds.

His Royal Highness Casembe.

Inside, where Casembe honored me with a grand reception, stands a gigantic hut for Casembe, and a score of small huts for domestics. The queen's hut stands behind that of the chief, with a number of small huts also. Most of the enclosed space is covered with a plantation of cassava and cotton. Casembe sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins. He was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side formost. His arms, legs, and head were covered with sleeves, leggings and cap made of various colored beads in neat patterns. Each of his head-men came forward, shaded by a huge, ill-made umbrella, and followed by his dependants, made obeisance to Casembe, and sat down on his right and left: various bands of musicians did the same.

When called upon I rose and bowed, and an old counsellor, with his ears cropped, gave the chief as full an account as he had been able to gather during our stay of the English in general, and my antecedents in particular. My having passed through Lunda to the west of Casembe and visited chiefs of whom he scarcely knew anything, excited most attention. He then assured me that I was welcome to his country, to go where I liked, and do what I chose. We then went to an inner apartment, where the articles of my present were exhibited in detail. He had examined them privately before, and we knew that he was satisfied

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They consisted of eight yards of orange-colored serge, a large striped tablecloth; another large cloth made at Manchester in imitation of West Coast native manufacture, which never fails to excite the admiration of Arabs and natives, and a large richly gilded comb for the back hair, such as ladies wore fifty years ago: this was given to me by a friend at Liverpool, and as Casembe and Nsama's people cultivate the hair into large knobs behind, I was sure that this article would tickle the fancy. Casembe expressed himself pleased, and again bade me welcome.

Frightful Stories of Human Sacrifices.

The different Casembes visited by the Portuguese seem to have varied much in character and otherwise. Pereira, the first visitor, said (I quote from memory) that Casembe had 20,000 trained soldiers, watered his streets daily, and sacrificed twenty human victims every day. I could hear nothing of human sacrifices now, and it is questionable if the present Casembe could bring a thousand stragglers into the field. When he usurped power five years ago, his country was densely peopled; but he was so severe in his puishments—cropping the ears, lopping off the hands, and other mutilations, selling the children for very slight offences, that his subjects gradually dispersed themselves in the neighboring countries beyond his power. This is the common mode by which tyranny is cured in parts like these, where fugitives are never returned. The present Casembe is very poor. When he had people who killed elephants he was too stingy to share the profits of the sale of the ivory with his sul ordinates.

The elephant hunters have either left him or neglect hunting, so he has no tusks to sell to the Arab traders who come from Tanganyika. Major Monteiro, the third Portuguese who visited Casembe, appears to have been badly treated by this man's predecessor, and no other of his nation has ventured so far since. They do not lose much by remaining away, for a little ivory and slaves are all that Casembe ever can have to sell. About a month to the west of this the people of Katanga smelt copper-ore (malachite) into large bars shaped like the capital letter I. They may be met with of from 50 lbs. to 100 lbs. weight all over the country, and the inhabitants draw the copper into wire for armlets and leglets. Gold is also found at Katanga, and specimens were lately sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Hot Springs and Earthquakes.

As we come down from the watershed toward Tanganyika we enter an area of the earth's surface still disturbed by internal igneous action. A hot fountain in the country of Nsama is often used to boil cassava and

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maize. Earthquakes are by no means rare. We experienced the shock of one while at Chitimba's village, and they extend as far as Casembe's. I felt as if afloat, and as huts would not fall there was no sense of danger; some of them that happened at night set the fowls a-cackling. The most remarkable effect of this one was that it changed the rates of the chronometers; no rain fell after it. Some of Nsama's people ascribed the earthquakes to the hot fountain, because it showed unusual commotion on these occasions.

The foregoing is Livingstone's interesting account of the country through which he passed. A few days after his arrival at Lake Liemba, Livingstone had an attack which showed him the power of fever when unchecked by medicine, and a recurrence of his symptoms at Casembe's made him anxious to proceed to Ujiji in order to recuperate and replenish his stores before pursuing his explorations. He actually set out for Lake Tanganyika, but was soon convinced that the intervening country was impassable until the rainy season was over. This involved a delay of several months, and before these had passed and the season for travel come round again, he had determined to explore Lake Bangweolo before going north. He hoped to complete the exploration early in 1868; but owing first to the desertion of several of his men who refused to turn back, and secondly to Casembe's postponements and delays, it was June before he started from Casembe's town on his way south. His journey was wholly without incident requiring special mention, unless we except one which has rather more of a personal interest than Livingstone often imparted even to his private diaries.

A Grave in a Strange Land.

Under date of June 25th he writes:—"We came to a grave in the forest; it was a little rounded mound as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way: it was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it: a little path showed that it had visitors. This is a sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seem to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all, decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, 'and beeks forment the sun.'" This is an allusion to Mrs. Livingstone's grave.

It was in July that Dr. Livingstone discovered one of the largest of the Central African lakes; and it is extraordinary to notice the total absence of all pride and enthusiasm, as—almost parenthetically—he

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records the fact. "Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither." He made a canoe voyage during the next few days which gave him an idea of its size, and he thinks he is considerably within the mark in setting down Bangweolo as 150 miles long, by 80 broad.

The reader must have discovered by this time that everything in Africa is upon a large scale—great rivers, thick jungles, wide stretches of country unpeopled, tremendous waterfalls, and all natural objects great with the exception of mountains. These in their loftiest grandeur are not to be found in the Dark Continent.

It is also seen that there is a great abundance of animal life. Here is the home of the elephant, the lion, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the zebra, the giraffe and animals of less size, but swift in their movements and beautiful in appearance. Reptiles also abound, as well as monkeys and gorillas, and the traveller in Africa meets with constant surprises as well as constant dangers. In years past many have gone out to South Africa for the purpose of hunting and engaging in wild sports. Marvellous tales have been told by these adventurers of their achievements, some of which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter. Livingstone was not, properly speaking, a sportsman, yet, of course, he carried his gun and other arms, but never more than once or twice had occasion to use them except for the purpose of obtaining food for his expeditions.

One of the noticeable features of Livingstone's journeys is the facility with which he gains the friendship of the natives, comes into pleasant relations with the chiefs, secures what is needful for his men, and is able, if occasion offers, to return and be welcomed by those whom he has met before. Nothing could better show the nobility of his nature, the largeness of his heart, the sympathy that he had for all men, as well as the consummate tact which he displayed in dealing with savage tribes.

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CHAPTER XI.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS AND NARROW ESCAPES.

Great Excitement Among the Natives by the Presence of a White Man—Cruise on a Large Lake—Strike of Canoe-Men—Only a Coverlet with which to hire another Canoe—Food Obtained by Shooting Buffaloes—Fine Sport for the Hunter—How the Buffalo is Hunted—Thrilling Adventure with the Huge Brute—A Hottentot Dodging in the Bushes—Terrible Foe—Adventure of a Friend of Livingstone—A Dangerous Meeting with Two Lions—Charge of a Mad Buffalo—Livingstone Pursues His Journey—A Country Convulsed by War—Mohammed and other Arab Traders—Flight for Life—Livingstone Pacifies the Natives—Return of Deserters—Start for Ujiji—Serious Illness—A Dauntless Hero—Encounter with an Elephant—Beautiful Monkeys in the Forest—Thousands of Ants on the March—Graphic Description of Manyuema—Degraded Tribe of Cannibals—Market Scene in Manyuema—Terrible Massacre—Disastrous Attempt to Go Forward—Lake Named after President Lincoln—The Explorer's Account of the Soko—Freaks of a Strange Animal—A Wild Creature that Never Attacks Women—Amusing Female Soko—Ten Men with Stores Meet Livingstone—Shocking Barbarity—Hundreds of Lives Lost—Shameful Cruelty and Destruction—Off on Foot for Ujiji—Near to Death—People Who Eat Their Enemies—Arrival at Ujiji—Sick, Worn out and in Desperate Straits.

EMBARKING on the lake in a fine canoe, with five stout men as propellers, Livingstone in a few hours reached an island where he remained a short time, going on before night to the more important Mbahala, where his appearance created the greatest excitement amongst the natives, who had never before seen a white man. Walking across to the north end of the island, Livingstone ascertained it to be about one mile broad, and from the eastern point he made out a larger island on the right, called by the natives Chirubi, and said to contain a large population, possessing many sheep and goats. These minor facts determined, our hero prepared to continue his voyage, hoping to pass, if he could not touch at, the spot where the Lualaba leaves Lake Bangweolo on its journey to Moero.

But, alas! in July the canoe-men struck. They had heard of a meditated attack upon their little bark; they dared not remain longer on the lake; but if Livingstone liked to stay on Mbahala they would come and fetch him presently, when all danger was over. Believing this to be a gotten up tale to avoid further work in his service, their wages having been paid in advance, the unfortunate explorer at first thought of seizing their paddles, and appealing to the head-man of the island. Reflecting

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still further, however, that he was entirely in their power, and that the islanders would probably side with them, he resolved to bear "with meekness, though groaning inwardly," the disappointment inflicted upon him.

"I had only," says Livingstone, "my coverlet to hire another canoe, and it was now very cold; the few beads left would all be required to buy food on the way back. I might have got food by shooting buffaloes, but that on foot, and through grass with stalks as thick as a goosequill, is dreadfully hard work." Back then he must go to Masantu's, compelled to trust to native reports, for the present at least, for his computation of distances, etc., on the lake.

Livingstone's reference to getting food by shooting buffaloes shows how abundant these animals are in the southern part of Africa. This is one of the attractions of this part of the continent for the hunter, although our great explorer seldom hunted merely for sport. Travellers give us interesting accounts of the African buffalo and the excitement of the chase.

Fine Sport for the Hunter.

In the first place, he is a handsome animal, of graceful shape, and a giant in strength; in his native wilds he is just a peaceful grazer, contented to pass his life cropping grass and green leaves, and to interfere with no animal, human or other; but, challenge him to war, and the fiercest hunter could not desire bolder game; capture and tame him, and he will draw your plough or wagon as submissively as the ox. He is a faithful friend, and will fight to the death on behalf of his companions, and for the sake of his young will do battle with the lion himself.

Of retiring habits, they affect vast solitudes where verdure abounds, and there is no lack of rivers and pools in which they may luxuriate, immersing themselves till only their heads appear above the surface, cooling their leathery hides and getting respite from the formidable stinging things that fly, or the biters that closely adhere to their bodies. If water is unattainable, the buffalo will content himself with mud, if there is plenty of it. Throwing himself flat upon his side in the mire, he shuffles round and round, the soil yielding to his immense weight the exudation of any moisture there may be, till he manufactures for himself a delicious basin of mortar, covering him to his very eyes.

When he rises and walks off he presents a decidedly unhandsome appearance, which is not improved when, in the course of an hour or so, the sun bakes his mud crust, and he looks, when standing still, like some hideous clay image. Ease, however, is of considerably more im-

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portance to the buffalo than elegance, and until the motion of his limbs causes his ugly coat to peel off he may defy all the vermin in the world.

When Captain Methuen and his party were hunting at the Cape of Good Hope he had an opportunity of judging how terrible a beast the bull buffalo is when wounded and hard driven by the daring sportsman. With the captain were a Hottentot attendant, named Frolic, and a friend named Moneypenny, and having discovered a herd of buffaloes, the trio let fly at them, wounding some, but not so badly but that the entire drove escaped to an impenetrable patch of forest. The captain, however, climbed into a tree, and thereby sighted and shot another bull, whereon "the wounded animal ran toward the report, his ears outstretched, his eyes moving in all directions, and his nose carried in a right line with the head, evidently bent on revenge. He passed within thirty yards of me, and was lost in the bush. Descending from our frail perch, Frolic again discovered this buffalo standing among some small thick bushes which nearly hid him from view; his head was lowered, not a muscle of the body moved, and he was without doubt listening intently. We crept noiselessly to a bush and I again fired.

"His Horn Struck the Muzzle of the Gun."

"The huge brute ran forward with the wind, fortunately not in our direction, and again stood still. Presently he lay gently down, and knowing that buffaloes are exceedingly cunning, and will adopt this plan merely to escape notice and entrap their persecutors, we drew near with great caution. I again fired through his shoulder, and concluded from his not attempting to rise that he was helpless. We walked close up to him, and never can the scene which followed be erased from my memory. Turning his ponderous head round, his eye caught our figures. I fired the second barrel of my rifle behind his horns, but it did not reach the brain. His wounds gave him some difficulty in getting up, which afforded Moneypenny and myself just time to ensconce ourselves behind the slender shrubs that grew round the spot, while Frolic unwisely took to his heels. The buffalo saw him, and uttering a continued unearthly noise between a grunt and a bellow, advanced at a pace at which these unwieldy creatures are rarely seen to run, unless stirred by revenge.

"Crashing through the low bushes as if they were stubble, he passed me, but charged quite over Moneypenny's lurking-place, who aimed at him as he came on, and lodged the ball in the rocky mass of horn above his head; the buffalo was so near at the time of his firing that his horn struck the barrel of the gun the next instant; but whether the noise and

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HUNTING AFRICAN BUFFALOES.

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smoke confused the animal, or he was partially stunned by the bullet, he missed my friend, and continued in pursuit of Frolic.

"The Hottentot dodged the terrible brute round the bushes, but through these slight obstacles it dashed with ease and gained ground rapidly. Speechless we watched the chase, and in the awful moment, regardless of concealment, stood up and saw the buffalo overtake his victim and knock him down. At this crisis my friend fired his second barrel at the beast, which gave Frolic one or two blows with his fore-feet, and pushing his nose under, endeavored to toss him; but the Hottentot, aware of this, with much presence of mind lay perfectly still. Directly after the buffalo stumbled and fell dead, and Frolic got on his legs and limped toward us. He was much hurt, and the powder-flask in his game-bag was stamped quite flat."

A Terrible Foe.

Although of a pacific disposition, the buffalo will defend himself with astonishing courage against the attacks of either man or beast when brought to bay. The bear has no chance with, and even the cunning tiger dare not face the buffalo's terrible horns, and can only obtain the mastery by lying in ambush and springing on to the buffalo's flanks. The buffalo cow will attack the lion fearlessly in defence of her young. Dr. Livingstone asserts that a toss from the buffalo will often kill a lion, and that he had seen two who had evidently come to their death by the horns of the buffalo.

In a letter to his friend Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Vardon thus describes a terrific struggle between a buffalo and three lions as witnessed and assisted at by himself and Mr. Oswell, on the banks of the Limpopo:—

"Oswell and I were riding along the banks of the river when a water-buck started in front of us. I dismounted, and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up, and after going a little distance stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from a two-ouncer crashed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed as soon as I had reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffalo, and gaining on him every stride, three lions leaped on the unfortunate brute.

"He bellowed most lustily as he kept up a running fight, but he was of course soon overpowered and pulled down. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions on their hind-legs tearing away with teeth and claws in the most ferocious style. We crept up within thirty yards, and kneeling down blazed away at the lions. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One lion fell dead almost *on* the buffalo;

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he had merely time to turn towards us, seize a bush with his teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws.

"The second made off directly; and the third raised his head coolly, looked around for a moment, then went on tearing and biting at the carcase as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load, then again advanced and fired. The lion made off, but the ball that he had received ought to have stopped him, as it went clear through his shoulder-blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. The buffalo had of course gone close to where the lions were lying down, and they seeing him lame and bleeding, thought the opportunity too good a one to be lost. It is not often that one bags a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes."

Captain Speke, in his "Journal of the Discovery of the Nile," relates the experience of a day in hunting the buffalo. Accompanied by two natives, he had met a large herd early in the day, and followed them some time, killing a cow, and wounding several others, among them a bull. "As they knew they were pursued they kept moving on in short runs at a time, when, occasionally gaining glimpses of their large dark bodies as they forced through the bush, I repeated my shots and struck a good number, some more and some less severely. This was very provoking; for all of them, being stern shots, were not likely to kill, and the jungle was so thick I could not get a front view of them.

"Presently, however, one with her hind-leg broken pulled up on a white-ant hill, and, tossing her horns, came down on a charge the instant I showed myself close to her. One crack of the rifle rolled her over. Following the spoors, the traces of blood led us up to another one as lame as the last. He then got a second bullet in the flank, and, after hobbling a little, evaded our sight and threw himself into a bush, where we no sooner arrived than he plunged headlong at us from his ambush, just, and only just, giving me time to present my rifle.

"It was a most ridiculous scene. Suliman by my side, with the instinct of a monkey, made a violent spring and swung himself by a bough immediately over the beast, while Faraj bolted away and left me single-gunned to polish him off. There was only one course to pursue, for in one instant more he would have been into me; so, quick as thought, I fired the gun, and, as luck would have it, my bullet, after passing through the edge of one of his horns, stuck in the spine of his neck, and rolled him over at my feet as dead as a rabbit.

"We commenced retracing our steps. Tracking back to the first post of attack, we followed the blood of the first bull, till at length I found

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him standing like a stuck pig in some bushes, looking as if he would like to be put out of his misery. Taking compassion, I leveled my gun; but as bad luck would have it, a bough intercepted the flight of the bullet, and it went 'pinging' into the air, while the bull went off at a gallop. To follow on was no difficulty, the spoor was so good; and in ten minutes more, as I opened a small clearance, rifle in hand, the great beast, from the thicket at the opposite side, charged down like a mad bull, full of ferocity—as ugly an antagonist as ever I saw, for the front of his head was all shielded with horn. A small mound fortunately stood between us, and as he rounded it, I jumped to one side and let fly at his flank, but without the effect of stopping him; for, as quick as thought, the huge monster was at my feet, battling with the impalpable smoke of my gun, which fortunately hung so thick on the ground at the height of his head that he could not see me, though I was so close that I might, had I been possessed of a hatchet, have chopped off his head. This was a predicament that looked very ugly, for my boys had both bolted, taking with them my guns; but suddenly the beast, evidently regarding the smoke as a phantom which could not be mastered, turned round in a bustle, to my intense relief, and galloped off at full speed, as if scared off at some terrible apparition."

Such are some of the thrilling adventures among the wild animals of Africa. Livingstone often escaped starvation by the expert use of his gun.

Flying for Life.

Proceeding with our narrative, from Masantu's the march back to Chikumbi, where Mohammed and his party had been left, was commenced, and in August the settlement of an Arab trader named Kombo-kombo, a little to the south of Chikumbi, was reached. Here Livingstone was cheered by the news that Mohammed was contemplating a journey west, which would take him to the great Lualaba. "The way seems opening before me," he exclaims, "and I am thankful." Before arrangements for accompanying Mohammed could be made, however, came rumors of war on the other side of the Lualaba. Syde bin Omar, an Arab trader from Iramba, the country on its western shores between Lake Bangweolo and the Rua district, declared it would be madness to attempt any explorations in that direction.

Mohammed therefore readily gave up his scheme for the present, and united with Omar in objecting strongly to Livingstone's going with his small party even down the right bank of the Lualaba, though it was in sight. Our hero resolved then to wait until all were ready to go, little dreaming that the delay would last until the beginning of October, that

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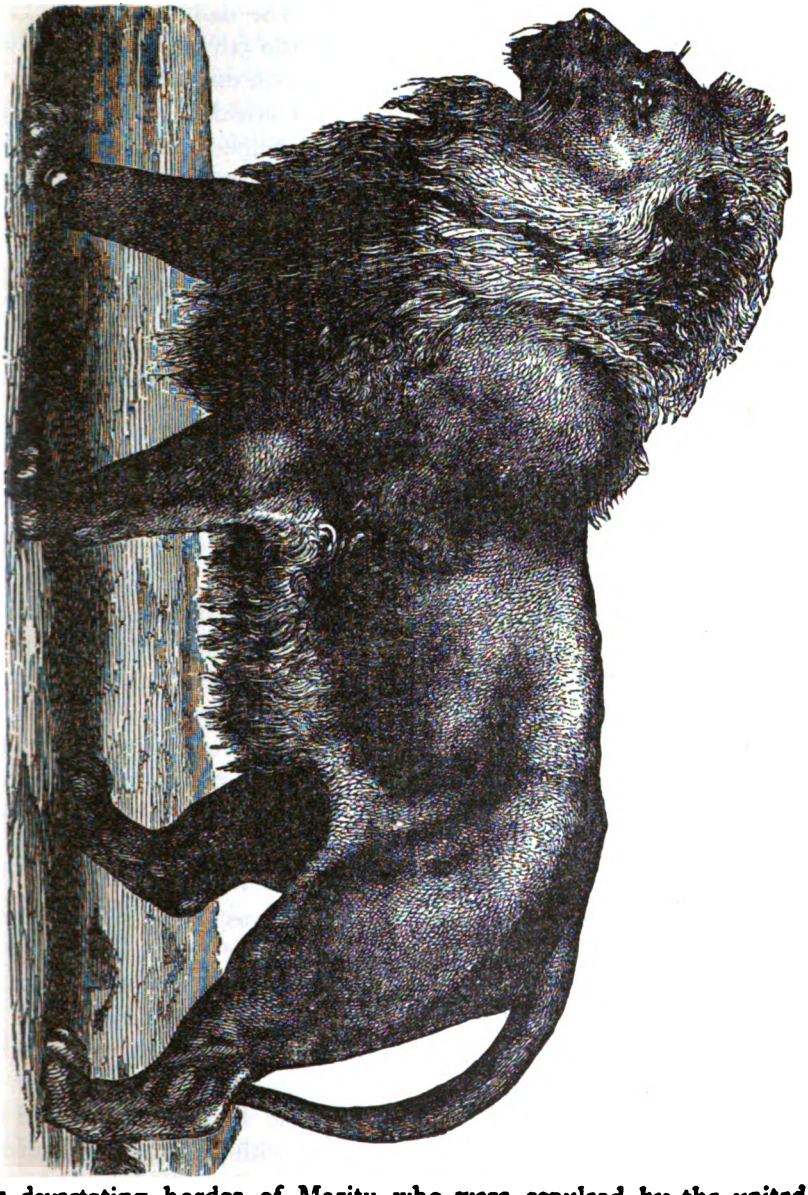
the country would be convulsed with war, and that when he did leave Chikumbi it would be to flee to the north for his life. First came a raid



KING OF THE FOREST.

from devastating hordes of Mazitu, who were repulsed by the united forces of the Arab traders and the native chiefs; then a quarrel between the successful allies, resulting in an attack, headed by Casembe and

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Chikumbi, on the Arabs, beginning with the Kombokombo mentioned above.

Confusion now prevailed everywhere. The daily entries in Livingstone's journals became impossible, but on the 5th of October he writes how he and his little band of servants were on one occasion surrounded by a party of fifteen or twenty natives, who attacked them with spears and poisoned arrows; how "one good soul helped them away—a blessing be on him and his;" how he narrowly escaped from the hands of another chief, who took him and his men for Mazitu; and how, lastly, he joined forces with the Arab traders, and started north, fences being built every night to protect the united camps, which were, however, unmolested till the northern bank of the Kalongosi river was reached.

Here 500 natives were drawn up to dispute the passage, but as Livingstone and an advanced party with thirty guns crossed over they retired. Our hero, however, went amongst them, explained who he was, was recognized by some old acquaintances, and obtained a truce for the Arabs. All became friendly, an elephant was killed, stores of provisions were bought, and two days later the march was resumed.

Kabwawata, on the north-west of Lake Moero, was reached, and another long delay ensued before the Arab traders were again ready to start. The time was employed by Livingstone in making an exhaustive *resumé* of his own work and that of his predecessors in connection with the Nile, his conviction being that in Lake Bangweolo he had found the final, or at least one of the final, sources of that great river. The work of Cameron and Stanley has, however, since proved the Lualaba to be the upper course, not, as supposed by Livingstone, of the Nile, but of the Congo, and we therefore pass over all that the hero of our present chapter urges in support of the former view.

Return of Deserters.

Whilst Livingstone was at Kabwawata he was cheered by the return of some of the men who had deserted before the trip to Bangweolo, and now begged to be taken back. Readily forgiven by their master, who observes that there was great excuse for them, after the conduct of their Johanna comrades, they now became apparently devoted to his service, though we shall presently have to relate their renewed faithlessness.

Once more surrounded by the retinue who had come with him from Lake Nyassa, Livingstone started for Ujiji with the Arabs in December, his party and Mohammed's leading the way. The march to Tanganyika, which was in a more northerly direction than the westward journey, seems to have been one long agony to Livingstone. In his journal he

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tells of heavy rains impeding progress, the escape and recapture of slaves, and the hostility of villagers; but the entries became shorter and shorter, and on the first of January, 1869, he records that the new year was opening badly; "he had been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often; he felt very ill," and in crossing the Lofuko, within some six weeks' journey of the lake, he was "cold up to the waist," which made him worse, though he struggled on for another two hours and a half.

On the 3d January, after one hour's march, he found himself too weak to go further; his lungs were affected; he did not know how the next few days were passed. A rill was crossed, and sheds were built, but whether he took any share in the work he cannot tell. "I lost count," he says, "of the days of the week and month after this," but about January 7th he managed to write the following touching sentence:

"I cannot walk. Pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night; distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness, in groups of twos and threes. If I look at any piece of wood, the bark seems covered all over with figures and faces of men, and they remain though I look away and turn to the same spot again. I saw myself lying dead in the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines run through my head perpetually—

'I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you
When you think I am far away.'

Mohammed Mogharib came up, and I have got a cupper, who cupped my chest."

Serious Illness.

A little further we have the following entry, dated the 8th January: "Mohammed Mogharib offered to carry me. I am so weak, I can scarcely speak. We are in Marungu proper now—a pretty but steeply undulating country. This is the first time in my life I have been carried in illness, but I cannot raise myself to the sitting posture. No food except a little gruel. Great distress in coughing all night long; feet swelled and sore. I am carried four hours each day on a kitanda or frame, like a cot; carried eight hours one day. We seem near the brim of Tanganyika. Mohammed Mogharib is very kind to me in my extreme weakness; but carriage is painful; head down and feet up alternates with feet down and head up; jolted up and down sideways—changing shoulders involves a toss from one side to the other of the

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kitanda. The sun is vertical, blistering any part of the skin exposed, and I try to shelter my face and head as well as I can with a bunch of leaves, but it is dreadfully fatiguing in my weakness."

After this we have no note for five weeks. Then, on the 14th February, 1869, the arrival at Tanganyika is announced, succeeded by a few lines to the effect that Livingstone felt if he did not get to Ujiji, where he could have proper food and medicine, soon he must die.

Not until late in the same month, after fearful sufferings in a miserable hut infested with vermin on the shores of the lake, were canoes obtained, and the transit begun. A little revived by the pure air on the water, and already near Ujiji, he had hoped soon to be in that village, where he believed letters from home and stores from Zanzibar must long have been awaiting him.

The Same Dauntless Hero.

On the 14th of March, Ujiji was at last reached, but, on landing, our hero found that more than half his goods had been made away with, and that the road to Unyanyembe was blocked up by a Mazitu war. No hope of receiving anything more from the east for the present, no hope of getting home by way of Zanzibar; but not one repining word is uttered by Livingstone in the now more frequent notes in his journal. He says nothing about the improvement in his health, though that is implied in the plans he hints at for further researches on the west. No change of purpose is allowed to result from all he has undergone. He has reached Ujiji; he is better. He will make Ujiji the starting point for a journey direct to Manyuema, far away on the north-west, not only of Moero, but of that other unseen lake known as Kamolondo, and supposed by him to be the most northerly and elevated of the series of which Bangweolo is probably the lowest and most southerly.

Forty-two letters were now written home, and entrusted to Arabs for transmission to Zanzibar, but they never reached their destination, and are supposed to have been wantonly destroyed. One ingenious theory respecting the relation of Tanganyika to the other lakes of Central Africa is worked out after another—what is the meaning of the current setting towards the north?—is the long narrow sheet of water only a river after all?—if a lake, has it an outlet, and, if so, where is that outlet?—such are some of the questions propounded, but not answered, by the great explorer, as he bides his time for an opportunity to go and see the great rivers reported to intersect Manyuema, that unknown country of which little more than rumors had then reached even the Arab traders of Ujiji.

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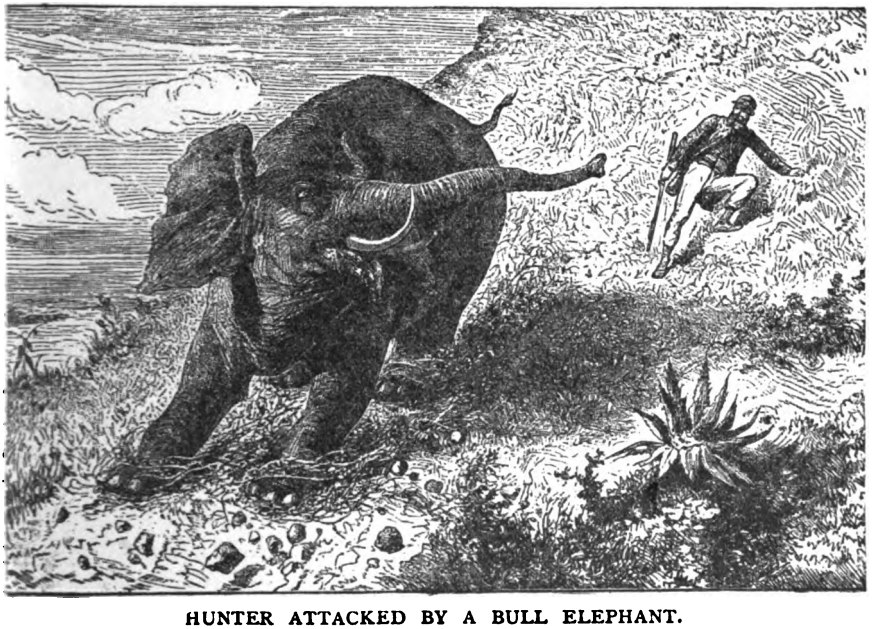
Presently came rumors of vast herds of elephants in Manyuema, and of a sturdy race of blacks differing essentially from any of those yet met with. A horde of Arabs determined to go and test the truth of these reports.

The dangers incident to elephant hunting in all this part of Africa are vividly seen in the following narrative, related by a member of a hunting party who was a participant in the perilous sport:

"We had bagged a good many birds, when a beautiful little gazelle came bounding across our path. It put me in mind of an Italian greyhound, only it had a longer neck and was somewhat larger. I was quite



HUNTER ATTACKED BY A BULL ELEPHANT.

sorry when Chickango (a native connected with our party), firing, knocked it over. It was, however, a welcome addition to our game bag. He called it Ncheri. It was the most elegant little creature I met with in Africa among the numberless beautiful animals which abound in the regions we passed through.'

"We were at the time proceeding along the foot of a hill. Scarcely had he fired, when a loud trumpeting was heard, and directly afterwards we saw a negro rushing through the underwood, followed by a huge elephant. 'Up! up the hill!' cried Chickango, suiting the action to the word. I followed, for as we were wishing to kill birds alone, my gun was loaded only with small shot. The elephant made towards us. The negro

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stranger came bounding on. Chickango and I had got some way up the hill, but Wilson, one of our number, who stood his ground, was engaged in ramming home a bullet. The elephant had all the time been keeping one eye on the black and one on us.

"When I thought he was on the point of seizing us, he suddenly turned on his first assailant. The black darted to a tree, when the elephant seizing him with his trunk, threw him with tremendous force to the ground. This enabled Wilson to spring up after us; and the hill being very steep, with rolling stones, we hoped that we were there safe from the infuriated beast. It cast a glance at the unfortunate black, who was endeavoring to crawl away along the ground. Again the elephant was about to seize him with his trunk, and in an instant would have crushed him to death, when Wilson, raising his gun, fired, and struck the creature in the most vulnerable part—behind the ear. The ball must have entered the brain, for, sinking down instantly, it rolled over, and, we thought, must have killed the black by its weight.

"He was Still Breathing."

"We hurried down, hoping that there might yet be time to save the poor fellow's life, regardless at the moment of our victory, which, with hunters in general, would have been a cause of triumph. As we got round, we found the black had narrowly escaped being crushed to death; indeed, as it was, his legs appeared to lie almost under the monster's back. We drew him out, however, and to our satisfaction found that he was still breathing. Chickango said that he belonged to the Bakeles, and was probably a chief hunter among them. As, however, we were much nearer our own abode than their village, Wilson and I agreed to carry him with us, somewhat I fancied, to Chickango's astonishment. 'Oh! he black fellow, he die; what use carry?' he remarked. Of course we kept our own opinion, hoping that with our doctor's skill the poor man might recover. He was unable to speak, and was indeed apparently unconscious.

"'Had my rifle been loaded with ball, I should have saved that poor fellow the last fearful crush; and in the future we must not go without one or two of our fowling-pieces loaded with ball,' observed Wilson ramming down a bullet into his rifle."

"Chickango and I did the same. We then constructed a rough litter, on which we placed the injured negro. We bore him along, a porter and Chickango carrying the head and I the feet part of the litter. We found the weight considerable, especially over the rough ground we had to traverse, but the life of a fellow-creature depended upon our perseverance.

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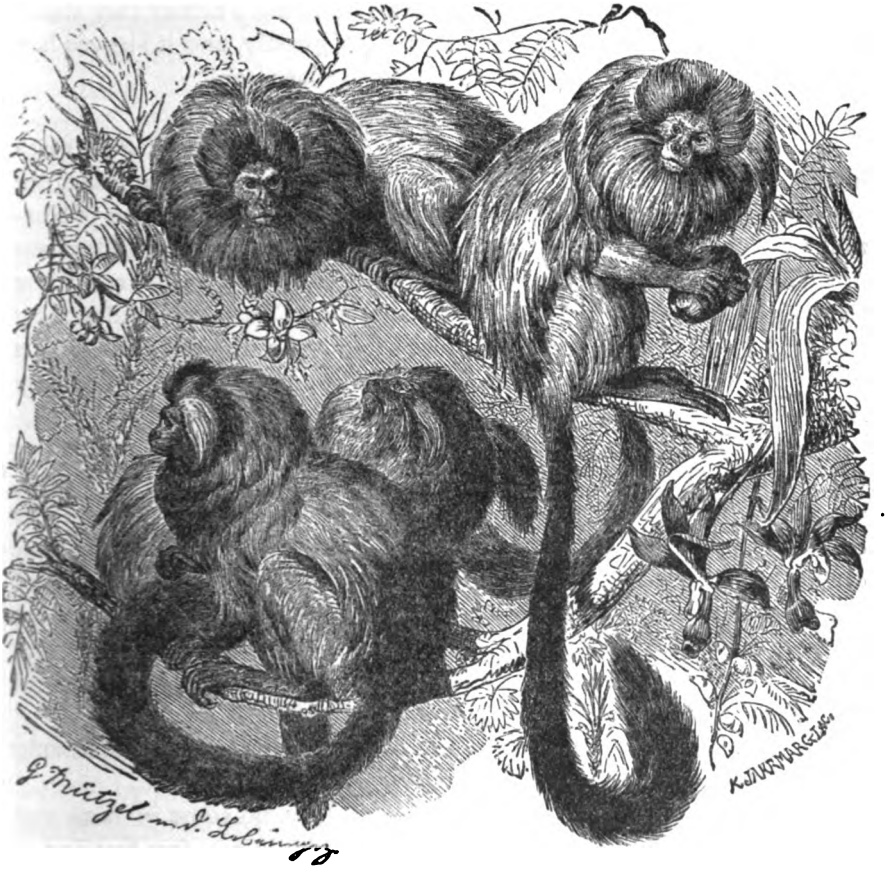
Chickango carefully noted the spot where the elephant lay, that we might return as soon as possible for some of the meat and the tusks, which were very large. We reached the spot where our friends were cutting out the canoe just as they were about to leave it, and we were thankful to have their assistance in carrying the stranger. The doctor instantly applied himself to examining the hurts of the negro. He found that his left arm



A FAMILY OF LION MONKEYS.

had been broken, and the ribs on the same side severely crushed. 'The injuries might be serious for a white man,' he observed; 'but the blood of an African, unheated by the climate, escapes inflammation, and I have hopes that he may recover.' Chickango was very eager to set out immediately, in order to bring in the elephant's tusks and some meat, but Wilson considered that it was too late in the day, and put off the expedition till the following morning.

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"We were somewhat later in starting than we intended. We carried baskets and ropes, to bring with us the ivory and a supply of meat. On reaching the spot, however, where the huge monster lay, we found that others had been before us. The tusks were gone, and a portion of the flesh. Innumerable birds of prey, also, were tearing away at it, or seated on the surrounding trees devouring the pieces they had carried off, while hyenas, already gorged, crept sulkily away, doubting whether they should attack us or not. The spectacle was almost ghastly, and it showed how soon a mountain of flesh might disappear in that region.

Beautiful Little Monkeys.

"Chickango was greatly disappointed, as not a particle of flesh which he could touch remained, while, of course, we regretted the loss of the valuable tusks. On our way back, we caught sight of a number of beautiful little monkeys skipping about in the trees. Chickango called them "oshingui." They were the smallest I ever saw. Below the trees where they had their abode ran a small stream; and Chickango told me they were very fond of water, and were never found at a distance from it. On the same trees, and playing with them, were numerous birds, called monkey-birds from their apparent attachment to those creatures.

"We saw another very beautiful little bird, with an extremely long flowing tail of pure milk-white. It had a crest on its head of a greenish black, and its breast was of the same color, while lower down the feathers were of an ashy brown. Snow-white feathers on the back rose up, like those of the birds of paradise, to which it had a strong resemblance. Soon after this I saw some creatures on the ground, and catching hold of one of them, I found it was an enormous ant of a greenish white color, with a head of a reddish black. The fangs were so powerful that when I put my fingers to them, they literally tore a piece of flesh out.

"'Why, these creatures would eat us all up, if we were to encounter them as we did those the other day,' I remarked.

"'No fear massa,' answered a native. 'Dey no come in same way. Dey no go into house, no climb tree, and only just a few hundred or t'ousand march together.'

"It was satisfactory to hear this, for really I felt that should an army invade us, we might have more reason to dread them than the blacks themselves. I was not sorry to miss the elephant flesh, for I had not forgotten the tough morsals we had placed between our teeth when presented to us by the friendly blacks soon after we landed."

The journey to Manyuema commenced on the 12th of July, 1869. After crossing the lake, the line of march was directly north-west until

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Bambarre, the district of a friendly chief named Moenekuss, was reached in September. Numerous rivers and minor streams were crossed on the way, some flowing into Tanganyika, and others westward the Lualaba; the district near the lake is mountainous and covered with dense forests. The Manyuema country is described by Livingstone as surpassingly beautiful.

Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind; and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees, many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are everywhere. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, although isolated by old feuds that are never settled, cultivate largely.

ANTS ON THE MARCH.

They have selected a kind of maize that bends its fruit-stalk round into a hook, and hedges some eighteen feet high are made by inserting poles, which sprout like Robinson Crusoe's hedge, and never decay. Lines of climbing plants are tied so as to go along from pole to pole, and the maize-cobs are suspended to these by their own hooked fruit-stalk. As the corn-cob is forming, the hook is turned round, so that the

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fruit-leaves of it hang down and form a hatch for the grain beneath or inside it. This upright granary forms a solid-looking wall round the villages, and the people are not stingy, but take down the maize and hand it to the men freely.

The streets of the villages often run east and west, in order that the bright blazing sun may lick up the moisture quickly from off them. The dwelling houses are generally in line, with public meeting-houses at each end, opposite the middle of the street; the roofs are low, but well thatched with a leaf resembling the banana-leaf, from which the water runs quickly off. The walls are of well-beaten clay, and screened from the weather. Inside, the dwellings are clean and comfortable, and before the Arabs came, bugs were unknown. In some places, where the south-east rains are abundant, the Manyuema place the back of the houses to this quarter, and prolong the low roof down, so that the rain does not reach the walls. These clay walls stand for ages, and men often return to the villages they left in infancy and build again the portions that many rains have washed away. Each housewife has from twenty-five to thirty earthen pots slung to the ceiling by very neat cord-swinging tassels; and often as many neatly-made baskets hung up in the same fashion, and much firewood.

The population is very large, and the people are fine-looking; Livingstone thinks that a crowd of Londoners, divested of their clothing and set opposite a crowd of Manyuema, would make a sorry spectacle. The people are very naked, answering to Cowper's lines:

> "Time was, when clothing, sumptuous or for use,
> Save their own painted skins, our sires had none,
> As yet black breeches were not; satin, smooth,
> Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile;
> The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
> Washed by the sea, or on the grav'ly bank
> Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
> Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength."

The natives plait the hair into the form of a basket behind; it is first rolled into a very long coil, then wound around something till it is about eight or ten inches long, projecting from the back of the head. The Manyuema, with their great numbers, their favored country, and their industrious habits, would seem to possess all the elements of a strong and progressive nation; but they are among the most barbarous tribes of Central Africa.

They are cannibals of the most degraded sort, for they eat the bodies of those who die of disease; they are suspicious, vindictive, and cruel;

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and they are so quarrelsome and treacherous that inhabitants of one village or district seldom dare venture beyond the confines of the next. Even Livingstone's large charity, quickened as it was by the outrages to which he saw them subjected at the hands of the Arabs, could find but little that was good in them except their physique. "The Manyuema," he says, after a long stay among them had made him familiar with their habits, "are the most bloody, callous savages I know; one puts a scarlet feather from a parrot's tail on the ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair: he who does so must kill a man or woman! Another custom is that none dare wear the skin of the musk cat, ngawa, unless he has murdered somebody: guns alone prevented them from killing us all, and for no reason either."

One of the great institutions of the Manyuema country is their markets, held in certain villages and at stated times. Even in war-time market people are allowed to pass freely to and from the fairs with their wares. People from distant districts collect here, and exchange their surplus product for Manyuema luxuries. Fish-wives, goat-herds, slave-owners; dealers in ivory, palm oil, pottery, skins, cloth, and iron-ware; sellers of fruit, vegetables, salt, grain, and fowls, all mingle in the motley throng, and shout the merits of their particular goods at the top of their lungs, and with a perseverance and ardor that would make the fortune of an auctioneer at home. Strange varieties of savage costume and no costume are to be seen in these groups: the wild Balegga man-eater stalking side by side with the white-skirted Moslem man-hunter from Zanzibar; and the plumed, painted, tattooed, and bespangled chieftain laying his dignity temporarily aside to chaffer with a poor commoner in his simple waistcloth, over the price of a pig or of a mess of roasted white ants.

Dreadful Massacre.

At Nyangwe there was a market once in every four days, and the assemblage generally numbered about three thousand. One fair day the Arabs, who had been sauntering peaceably among the crowd, suddenly produced their arms and began firing on the helpless multitude, chiefly composed of women. Flinging down their wares, the panic-stricken people fled on all sides, many of them dashing into the river that flowed close by, or climbing into boats that filled and sank with the numbers that crowded into them. The market-place was strewn with the dead and dying, and with the confused heaps of merchandise which had been dropped or thrown down in the flight, while the murderous scoundrels continued firing so long as they could see a victim to aim at.

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Livingstone believed that five hundred lives were sacrificed in this unprovoked massacre. The object was to "strike terror" into the hearts of the inhabitants, and show them the irresistible power of the gun. The result was that the country became too hot to hold the murderers.

Having rested at Bambarre until November, Livingstone resolved to go west to the Lualaba, and buy a canoe for its exploration. Travelling was very difficult, as it was now the rainy season; and the attitude of the natives became so threatening that after penetrating to within ten miles

MARKET IN MANYUEMA.

of the Lualaba he was compelled to turn back and return to Bambarre. Towards the end of December he set out with Mohammed's ivory party, hoping to reach another part of the Lualaba, and thus carry out his original scheme. The route pursued was due north, and was followed for about a month; but rheumatism and weakness, accompanied by a choleraic complaint, drove him back, and in February, 1870, he went into winter quarters at Mamohela, a town some distance north of Bambarre, which the Arabs had made their chief depot. Here he remained several months, regaining strength, and making preparations for further explorations and discoveries.

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In June a third attempt was made to reach Lualaba, which proved even more disastrous than either of the preceding ones. In the first place most of his men deserted him, so that he was obliged to start with only three attendants. The country proved exceedingly difficult from forest and water; trees fallen across the path formed a breast-high wall which had to be climbed over; flooded rivers, breast and neck deep, had to be crossed; the mud was awful; and nothing but villages eight or ten miles apart, the people of which were far from friendly. For the first time in his life Livingstone's feet failed him; instead of healing quietly, as heretofore, when torn by hard travel, irritable eating-ulcers fastened on both feet, and he was barely able to limp back to Mamohela in July. The ulcers now laid him up. If the foot were put to the ground a discharge of bloody ichor followed, and the same discharge happened every night with considerable pain that prevented sleep. They eat through everything—muscle, tendon, and bone; and medicines have very little effect upon them. Their periodicity would seem to indicate that they are allied to fever. For eighty days Livingstone never came out of his hut; and even then the ulcers had only begun to heal.

His journal shows that during the period of his confinement Livingstone was gathering information from both natives and Arabs as to the great lake and river system which he had discovered; speculating with apparent seriousness upon the possibility of Moses having penetrated to this region and founded the lost city of Meroe; and observing the habits of the people. He learned that another large lake, called Chibungo, lay about twelve days distant west from the Lualaba; and that a large river, which he called Lualaba West, flows out of it in a north-easterly direction and empties into the main stream.

To the central Lualaba, or main stream, he gave the name of "Webb's River;" to the western, "Young's River;" and to Chibungo, "Lake Lincoln," in honor of our own President Lincoln.

Concerning one whose name was given to a river, Livingstone says: "Oswell and Webb were fellow-travellers, and mighty hunters. Too much engrossed myself with mission-work to hunt, except for the children's larder, when going to visit distant tribes, I relished the sight of fair stand-up fights by my friends with the large denizens of the forest, and admired the true Nimrod class for their great courage, truthfulness, and honor."

Under date of August 24th he gives an interesting account of the soko, which he believed to be identical with the gorilla, but which Mr.

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Waller is probably right in regarding as an entirely new species of chimpanzee. The narrative is as follows:

Four gorillas or sokos were killed yesterday: an extensive grass-burning forced them out of their usual haunt, and coming on the plain they were speared. They often go erect, but place the hand on the head as if to steady the body. When seen thus, the soko is an ungainly beast. The most sentimental young lady would not call him a "dear," but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals, especially the antelopes, are graceful, and it is pleasant to see them either at rest or in motion: the natives are also well made, lithe and comely to behold; but the soko, if large, would do well to stand for a picture of the devil.

He takes away my appetite by the disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers, and faint apology for a beard; the foreground of the great dog-mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyuema devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say that the flesh is delicious.

Freaks of a Strange Animal.

The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking men and women while at their work, kidnapping children and running up trees with them—he seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and as he lifts that, drops the child: the young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go: another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko; it seized the spear and broke it; then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me;" the soko bit off the ends of his fingers and escaped unharmed. Both men are now alive at Bambarre.

The soko is cunning and has such sharp eyes that no one can stalk him in front without being seen, hence, when shot, it is always in the back; when surrounded by men and nets, he is often speared in the back too; otherwise he is not a very formidable beast; he is nothing as compared in power of damaging his assailant to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Numbers of them come down in

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CANNIBALS CAPTURING SOKOS.

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the forest within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox-hounds; this is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko, and seized; he roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall.

Never Attacks Women.

The soko kills the leopard occasionally, by seizing both paws and biting them so as to disable them; he then goes up a tree, groans over his wounds, and some time recovers, while the leopard dies: at other times both soko and leopard die. The lion kills him at once, and sometimes tears his limbs off, but does not eat him. The soko eats no flesh—small bananas are his dainties, but no maize. His food consists of wild fruits which abound. The soko brings forth at times twins. A very large soko was seen by Mohammed's hunters sitting picking his nails; they tried to stalk him, but he vanished. Some Manyuema think that their buried dead rise as sokos, and one was killed with holes in his ears, as if he had been a man. He is very strong, and fears guns but not spears; he never catches women.

Sokos collect together and make a drumming noise, some say with hollow trees, then burst forth into loud yells which are well imitated by the natives' embryotic music. If a man has no spear, the soko goes away satisfied, but if wounded he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheek of his victim, and bites without breaking the skin: he draws out a spear (but never uses it), and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch the blood; he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm, and never molests them; a man without a spear is nearly safe from him. They beat hollow trees as drums with hands, and then scream as music to it; when men hear them, they go to the sokos; but sokos never go to men with hostility. Manyuema say, "Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him."

They live in communities of about ten, each having his own female; an intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another over a grassy space; he then gives it to the mother.

Later on, one of the Arabs caught a young female soko whose mother had been killed, and gave it to Livingstone, who gives the following

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amusing account of it: She is eighteen inches high, has fine long black hair all over, which was pretty, so long as it was kept in order by her dam. She is the least mischievous of all the monkey tribe I have seen, and seems to know that in me she has a friend, and sits quietly on the mat beside me. In walking, the first thing observed is that she does not tread on the palms of her hands, but on the backs of the second line of bones of the hands: in doing this the nails do not touch the ground, nor do the knuckles; she uses the arms thus supported crutch fashion, and hitches herself along between them; occasionally one hand is put down before the other, and alternates with the feet, or she walks upright and holds up a hand to any one to carry her.

If refused, she turns her face down, and makes grimaces of the most bitter human weeping, wringing her hands, and sometimes adding a fourth hand or foot to make the appeal more touching. Grass or leaves she draws around her to make a nest, and resents anyone meddling with her property. She is a most friendly little beast, and came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelled my clothing, and held out her hand to be shaken. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf.

Shocking Barbarity.

The arrival of ten men from Ujiji with stores early in 1871, enabled Livingstone to penetrate to the Lualaba; but he was unable, after the most strenuous efforts, to procure a boat to descend the river, and his men utterly refused to cross over into the country beyond.

While staying on the banks of the Lualaba, which he found to be a mighty river, at least 3,000 yards broad and always deep, he witnessed a scene so shocking that he could stand the companionship of the Arabs no longer, and resolved to return at once to Ujiji. Almost from the day the Arab hordes entered the country petty outrages on either side had kept up a chronic state of hostility between them and the natives; and as their stay was protracted these outrages became gradually more numerous and more murderous. At the time when the scene referred to occurred, Livingstone was staying at the headquarters of Dugumbe, who had a large ivory-hunting party with him.

His people seemed to be on friendly enough terms with the natives; but one day in July the Arabs in camp became very much incensed on learning that Kimburu and several other local chiefs had mixed the blood of friendship with a slave named Manilla. The result shall be given in Livingstone's own words:

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The reports of guns on the other side of the Lualaba all the morning tell of the people of Dugumbe murdering those of Kimburu and others who mixed blood with Manilla. "Manilla is a slave, and how dares he to mix blood with chiefs who ought only to make friends with free men like us?"—This is their complaint. Kimburu gave Manilla three slaves, and he sacked ten villages in token of friendship; he proposed to give Dugumbe nine slaves in the same operation, but Dugumbe's people destroy his villages, and shoot and make his people captives to punish Manilla; to make an impression, in fact, in the country that they alone are to be dealt with—"make friends with us, and not with Manilla or anyone else"—such is what they insist upon.

About 1,500 people came to market, though many villages of those that usually come from the other side were now in flames, and every now and then a number of shots were fired on the fugitives.

Panic-Stricken Crowd.

It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and ran.

At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off: in going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank, the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land; as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish.

Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor

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ARABS DESTROYING VILLAGES AND MURDERING NATIVES.

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creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with hands and arms: three canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together, and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head; he had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning.

By and by all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming to the lot of a slave: the Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those that went down stream may have escaped, but the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. The shooting-party near the canoes were so reckless, they killed two of their own people; and a Banyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more.

Shameful Cruelty and Destruction.

My first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against my getting into a blood-feud, and I was thankful afterwards that I took his advice. Two wretched Moslems asserted "that the firing was done by the people of the English;" I asked one of them why he lied so, and he could utter no excuse: no other falsehood came to his aid as he stood abashed before me, and so telling him not to tell palpable falsehoods, I left him gaping.

After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there, and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of Lualaba. Oh, let Thy Kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell. All the slaves in the camp rushed at the fugitives on land, and plundered them: women were for hours collecting and carrying loads of what had been thrown down in terror.

I proposed to Dugumbe to catch the murderers, and hang them up in the market-place, as our protest against the bloody deeds before the Manyuema. If, as he and others added, the massacre was committed by Manillo's people, he would have consented; but it was done by Taga-

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moio's people, and others of this party, headed by Dugumbe. This slaughter was peculiarly atrocious, inasmuch as we have always heard that women coming to or from market have never been known to be molested: even when two districts are engaged in actual hostilities, "the women," say they, "pass among us to market unmolested;" nor has one ever been know to be plundered by the men. These Nigger Moslems are inferior to the Manyuema in justice and right. The people under Hassani began the superwickedness of capture and pillage of all indiscriminately. Dugumbe promised to send over men to order Tagamoio's men to cease firing and burning the villages; they remained over among the ruins, feasting on goats and fowls all night, and next day continued their infamous work till twenty-seven villages were destroyed.

The murderous assault on the market people, felt to me like Gehenna, without the fire and brimstone; but the heat was oppressive, and the fire-arms pouring their iron bullets in the fugitives, was not an inapt representation of burning in the bottomless pit. The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on a severe headache, which might have been serious had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood; I was laid up all yesterday afternoon with the depression the bloodshed made —it filled me with unspeakable horror.

Off on Foot for Ujiji.

The foregoing description by Livingstone of this bloody conflict will enable the reader to understand his eager desire to get away and pursue his journey.

Collecting his own little retinue, he started on foot for Ujiji three days later, the Arabs trying to prove their penitence by pressing their goods upon him, begging him not to hesitate to tell them of anything he wanted. A little gunpowder was all he would accept. Again attacked by fever, and "almost every step in pain," he pressed on, past miles of burning villages, until he came to a party of Manyuema who refused to come near, threw stones at him and his men, and "tried to kill those who went for water."

On the 8th of August, after a bad night, an attack being every moment expected, our hero attempted to come to a parley with his enemies, feeling sure that he could soon convince them of his friendly intentions, but they would not listen to his envoys, and in passing along a narrow path, "with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand," he came to a spot where trees had been cut down to obstruct his party whilst they were speared. Clambering over the barrier, though expecting instant death, Livingstone was surprised at meeting with no opposition, but as he crept slowly along, preceded by his men, who really seemed to have behaved

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very well, and peered into the dense foliage on either side, a dark shadow, that of an infuriated savage, here and there intervened between him and the sun. Every rustle in the leaves might now mean a spear, any sound might be the signal for a massacre. Presently a large spear from the right almost grazed Livingstone's back, and stuck into the ground behind him. He looked round and saw two men from whom it came in an opening in the forest only ten yards off, but again his foes disappeared as if by magic.

Within Twelve Inches of Death.

All were now allowed to go on for a few minutes unmolested, but soon another spear was thrown at Livingstone by an unseen assailant, missing him again by about a foot. A red jacket he wore, he tells us, led our hero to be taken for Mohammed Mogharib, one of the slave-dealers, and it soon became evident that his men were to be allowed to escape whilst the attack was concentrated upon him. Ordering his attendants to fire their guns into the bush—the first time, be it observed, that he had ever in the course of his long wanderings used weapons in his own defence—our hero still went calmly on, congratulating himself that no yells or screams of agony succeeded his volley, till he came to a part of the forest cleared for cultivation.

Here he noticed a gigantic tree, made still taller by growing on an ant-hill twenty feet high, to which fire had been applied near the roots. As he came up to it, he heard a crack which told that the destructive element had done its work, but he felt no fear till he saw the huge bulk falling forwards towards himself. He started back, and only just escaped being crushed. "Three times in one day," he remnrks, "was I delivered from impending death." His attendants, gathering round him, and taking this third preservation as a good omen, shouted, "Peace! peace! you will finish your work in spite of these people, and in spite of everything."

Five hours more of "running the gauntlet" ensued, and then the little band emerged unscathed on the cleared lands of a group of villages, to be met by a friendly chief named Muanampanda, who invited them to be his guests. On learning the meaning of all the firing he had heard, Muanampanda offered to call his people together and punish those who had molested the explorer, but, true to his generous character, Livingstone declared he wished no revenge for an attack made in error, and with some little difficnlty the chief consented to humor what must have seemed to him a strange whim.

At Muanampanda's, Livingstone had unmistakable proof of the practice of cannibalism amongst the Manyuema, who eat their foes killed in

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battle, not from any lack of other animal food, but with a view to inspiring themselves with courage. They are said to bury a body which is to be eaten for two days in a forest, and then to disinter and cook it. We are glad to be able to add that they seem rather ashamed of this horrible practice, and do not like strangers to look at their human meat.

From Muanampanda's Livingstone went on eastwards by very slow stages, for he was overtaken by a serious return of his old illness, and the entries in his journal, as on his last trip to Tanganyika, are very short and unsatisfactory. On the 23d September he writes, "I was sorely knocked up by this march from Nyangwe back to Ujiji. In the latter part of it I felt as if dying on my feet. Almost every step was in pain —the appetite failed, whilst the mind, sorely depressed, reacted on the body. All the traders were returning successful. I alone had failed, and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained."

Another Misfortune.

Another week and he chronicles his third arrival on the shores of Tanganyika, close to the entry into the lake of the river Logumba, which rises in the Kalogo mountains on the west. "Perhaps," hazards Livingstone, "this river is the outlet of Tanganyika." "Great noises as of thunder were heard as far as twelve days off, which were ascribed to Kalogo, as if it had subterranean caves into which the water rushed with great noise; the country slopes that way," he adds, "but I was too ill to examine its source" (that of the Logumba).

On the 9th October the worn-out, almost dying, explorer arrived on the islet of Kasenge, landed on the eastern shores of the lake, and on the 23d entered Ujiji, reduced, to use his own words, "to a skeleton." Warmly welcomed by the Arabs, who had believed him to be dead, and finding the market full of all kinds of native provisions, he hoped that proper food and rest would soon restore him, but in the evening his people came to tell him that the goods he left under the care of a man named Shereef had been sold at a nominal price, the Arabs adding that they protested, but the "idiot" would not listen to them.

"This was distressing," exclaims poor Livingstone, thus again cut off from hope of fresh explorations. "I had made up my mind, if I could not get people at Ujiji, to wait till men should come from the coast, but to wait in beggary was what I never contemplated." The man Shereef actually came without shame to shake hands with his old master, and on Livingstone's refusing him that courtesy he assumed an air of displeasure, as if badly treated, observing on leaving, "I am going to pray."

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In his destitution Livingstone felt, he tells us, as if "he were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves," but for him there was no hope of priest, Levite, or good Samaritan. Never, however, was the oft-quoted proverb, "when things are at the worst they will mend," more thoroughly verified than in this instance. First came a generous offer of aid in the form of a stock of valuable ivory from an Arab named Syed bin Magid, and then the news brought by Susi of the approach of an "Englishman," who proved to be more of an American than was supposed.

The fact that Stanley reached Ujiji without the knowledge of Livingstone and those composing his expedition, shows how difficult it is in Africa to obtain news of what is transpiring even a short distance away. In our own country it could be known for hundreds of miles away from a party of travellers that they were on the march; starting on one side of the continent, the other side could be made aware of the fact immediately. From time to time reports could be furnished, and enterprising newspapers could present cuts showing the various experiences through which the travellers were passing. But Africa is not America. For a long time Stanley and his men journeyed from Zanzibar towards the lake on the shores of which, now historic, Livingstone was secluded. No news went ahead, no messengers told the story, no telegraph flashed hope to the despairing explorer, and suddenly, unexpectedly, yet with joy like that of the morning, the great American hero stood face to face with the one whom he was seeking.

This is the statement of the fact. In the subsequent chapter we shall trace Mr. Stanley's journey, and shall see what befell him on the way. We shall also learn a little later the wonderful effect produced upon Livingstone by this timely arrival. It is safe to say that if help had not come as opportunely as it did, the explorer would have died there upon the banks of the lake which he had struggled so long and heroically to reach. He was a broken-down, worn-out man, and needed the strong support, sympathy and timely help of just such a young, bold, heroic soul as Stanley was.

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CHAPTER XII.

STANLEY HASTENING TO THE RESCUE.

Livingstone Traced to Ujiji—Search Expedition Organized in England—Alarm and Sorrow at the News of Livingstone's Death—News Discredited by Sir Roderick Murchison—Mr. Young Sent Out to Find the Lost Explorer—The Little Steel Vessel—The Expedition Hears of a White Man—Traces of Livingstone—Natives Know Livingstone by His Photograph—Cheering News—Another Search Expedition—Money Eagerly Subscribed—Men Selected for the Undertaking—Stanley Leads the Way—Stanley on the March—Guides, Carriers and Donkeys—Band Music and Lively Songs—Natives Carrying Heavy Burdens on their Heads—Perils and Difficulties of the Journey—Qualities Required in an Explorer—Tangled Brake and Wild Animals—The Ferocious Rhinoceros—Excitements of the Chase—A Monster Fleet as a Gazelle—Conflict Between an Elephant and Rhinoceros—Mr. Oswald s Narrow Escape—The Hunter Scarred for Life—Stanley s Misfortunes—Sentence of Flogging on a Deserter—The Donkey-Whip—Daughter of an Infamous King—Urging Forward the Caravan—Sending Away a Sick Man—Stanley Frightens an Arab Sheik—Across Marshes and Rivers—Half Buried in a Swamp—Stanley's Graphic Account—Pursuit of a Runaway—The Fugitive Captured—Two Dozen Lashes and Put in Irons—The Captor Rewarded—Coral Beads for a Native's Wife.

WE have already seen that in the year 1866 Dr. Livingstone had remained for a time with a certain Babisa chief, until the native was restored to health. Musa, and the doctor's other followers, deserted him and then made for the coast, where they at once spread the report that Livingstone had been murdered by the sanguinary tribe of Mazitu.

We know that this tale was false, for we have already tracked the doctor to Ujiji, but the authorities at Zanzibar, in 1866, had no such evidence. Musa declared supposed facts in a very circumstantial manner, and Dr. Seward, political resident, forwarded the information to Lord Stanley, and the rumors thus circumstantially circulated gave rise to the activity which resulted in the Search Expeditions despatched from England; which, however, were rendered abortive by the enterprise of the *New York Herald* and its correspondent, Henry M. Stanley.

The news of Livingstone's murder was received in England with alarm and sorrow. The story had so many elements of apparent truth in its composition, that friends and relatives, as well as the less-informed British public, feared the worst.

But some people, and notably Sir R. Murchison, discredited the news.

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It was, however, suggested that an expedition should be forthwith despatched to find the explorer, but this suggestion was combated as one which, if carried out, would prove useless and disastrous.

However, after some months had elapsed, Sir Roderick Murchison and his adherents gained their point. A former companion of Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Edward D. Young, was appointed leader, as already stated. From the Cape the little expedition was carried, in June, 1867, to the mouth of the Zambesi in one of Her Majesty's ships, and a small steel vessel, named the "Search," was successfully launched upon the waters of the rapid river.

After some adventures, and a visit to a Portuguese settlement, whose chief gave the members confirmation of Livingstone's death—which, however, Young did not credit—the "Search" continued, and entered the Shire River, where they were attacked by the natives, but being at length recognized as English, were hospitably received.

As the little party continued their route, the inhabitants recognized the English as old friends. The chief of Mankokwi and others welcomed the Search Expedition, and though continual delays were thereby necessitated, the value of the friendliness was so great that the time lost was not considered as also wasted.

The Expedition Hears of a "White Man."

After a while more progress was made, and the cataracts were passed. Lake Nyassa was at hand, and information which came in from time to time assured Mr. Young and his companions that they were on the right trail. No hostile tribe opposed their progress, and the "Search" continued her venturesome way unmolested.

At length, in the beginning of September, the lake was gained, and it became now a difficult matter to decide in what direction the course should be steered. A "white man" had been reported as having already gone in a north-westerly direction, but that was long ago, and Mr. Young and his men were somewhat undecided.

The appearance of a native, however, gave them hopes; and when the man confessed a liking for the English because a white man had lately passed by, and made his village presents, Mr. Young was assured of success. Questions were put to the man concerning the appearance and departure of the good Englishman, and enough was extracted to assure Mr. Young that, so far, he had been proceeding in the right direction, and that Livingstone had certainly not been murdered as reported.

Proceeding further up the lake, the good news was confirmed. The illustrious traveller had remained in a small village by the water during

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the past winter season, and had left an excellent impression upon the natives. They gladly welcomed Young's party, and told the leader in what direction the Englishman had gone. They described him very fairly, and even indicated the peak of the doctor's cap, while other portions of his equipment were also faithfully and graphically recalled by the native chief.

Doubt could no longer exist in the minds of the members of the "Search" party that they had found "warm" traces of the great explorer. Further enquiries resulted in accurate information respecting his observation of the sun with the sextant—which were illustrated by means of sticks—by a detail of the number of men, "two or three tens" of persons, his feet clothed in "skins" (boots)—and his little dog was mentioned.

The Explorer Known by His Photograph.

Mr. Young at once continued his course, crossing the lake to Chivola, where more relics and reminiscenses of the doctor were discovered and related. The villagers gave many faithful and interesting details of the "white man's" residence with them, and held his memory in great reverence.

While Mr. Young remained at Chivola he tested the accuracy of the chief's memory by mixing a photograph of Livingstone, in European dress, with the pictures of other individuals. The chief at once identified the doctor, but said his dress was not the same, as of course it was not. This test was regarded, and with reason, as crucial and successful. Moreover, a prayer-book, a razor, and other relics were gradually produced by natives with whom he had exchanged them.

So armed with proof, Young proceeded—found other evidence in one of the doctor's young attendants, who had been ill and left behind. But the cold season had passed long ago—no news had been heard of the great traveller since he had gone south-west. Still Young persisted, and finally he gained information which entirely upset Musa's ingenious fabrication, although the doctor was not found.

A native, who was encountered by the lake, gave the valuable intelligence that he had himself seen and assisted the doctor, the great "M'Sungu," after the desertion of Musa and his faithless companions, of whom the native knew nothing. The man scorned the idea of Livingstone having been murdered by the Mazitu tribe, for the "M'Sungu" had avoided them completely. Musa's tale of death and burial was fully investigated and proved false when the search party penetrated to the Babisa country, and interviewed the old chief.

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This man was the identical individual whom Livingstone had cured, and who was, therefore, extremely well-disposed to the new comers. His tribe were famous traders and travellers, who knew the country well and widely. From the Chief of Marengas Mr. Young obtained the best news they had yet received.

The chief informed them that he knew Livingstone quite well, as was natural he should, seeing the doctor had tended him for so many weeks. He said that the white man had gone away across the marshes. After that, Musa and the Johanna men had returned, having deserted Livingstone, and were on their way to the coast.

This information, so far, tallied with news already to hand; but the chief declared that he had never heard of the death of Livingstone, and the native was assured that had it occurred he must have heard of it, considering the wandering habits of his men, and their taste for travelling and trading. The chief thought it most improbable that the doctor had been killed at all in the country, and that he had not perished as Musa had declared was already evident. Under these circumstances, Mr. Young and his men came to the conclusion that Livingstone was alive, though unfortunately out of reach; that he had wandered through territories since infested by a hostile tribe, who had destroyed the villages.

The Babisa chief warmly dissuaded Young from attempting to follow the doctor under such circumstances, and accordingly the "Search" expedition returned to the coast, and to England, with the news that Livingstone had not been murdered, as stated by Musa, but that he had wandered away out of reach.

Another Search Expedition.

Although the information brought home by Young satisfied for a time the anxiety of the English people, nothing definite had actually been heard of the doctor since May, 1869. In 1870, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. Murchison gave hopes of the doctor's existence. Livingstone had been reported at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he was waiting supplies. Sir Samuel Baker hoped to find him, but this hope had no actual result, owing to geographical difficulties.

Sir Bartle Frere proclaimed a relief expedition. Money was eagerly subscribed throughout the United Kingdom, and the Geographical Society took the matter in hand for the nation. Lieutenants Dawson and Henn were selected as the leaders, from a candidates' list of four hundred volunteers. Mr. Oswald Livingstone went with them, but a powerful

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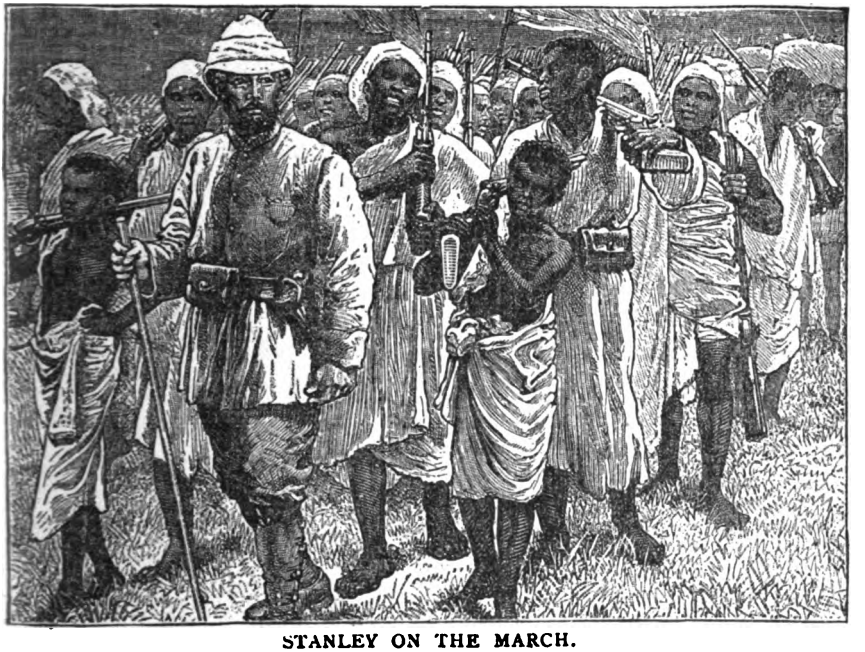
rival had already been despatched, and his mission was almost unknown at first. This great rival was Henry M. Stanley, who had a tour arranged for him in India, with instructions to swoop down on Zanzibar and "find Livingstone."

Stanley carried out his instructions, and arrived in January, 1871 at Zanzibar, which he found to be a much more beautiful and fertile island than he had supposed. He soon introduced himself to Dr. Kirk, and, without delay, set about making the necessary preparations for his journey. The great difficulty was to obtain information as to the amount of



STANLEY ON THE MARCH.

food, or rather the articles for purchasing it, which would be required for the hundred men he proposed enlisting in his service.

He had engaged at Jerusalem a Christian Arab boy named Selim, who was to act as his interpreter, and he had also on the voyage attached to the expedition two mates of merchantmen, Farquhar and Shaw, who were very useful in constructing tents and arranging two boats and the pack-saddles and packages for the journey, but who proved in other respects very poor travellers. He also secured the services of that now well-known hero, Bombay, captain of Speke's faithfuls, and five of his other followers, Uledi, Grant's valet, and the blue-headed Mabruki, who had in the meantime lost one of his hands, but, notwithstanding, was

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likely to prove useful. They were the only remains of the band to be found, the rest having died or gone elsewhere. These six still retained their medals for assisting in the discovery of the source of the Nile.

Stanley Getting Ready to Start.

The boats, one of which was capable of carrying twenty people and the other six, were stripped of their planks, the timbers and thwarts only being carried. Instead of the planking it was proposed to cover them with double canvas skin, well tarred. They and the rest of the baggage were carried in loads, none exceeding sixty-eight pounds in weight. Two horses and twenty-seven donkeys were purchased, and a small cart, while the traveller had brought with him a watch-dog, which he hoped would guard his tent from prowling thieves. An ample supply of beads, cloth, and wire was also laid in, with tea, sugar, rice, and medicine. To Bombay and his faithfuls were added eighteen more free men, who were all well armed, and when mustered appeared an exceedingly fine-looking body of soldiers. These were to act as escort to the *pagazis*, or carriers.

On the 4th of February, 1871, the expedition was ready, and on the 5th embarked in four dhows, which conveyed it across to Bagamoyo on the mainland. Here it was detained five weeks while its persevering leader was combating the rogueries of Ali Ben Salim and another Arab, Hadji Palloo, who had undertaken to secure one hundred and forty carriers. The packages were rearranged, the tents improved, and other necessary arrangements made.

He found here a caravan which had been despatched by the British Consul a hundred days before to the relief of Dr. Livingstone; but which, its leader making as an excuse that he was unable to obtain a fresh number of carriers, had hitherto remained inactive.

Band Music and Lively Songs.

The climate of Bagamoyo is far superior to that of Zanzibar. In its neighborhood a French Jesuit mission has been for some time established, with ten priests and as many sisters, who have been very successful in educating two hundred boys and girls. The priests sumptuously entertained Mr. Stanley with excellent champagne and claret, while some of their pupils, among whom they had formed a brass band, amused them with instrumental music and French songs.

He divided his expedition into five caravans, the first of which he started off on the 18th of February, although it was not till March 21st that he with the largest was able to commence his journey westward. Altogether the expedition numbered on the day of departure, besides the commander and his two white attendants, twenty-three soldiers, four

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PORTER CARRYING A CART ON HIS HEAD.

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chiefs, one hundred and fifty-three carriers, and four supernumeraries. Every possible care had been bestowed on the outfit, and in nothing that it needed was it stinted. Bombay proved to be honest and trustworthy, while Ferajji and Mabruki turned out true men and staunch, the latter, on one occasion, finding a difficulty in dragging the cart, having brought it along on his head rather than abandon it. The facility with which the natives carry heavy loads on their heads is described by Stanley. On one occasion he was waiting for Shaw, who was leading a caravan with supplies. Food being scarce in the camp, and Shaw not arriving, he sent a message to him, requiring him to come on with all the speed he could; but time passed, and the caravan arrived not. Stanley then set out to meet it, and thus describes Shaw's order of march:—"Stout, burley Chowereh carried the cart on his head, having found that carrying it was easier than drawing it. The sight was such a damper to my regard for it as an experiment, that the cart was wheeled into the reeds and there left. The central figure was Shaw himself, riding at a gait which rendered it doubtful whether he or his animal felt most sleepy. Upon expostulating with him for keeping the caravan so long waiting when there was a march on hand, he said he had done the best he could, but as I had seen the solemn pace at which he rode, I felt dubious about his best endeavors, and requested him, if he could not mend his pace, to dismount and permit the donkey to be loaded for the march."

Perils and Difficulties.

Thus delays, obstacles and risks are sure to meet one who undertakes a land journey in intertropical Africa. There is no longer, as in the desert, the peril of death from thirst or starvation; for the country abounds in game, and the course does not throughout lie through interminable swamp, as in the river navigation. But from the very beginning the explorer is beset with hindrances and annoyances small and great An army of porters must be got together, drilled and fed. Like other Africans, they are children of impulse, credulous, suspicious, often lying, cowardly and treacherous. On the slightest provocation they are seized with panic, and desert; or they take advantage of relaxed discipline.

The leader must be possessed of inexhaustible good-humor, and at the same time be able to prove, when occasion requires, that he is a stern master. A dove-like demeanor will hardly suit the African explorer; he must be wise as a serpent and watchful as a hawk. When at length a start is made, difficulties accumulate at every step. In a country where rain falls for ten or eleven months in the year, under a vertical sun, the growth of vegetation is amazing.

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EXCITING CHASE OF THE RHINOCEROS.

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In the dry season the grass and shrubs are burned far and wide; but after a few weeks' rain the new plant-life starts up with incredible quickness. The country is covered with an impenetrable jungle of grass, reeds, and bamboos. A thick undergrowth starts up below the shade of the forest trees; the great stems of the pandanus, the banana, and the baobab are covered to their tops with a feathery growth of parasitic ferns and orchids, and festooned with the tough branches of the wild vine and the liana, and other twining and creeping plants.

The rivers are at their highest mark, and the marshes are profound and impassable. The native villages are almost smothered under the dark luxuriance of plant-life, and lions and other beasts of prey can creep up unseen to the very doors of the huts. The whole country, in short, becomes a tangled brake, with only here and there an open space, or a rough track marking where the heavy body of an elephant, a rhinoceros, or a buffalo has crushed a way through the high grass. The fact that there is "a lion in the way"—much more an elephant—is an incentive to the traveller to push on.

A Dangerous Beast.

The rhinoceros especially is a monster that no traveller would wish to meet, and renders exploration in some parts of Africa perilous in the extreme. Graphic accounts of the deadly exploits of this ferocious brute are given by all who have penetrated far into the wilds of the Dark Continent.

The largest of the rhinoceros family is he of Africa, the square-nosed white rhinoceros. A full-grown brute of his species will measure eighteen feet in length (Mr. Galton shot one eighteen feet six inches); the circumference of its broad back and low-hanging belly almost as much; while it is so low on its legs that a tall man a-tiptoe could see across its back. Attached to its blunt nose—not to the bone, but merely set in the skin—is a horn more or less curved, hard as steel, sharp, and more than a yard long; and immediately behind this is a little horn, equally sharp, and shaped like a handleless extinguisher. Its eyes are marvelously little—so little, indeed, that at a short distance they are scarcely to be seen; at the same time, however, it should be borne in mind that the rhinoceros is of nocturnal habits; and, as it is with all such animals, by daylight the eyes are seldom seen to full advantage.

Its ears are long, pointed, and tipped with a few bristles; these and a scrubby tassel at the extremity of its tail comprise the whole of its hirsute appendages. His sense of hearing and smell are wonderfully acute. Andersson says, "I have had frequent opportunities of testing both these

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qualities. Even when feeding, lying down, or obeying any passing demand of nature, he will listen with a deep and continued attention until the noise that has attracted his attention ceases. He 'winds' an enemy from a very great distance; but if one be to leeward of him it is not difficult to approach within a few paces."

A Monster Fleet as a Gazelle.

Hunters universally agree as to the wonderful swiftness of this ponderous brute. Says Gordon Cumming, "A horse and rider can rarely manage to overtake it;" and Captain Harris echoes, "From its clumsy appearance one would never suppose it capable of such lightning-like movements." "He is not often pursued on horseback," says Andersson, who, without doubt, knows more of the animal than any other European, "and chiefly because his speed and endurance are such that it is very difficult to come up with and follow him, to say nothing of the danger attendant on such a course. Many a hunter, indeed, has thereby endangered his life."

Should the lion and rhinoceros meet, the former allows the latter a wide berth, and the huge elephant yields to him the path rather than risk a battle. Occasionally, however, the peaceful giant of the forest will lose all patience with his quarrelsome neighbor, and screw up his courage "to have it out" with him. But the extra strength of the elephant does not sufficiently compensate for his cumbrous gait, and the swift and sudden movement of keitloa gives him an immense advantage. A celebrated African sportsman once witnessed such a battle at Omanbonde, but in this instance the impetuous rage of the rhinoceros proved his downfall; for, having driven his terrible horn up to the hilt into the carcass of the elephant, he was unable to extricate it, and the latter, falling dead of his wound, crushed out the life of his assailant in his descent. Mr. Andersson once witnessed a fight between a gigantic bull elephant and a black rhinoceros, and in the end the former turned tail and ran for his life.

That he will not allow his passion for war to be hampered by the ties of blood and kindred, is proved by the same gentleman. "One night, while at the skarra" (a circular wall, built of rough stone, loosely piled on each other), "I saw four of these huge beasts engage each other at the same time; and so furious was the strife, and their gruntings so horrible, that it caused the greatest consternation among my party, who were encamped a little way off. I succeeded after awhile in killing two of them, one of which was actually unfit for food, from wounds received on previous occasions, and probably under similar circumstances."

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The rhinoceros's best friend, and the rhinoceros hunter's most tiresome enemy, is a little bird, vulgarly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly attends on the huge beast, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and elastic tail enabling it to hold fast to whatever portion of the animal it fancies. If it rendered the rhinoceros no further service than ridding him of these biting pests, it would deserve his gratitude; but, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger afar off, and at once shoots up into the air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is not slow to understand and take advantage of; he doesn't wait to make inquiry, but makes off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the bird fails to wake him with its voice, it will peck the inside of his ears, and otherwise exert itself to rouse its thick-headed friend.

As a rule, the rhinoceros will shun man's presence, and do its best to escape as soon as the hunter approaches. Like all other rules, however, this one is not without exception. In proof of this, Mr. Oswell relates an adventure in which he was the hunted as well the hunter, barely escaping with his life. One day, while returning to camp on foot, he saw, at a short distance off, two rhinoceroses of the terrible keitloa species approaching him as they grazed. He says: "I immediately crouched, and quietly awaited their arrival; but though they soon came within range, from their constantly facing me I was unable to fire, well knowing the uselessness of a shot at the head. In a short time they had approached, but on account of the exposed nature of the ground I could neither retreat nor advance, and my situation became highly critical.

Scarred for Life.

"I was afraid to fire, for even had I succeeded in killing one, the other would in all likelihood have run over and trampled me to death. In this dilemma it suddenly occurred to me that on account of their bad sight I might possibly save myself by endeavoring to run past them. No time was to be lost, and accordingly, just as the leading animal almost touched me, I stood up and dashed past it. The brute, however, was too quick for me, and before I had made many good paces I heard a violent snorting at my heels, and had only time to fire my gun at random at his head when I felt myself impaled on his horn.

"The shock stunned me completely. The first return to consciousness was, I recollect, finding myself seated on one of my ponies, and a Caffre leading it. I had an indistinct notion of having been hunting, and on observing the man I asked quickly why he was not following the track

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of the animal, when he mumbled something to the effect that it was gone. By accident I touched my right hip with my hand, and on withdrawing it was astounded to find it clotted with blood; yet my senses were still so confused, and the side so benumbed, that I actually kept feeling and pressing the wound with my fingers. While trying to account for my strange position, I observed some of my men coming toward me with a cart, and on asking them what they were about, they cried out that they had come to fetch my body, having been told that I had been killed by some animal. The truth now for the first time broke upon me, and I was quickly made aware of my crippled condition. The wound I had received was of a very serious character, and although it ultimately healed, it left scars behind which will no doubt remain till the day of my death."

This was not the only opportunity Mr. Oswell had of testing the unflinching courage occasionally exhibited by the rhinoceros. Once as, mounted on a first-rate horse, he was returning from an elephant hunt, he saw in the distance a magnificent white rhinoceros, bearing a horn of unusual size. Without a thought as to the danger of the proceeding, he spurred his steed, and was speedily neck and neck with his game. Instantly the deadly gun was leveled, and a bullet lodged in the thick-skinned carcase. Not fatally, however; and, worse than all, instead of "bolting," as is the animal's wont when wounded, it just stood stock-still for a moment, eyeing the hunter with its vengeful little eyes, and then deliberately stalking toward him, made a sudden rush at the refractory steed, and thrust its horn completely through its body, so that the point of the tremendous weapon struck the rider's leg through the saddle-flap at the other side. The horse was of course killed on the spot, but the rider was so little injured that he immediately followed and slew the rhinoceros.

A Powerful Foe.

Innumerable instances of dangerous encounters with wild animals might be mentioned, to show the perils that constantly beset the path of Stanley. Kingston relates an adventure of this description.

"Once more," he says, "the trumpeting burst forth, the sounds echoing through the forest. A minute afterwards I heard the crashing of boughs and brushwood some way off. I guessed, as I listened, that the animal was coming towards where I lay. The sounds increased in loudness. Should it discover me it would probably revenge itself by crushing me to death, or tossing me in the air with its trunk. I had my rifle ready to fire. There was a chance that I might kill it or make it turn aside.

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The ground where I lay sloped gradually downwards to a more open spot. I expected the next instant that the elephant would appear. It did so, but further off than I thought it would, and I thus began to hope that I should escape its notice. It was moving slowly, though trumpeting with pain and rage.

"The instant I caught sight of it another huge creature rushed out of the thicket on the opposite side of the glade. It was a huge bull rhinoceros with a couple of sharp-pointed horns, one behind the other.

"The elephant on seeing it stopped still, as if wishing to avoid a contest with so powerful an antagonist. I fully expected to witness a long and terrible fight, and feared that, in the struggle, the animals might move towards where I lay and crush me. That the elephant was wounded I could see by the blood streaming down its neck. This probably made it less inclined to engage in a battle with the rhinoceros. Instead of advancing, it stood whisking its trunk about and trumpeting. The rhinoceros, on the contrary, after regarding it for a moment, rushed fearlessly forward and drove its sharp-pointed horns into its body while it in vain attempted to defend itself with its trunk.

"The two creatures were now locked together in a way which made it seem impossible for them to separate, unless the horns of the rhinoceros were broken off. Never did I witness a more furious fight. The elephant attempted to throw itself down on the head of its antagonist, and thereby only drove the horns deeper into its own body. So interested was I, that I forgot the pain I was suffering, while I could hear no other sounds than those produced by the two huge combatants. While I was watching them, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and saw one of our party standing over me.

"'I am sorry you have met with this accident!' he exclaimed. 'The sooner you get away from this the better. There is a safer spot a little higher up the bank. We will carry you there.'

"I willingly consenting, my friends did as they proposed, as from thence I could watch the fight with greater security. They, having placed me in safety, hurried towards the combatants, hoping to kill both of them before they separated.

"The Huge Creature Fell Over."

"The elephant, already wounded, appeared likely to succumb without our further interference. There was indeed little chance of its attempting to defend itself against them. One of the men sprang forward until he got close up to the animals, and firing he sent a bullet right through the elephant's heart. The huge creature fell over, pressing the rhinoceros

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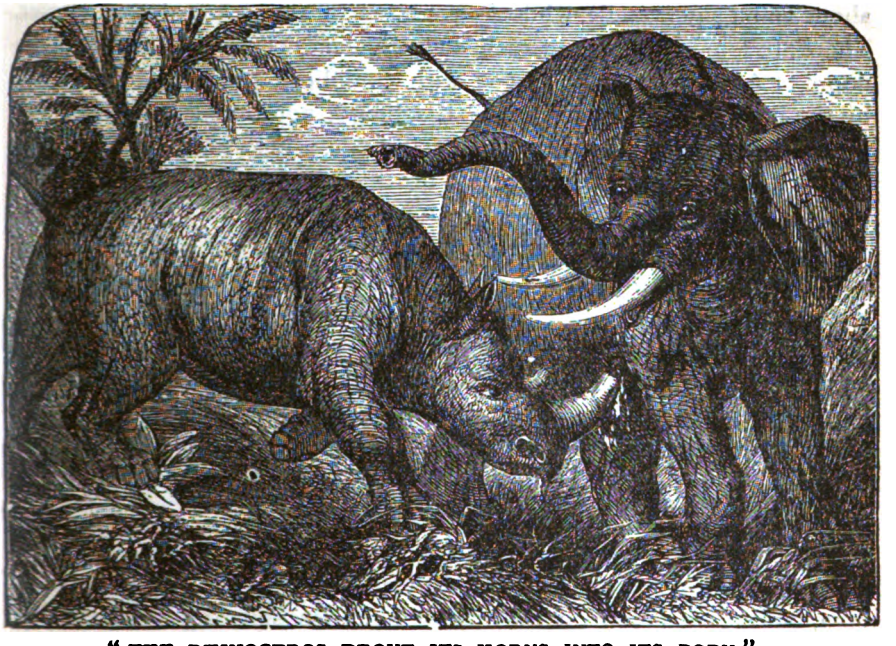
to the ground. As the great beast was now pinned fast and unable to escape, it was not difficult to dispatch him, and this was quickly done."

We must return from these conflicts with African wild animals to follow the thrilling adventures of Mr. Stanley.

The Kinganni river was reached by a bridge rapidly formed with American axes, the donkeys refusing to pass through the water. The country due west of Bagamoyo was found to be covered with towns and villages which were previously unknown. Soon after starting, Omar, the watch-dog, was missing, when Mabruki, hastening back, found him at the previous halting-place. One of the caravans at the same place was



"THE RHINOCEROS DROVE ITS HORNS INTO ITS BODY."

detained by the sickness of three of the carriers, whose place it was necessary to supply.

Stanley soon had to experience the invariable troubles of African travellers. His two horses died within a few hours of each other, both however, from disease of long standing, and not from the climate. Few men were better able to deal with the rogueries of the petty chiefs he met with than Mr. Stanley. He had always a ready answer, and invariably managed to catch them in their own traps, while the "great master," as he was called, managed to keep his subordinates in pretty good order.

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One of his carriers, Khamisi, under Shaw's command, having absconded, Uledi and Ferajji found him, having fallen into the hands of some plundering Washensi, who were about to kill him. A court of eight soldiers and eight carriers having been convened, condemned him to be flogged with the "great master's" donkey-whip. As Shaw ought to have kept a better look out, he was ordered to give him one blow and the carriers and soldiers the remainder. This being done, the man was pardoned.

Moving on, the expedition passed Simbamwenni, the fortifications of which are equal to any met with in Persia. The area of the town is about half a square mile, while four towers of stone guard each corner. There are four gates, one in each wall, which are closed with solid square doors of African teak, and carved with complicated devices. It is ruled by the daughter of the infamous Kisalungo, notorious as a robber and kidnapper, another Theodore on a small scale. Before long Stanley was attacked with fever, which greatly prostrated his strength, though he quickly recovered by taking strong doses of quinine.

The most painful event which occurred was the flight of Bunda Selim, who had been punished for pilfering rations. The men sent after him were seized and imprisoned by the Sultana of Simbamwenni, and, though ultimately liberated by the interference of an Arab sheikh, nothing could be found of the missing cook. Shaw also fell ill, and left the task of urging on the floundering caravan through marshes and rivers to his superior. Several of the others followed his example, and even Bombay complained of pains and became unserviceable.

Misconduct of Attendants.

The report from Farquhar's caravan was most unsatisfactory, he, as far as Stanley could make out, having lost all his donkeys. The unhappy man, indeed, he found on overtaking him, was suffering from dropsy. He had also given to the porters and soldiers no small amount of the contents of the bales committed to his charge, as payment for the services he had demanded of them, and in purchasing expensive luxuries. As he could not walk and was worse than useless, Stanley was obliged to send the sick man, under the charge of Mabruki, thirty miles away to the village of Mpwapwa, to the chief of which place he promised an ample reward if he would take care of him.

Worse than all, the wretched Shaw, after a dispute, during the night fired into Stanley's tent, too evidently with the intention of killing him. He found the intended murderer pretending to be asleep, with a gun by his side yet warm. Unable to deny that he had fired, he declared that in

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his dreams he had seen a thief pass his door; and then asked what was the matter. "Oh, nothing," answered Stanley; "but I would advise you in future, in order to avoid all suspicion, not to fire into my tent, or at least, so near me. I might get hurt, in which case ugly reports would get about, and this, perhaps, would be disagreeable, as you are probably aware. Good night!"

On reaching Mpwapwa the chief Lencolo positively refused to take charge of the white man unless an interpreter was left with him, and Jako, who was the only one of the party besides Bombay and Selim who could speak English, was ordered to remain in that capacity.

A Sheikh Badly Frightened.

The expedition was now about to enter Ugogo. During the passage of the intervening desert, five out of the nine donkeys died, the cart having some time before been left behind.

The expedition was now joined by several Arab caravans, so that the number of the party amounted to about four hundred souls, strong in guns, flags, horns sounding, drums, and noise. This host was to be led by Stanley and sheikh Hamed through the dreaded Ugogo.

In May they were at Mvumi, paying heavy tribute to the sultan. Nothing seemed to satisfy him. Stanley suggested that as he had twenty Wazunga armed with Winchester repeating rifles, he might make the sultan pay tribute to him. The sheikh entreated that he would act peaceably, urging that angry words might induce the sultan to demand double the tribute.

We quote Stanley's own account of some of his experiences in this part of his journey:

The Wanyamwezi donkeys stuck in the mire as if they were rooted to it. As fast as one was flogged from his stubborn position, prone to the depths fell another, giving me a Sisyphean labor, which was maddening under pelting rain, assisted by such men as Bombay and Uledi, who could not for a whole skin's sake stomach the storm and mire. Two hours of such a task enabled me to drag my caravan over a savannah one mile and a half broad; and barely had I finished congratulating myself over my success before I was halted by a deep ditch, which, filled with rain-water from the inundated savannahs, had become a considerable stream, breast-deep, flowing swiftly into the Makata. Donkeys had to be unloaded, led through a torrent, and loaded again on the other bank—an operation which consumed a full hour.

Presently, after straggling through a wood clump, barring our progress was another stream, swollen into a river. The bridge being swept

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away, we were obliged to swim and float our baggage over, which delayed us two hours more. Leaving this second river-bank, we splashed, waded, occasionally half-swimming, and reeled through mire, water-dripping grass and matama stalks, along the left bank of the Makata proper, until farther progress was effectually prevented for that day by a deep bend of the river, which we would be obliged to cross the next day.

Though but six miles were traversed during that miserable day, the march occupied ten hours.

Half dead with fatigne, I yet could feel thankful that it was not accompanied by fever, which it seemed a miracle to avoid; for if ever a district was cursed with the ague, the Makata wilderness ranks foremost of those afflicted. Surely the sight of the dripping woods enveloped in opaque mist, of the inundated country with lengthy swathes of tiger-grass laid low by the turbid flood, of mounds of decaying trees and canes, of the swollen river and the weeping sky, was enough to engender the mukunguru! The well-used khambi, and the heaps of filth surrounding it, were enough to create a cholera!

Crossing a Swollen Stream.

The Makata, a river whose breadth during the dry season is but forty feet, in the Makisa season assumes the breadth, depth, and force of an important river. Should it happen to be an unusually rainy season, it inundates the great plain which stretches on either side, and converts it into a great lake.

So swift was the flow of the Makata, and so much did its unsteady bridge, half buried in the water, imperil the safety of the property, that its transfer from bank to bank occupied fully five hours. No sooner had we landed every article on the other side, undamaged by the water, than the rain poured down in torrents that drenched them all, as if they had been dragged through the river. To proceed through the swamp which an hour's rain had formed was utterly out of the question. We were accordingly compelled to camp in a place where every hour furnished its quota of annoyance.

One of the Wangwana soldiers engaged at Bagamoyo, named Kingaru, improved an opportunity to desert with another man's kit. My two detectives, Uledi (Grant's valet), and Sarmean, were immediately despatched in pursuit, both being armed with American breech-loaders. They went about their task with an adroitness and celerity which augured well for their success. In an hour they returned with the runaway, having found him hidden in the house of a chief called Kigondo, who lived about a mile from the eastern bank of the river, and who had accom-

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panied Uledi and Sarmean to receive his reward, and render an account of the incident.

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION CROSSING A RIVER.

Kigondo said, when he had been seated, "I saw this man carrying a bundle, and running hard, by which I knew that he was deserting you.

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We (my wife and I) were sitting in our little watch-hut, watching our corn; and, as the road runs close by, this man was obliged to come close to us. We called to him when he was near, saying, 'Master, where are you going so fast? Are you deserting the Musungu, for we know you belong to him, since you bought from us yesterday two doti worth of meat?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'I am running away; I want to get to Simbamwenni. If you will take me there, I will give you a doti.'

"We said to him then, 'Come into our house, and we will talk it over quietly.' When he was in our house in an inner room, we locked him up, and went out again to the watch; but leaving word with the women to look out for him. We knew that, if you wanted him, you would send askari (soldiers) after him.

"We had but lit our pipes when we saw two men armed with short guns, and having no loads, coming along the road, looking now and then on the ground, as if they were looking at footmarks. We knew them to be the men we were expecting; so we hailed them, and said, 'Masters, what are ye looking for?'

"They said, 'We are looking for a man who has deserted our master. Here are his footsteps. If you have been long in your hut you must have seen him. Can you tell us where he is?' We said, 'Yes; he is in our house. If you will come with us, we will give him up to you; but your master must give us something for catching him.'"

As Kigondo had promised to deliver Kingaru up, there remained nothing further to do for Uledi and Sarmean but to take charge of their prisoner, and bring him and his captors to my camp on the western bank of the Makata. Kingaru received two dozen lashes, and was chained; his captor a doti, besides five khete of read coral beads for his wife.

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CHAPTER XIII.

STANLEY'S HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

Stanley's Marvellous Courage and Enterprise—Abundance of Supplies—Perils Surrounding the Expedition—Paying Tribute to Chiefs—Dense Jungles and Thickets of Thorns—A Country Teeming with Noble Game—A Merry Bugler and His Horn—Stanley Invited to the House of a Sheik—Three Caravans Arrive in Safety—Letters to Livingstone Long Delayed—Illness of Stanley—The Explorer Senseless for Two Weeks—Shaw Again Breaks Down—Chief Mirambo Disputes the March of the Expedition—Stanley Joins the Arab Forces—Deadly Encounter with Mirambo—Stanley's Graphic Account of the Conflict—Mirambo Gets His Foe into Ambush—Disastrous Defeat of the Arab Forces—Stanley's Hasty Flight—Setting off Hurridly at Midnight—Urging Forward the Donkeys—Safe at Last—Arab Boy Faithful to His American Master—News of Farquhar's Death—Burning a Village—Mirambo Retreats—Stanley's Little Slave Boy—How the Name Kalulu was Obtained—Shaw is Sent Back—Narrow Escape From a Crocodile—Capture of an Immense Reptile—A Traveler's Startling Adventure—Mutiny in Stanley's Camp—Securing the Friendship of a Powerful Chief—Home of the Lion and the Leopard—Stanley in Pursuit of Adventure—Encounter with a Wild African Boar—Kalulu Badly Frightened—Crossing a Perilous River—Exciting News of a White Man—Stanley Longs for a Horse—Expedition in High Spirits—More Demand for Tribute—A Bivouac in Silence—Passing Through an African Village—Great Alarm Among the Natives—Arrival at Last—March of Two Hundred and Thirty-six Days.

NO one can doubt that any man with less nerve and courage than Stanley would have turned back. Sitting in our quiet American homes, with all the evidences of civilization, peace and comfort around us, it is impossible to fully realize the situation of the great explorer on this expedition, which had for its object the recovery of an explorer equally famous with himself. One thing was in Stanley's favor: all that money could afford was freely furnished and his supplies were ample at the outset. Of course these supplies of clothing and other things necessary for exchange with the African tribes grew less as he advanced, but at this point of his journey he was still amply furnished.

Yet it must be remembered that Stanley was in a country which was very unhealthful, where there were many hostile tribes, where wars were constantly raging, where Arabs were in pursuit of their prey, and it was necessary for him to exercise all his ingenuity and show all his courage in overcoming difficulties and pushing forward in his great undertaking.

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He was constantly compelled to pay tribute to the chiefs of the various districts through which he passed, and if he had not sometimes resolutely refused what was demanded, his expedition would have been completely plundered before he was half way to Ujiji. At the point where we left him in the last chapter we hear of the same old story of tribute demanded. This was granted to preserve peace, and shaking the dust of Mvumi off their feet, the party proceeded westward. The country was one vast field of grain, and thickly populated. Between that place and the next sultan's district twenty-five villages were counted. Whenever they halted large groups of people assembled and greeted with peals of laughter the dress and manner of the white man, and more than once had to be kept at a distance by Stanley's rifle or pistols, sometimes his thick whip coming into play.

After this a dense jungle was entered, the path serpentining in and out of it; again open tracts of grass bleached white were passed: now it led through thickets of gums and thorns, producing an odor as rank as a stable; now through clumps of wide-spreading mimosa and colonies of baobab-trees across a country teeming with noble game, which, though frequently seen, were yet as safe from their rifles as if they had been on the Indian Ocean. But the road they were on admitted of no delay; water had been left behind at noon; until noon the next day not a drop was to be obtained, and unless they marched fast and long, raging thirst would demoralize everybody.

"The Bugler Blew His Horn."

After this wearisome journey Stanley was again attacked by fever, which it required a whole day's halt and fifty grains of quinine to cure. As may be supposed, they were thankful when Ugogo was passed, and they entered Unyanyembe. As the caravan resumed its march after halting at noon, the Wanyamuezi cheered, shouted, and sang, the soldiers and porters shouting in return, and the bugler blew his horn much more merrily than he had been wont to do in Ugogo.

A large district, however, presented the sad spectacle of numerous villages burnt down, cattle carried off, and the grain-fields overrun with jungle and rank weeds—too common a sight in that part of the country. The expedition at length entered Kivihara, the capital of the province ruled over by the aged Sultan Mkaswa, who received Stanley in a friendly way. The Sheikh Said Ben Salim invited him to take up his quarters in his *tembe*, or house, a comfortable-looking place for the centre of Africa. Here his goods were stored, and his carriers paid off. His three other caravans had arrived safely. One had had a slight skirmish, a second

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having shot a thief, and the third having lost a bale when attacked by robbers.

This is the place, to the southward of Victoria Nyanza, where Captains Burton, Speke, and Grant remained for a considerable time at different periods during their expeditions. Soon after, the Livingstone caravan arrived, and the goods were stored with those of Stanley, the men being quartered with his. The chief of the caravan brought Stanley a package of letters directed to Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, when, to his surprise, he found that it was marked outside: "November 1st, 1871." What a cruel delay was this!

The Explorer Senseless.

After his long journey, Stanley was now laid completely prostrate, and for two weeks was perfectly senseless. The unhappy Shaw was also again taken ill. The fever rapidly destroyed both his memory and his reason. Selim, who had hitherto faithfully watched over his master and treated him according to the written directions he had received, was also prostrated, and in a state of delirium for four days. Late in July, however, all had again recovered, and fifty carriers were ready to start with bales, beads, and wire for Ujiji. Three days after this, Shaw again broke down, asserting that he was dying, and he had to be carried on the backs of his men till brought into his leader's hut.

The road, however, ahead was closed by the chief Mirambo, who declared that no Arab caravan should pass that way. The Arabs, therefore, had resolved to attack him, and mustered an army of upwards of two thousand men. Stanley, with his followers, determined to join them, to assist in bringing the war to a speedy conclusion. The palace was soon surrounded, and, though the party was received with a volley, the fire of the defenders was soon silenced. They took to flight, and the village was entered. Notwithstanding the heavy fire which had been kept on it, twenty dead bodies only were found. Other villages were attacked and burned.

A more serious affair occurred soon afterwards. When Stanley was again attacked with fever, a number of his men, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary, joined the Arabs in an attack on a more important place, commanded by Mirambo himself. The result was that, though the place was taken, the Arabs fell into an ambush, laid by Mirambo, and were completely defeated, many of them, including some of Stanley's soldiers, being killed. Mirambo, following up his successes, pursued the Arabs, and Stanley had to mount his donkey, Shaw being lifted on his, and to fly at midnight for their lives. His soldiers ran as fast as their

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legs could carry them, the only one of his followers who remained at his master's side being young Selim.

Stanley's Account of the Battle.

Stanley's description of this sanguinary affair is as follows: A detachment of Arabs and slaves, seven hundred strong, scoured the surrounding country, and carried fire and devastation up to the boma of Wilyankuru.

Soud bin Sayd and about twenty other young Arabs led a force of five hundred men against Wilyankuru itself, where it was supposed Mirambo was living. Another party went out towards the low wooded hills, a short distance north of Zimbizo, near which place they surprised a youthful forest thief asleep, whose head they stretched backwards, and cut it off as though he were a goat or a sheep. Another party sallied out southward, and defeated a party of Mirambo's "bush-whackers," news of which came to our ears at noon.

In the morning I had gone to Sayd bin Salim's tembe, to represent to him how necessary it was to burn the long grass in the forest of Zimbizo, lest it might hide any of the enemy; but soon afterwards I had been struck down with another attack of intermittent fever, and was obliged to turn in and cover myself with blankets to produce perspiration; but not, however, till I had ordered Shaw and Bombay not to permit any of my men to leave the camp. But I was told soon afterwards by Selim that more than one-half had gone to the attack on Wilyankuru with Soud bin Sayd.

About 6 P. M. the entire camp of Zimbizo was electrified with the news that all the Arabs who had accompanied Soud bin Sayd had been killed; and that more than one-half of his party had been slain. Some of my own men returned, and from them I learned that Uledi, Grant's former valet, Mabruki Khatalabu (Killer of his father), Mabruki (the Little), Baruti of Useguhha, and Ferahan had been killed.

Caught in Ambush.

I learned also that they had succeeded in capturing Wilyankuru in a very short time, that Mirambo and his son were there, that as they succeeded in effecting an entrance, Mirambo had collected his men, and after leaving the village, had formed an ambush in the grass, on each side of the road, between Wilyankuru and Zimbizo, and that as the attacking party were returning home laden with over a hundred tusks of ivory, and sixty bales of cloth, and two or three hundred slaves, Mirambo's men suddenly rose up on each side of them, and stabbed them with their spears.

The brave Soud had fired his double-barrelled gun and shot two men,

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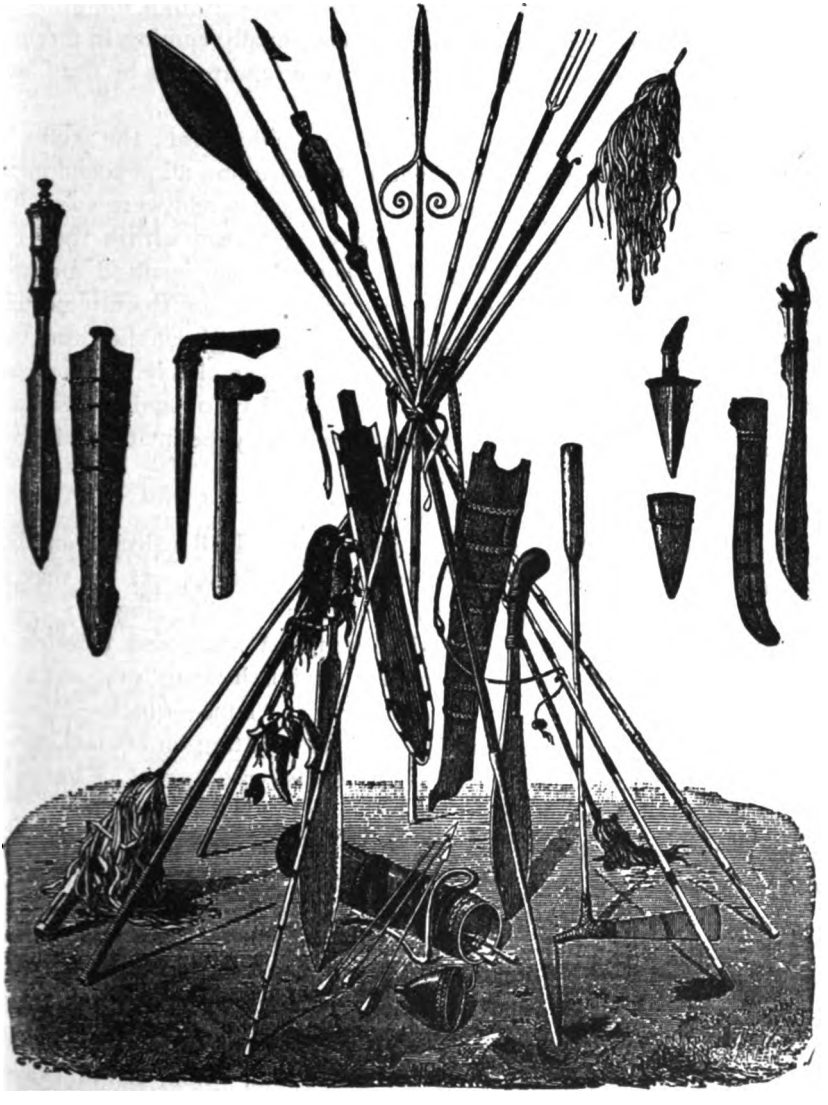
and was in the act of loading again when a spear was launched, which penetrated through and through him; all the other Arabs shared the same fate. This sudden attack from an enemy they believed to be con-



WEAPONS USED IN WARFARE.

quered so demoralized the party that, dropping their spoil, each man took to his heels, and after making a wide detour through the woods, returned to Zimbizo to repeat the dolorous tale.

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The effect of this defeat is indescribable. It was impossible to sleep, from the shrieks of the women whose husbands had fallen. All night they howled their lamentations, and sometimes might be heard the groans of the wounded who had contrived to crawl through the grass unperceived by the enemy. Fugitives were continually coming in throughout the night, but none of my men who were reported to be dead, were ever heard of again.

The next day was one of distrust, sorrow, and retreat; the Arabs accused one another for urging war without expending all peaceful means first. There were stormy councils of war held, wherein were some who proposed to return at once to Unyanyembe, and keep within their own houses; and Khamis bin Abdullah raved, like an insulted monarch, against the abject cowardice of his compatriots. These stormy meetings and propositions to retreat were soon known throughout the camp, and assisted more than anything else to demoralize completely the combined forces of Wanyamwezi and slaves. I sent Bombay to Sayd bin Salim to advise him not to think of retreat, as it would only be inviting Mirambo to carry the war to Unyanyembe.

Hasty Flight.

After despatching Bombay with this message, I fell asleep, but about 1.30 P. M. I was awakened by Selim saying "Master, get up, they are all running away, and Khamis bin Abdullah is himself going."

With the aid of Selim I dressed myself, and staggered towards the door. My first view was of Thani bin Abdullah being dragged away, who, when he caught sight of me, shouted out "Bana—quick—Mirambo is coming." He was then turning to run, and putting on his jacket, with his eyes almost starting out of their sockets with terror. Khamis bin Abdullah was also about departing, he being the last Arab to leave. Two of my men were following him; these Selim was ordered to force back with a revolver.

Shaw was saddling his donkey with my own saddle, preparatory to giving me the slip, and leaving me in the lurch to the tender mercies of Mirambo. There were only Bombay, Mabruki Speke, Chanda who was coolly eating his dinner, Mabruk Unyanyembe, Mtamani, Juma, and Sarmean—only seven out of fifty. All the others had deserted, and were by this time far away, except Uledi and Zaidi, whom Selim brought back at the point of a loaded revolver. Selim was then told to saddle my donkey, and Bombay to assist Shaw to saddle his own. In a few moments we were on the road, the men ever looking back for the coming enemy; they belabored the donkeys to some purpose, for they went

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at a hard trot, which caused me intense pain. I would gladly have lain down to die, but life was sweet, and I had not yet given up all hope of being able to preserve it to the full and final accomplishment of my mission. My mind was actively at work planning and contriving during the long lonely hours of night, which we employed to reach Mfuto, whither I found the Arabs had retreated.

Safe at Last.

In the night Shaw tumbled off his donkey, and would not rise, though implored to do so. As I did not despair myself, so I did not intend that Shaw should despair. He was lifted on his animal, and a man was placed on each side of him to assist him; thus we rode through the darkness. At midnight we reached Mfuto safely, and were at once admitted into the village, from which we had issued so valiantly, but to which we were now returned so ignominiously.

I found all my men had arrived here before dark. Ulimengo, the bold guide who had exulted in his weapons and in our numbers, and was so sanguine of victory, had performed the eleven hours' march in six hours; sturdy Chowpereh, whom I regarded as the faithfullest of my people, had arrived only half an hour later than Ulimengo; and frisky Khamisi the dandy—the orator—the rampant demagogue—yes—he had come third; and Speke's "Faithfuls" had proved as cowardly as any poor "nigger" of them all. Only Selim was faithful.

I asked Selim, "Why did you not also run away, and leave your master to die?" "Oh, sir," said the Arab boy, naively, "I was afraid you would whip me."

From the last-mentioned place, Mfuto, Stanley returned to Kivihara. Here he was detained a considerable time, during which he received authentic news of Livingstone from an Arab, who had met with him travelling into Manyuema, and who affirmed that, having gone to a market at Liemba in three canoes, one of them, in which all his cloth had been placed, was upset and lost. The news of Farquhar's death here reached him.

The Chief Retreats.

As he had expected, Mirambo advanced; and one of the leading Arabs and his adopted son, who had gone out with their slaves to meet him, the slaves having deserted, were killed.

The neighboring village of Tabora was burned, and Kivihara itself was threatened. Stanley made preparations for defence, and having collected a hundred and fifty armed men, bored loopholes for the muskets in the clay walls of the *tembe*, formed rifle-pits round it, tore down the

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huts, and removed everything which might afford shelter to the enemy, felt little fear for the consequences. Mirambo, however, seemed to have thought better of it, and marched away with his troops, satisfied with the plunder he had obtained. Month after month passed away, and he had great difficulty in obtaining soldiers to supply the places of those who had been killed or died, which was the fate of several.

He one day received a present of a little slave boy from an Arab merchant, to whom, at Bombay's suggestion, the name of Kalulu, meaning a young antelope, was given.

An Arab named Mohammed, says Stanley, presented me to-day with a little boy-slave, called "Ndugu M'hali" (my brother's wealth). As I did not like the name, I called the chiefs of my caravan together, and asked them to give him a better name. One suggested "Simba" (a lion), another said he thought "Ngombe" (a cow) would suit the boy-child, another thought he ought to be called "Mirambo," which raised a loud laugh. Bombay thought "Bombay Mdogo" would suit my black-skinned infant very well. Ulimengo, however, after looking at his quick eyes, and noticing his celerity of movement, pronounced the name Ka-lu-lu as the best for him, "because," said he, "just look at his eyes so bright! look at his form, so slim! watch his movements, how quick! Yes, Kalulu is his name." "Yes, bana," said the others, "let it be Kalulu."

"Kalulu" is a term for the young of the blue-buck antelope.

"Well, then," said I, water being brought in a huge tin pan, Selim, who was willing to stand godfather, holding him over the water, "let his name henceforth be Kalulu, and let no man take it from him," and thus it was that the little black boy of Mohammed's came to be called Kalulu.

Shaw Gives Out and is Sent Back.

On the 9th of September Mirambo received a severe defeat, and had to take to flight, several of his chief men being slain.

Shaw gave Stanley a great deal of trouble. Again he himself was attacked with fever, but his white companion in no degree sympathized with him, even little Kalulu showing more feeling. Weak as he was, he, however, recommenced his march to the westward, with about forty men added to his old followers.

Bombay, not for the first time, proving refractory and impudent, received a thrashing before starting, and when Stanley arrived at his camp at night, he found that upwards of twenty of the men had remained behind. He, therefore, sent a strong body back, under Selim, who returned with the men and some heavy slave-chains, and Stanley declared that if any behaved in the same way again he would fasten them together and make

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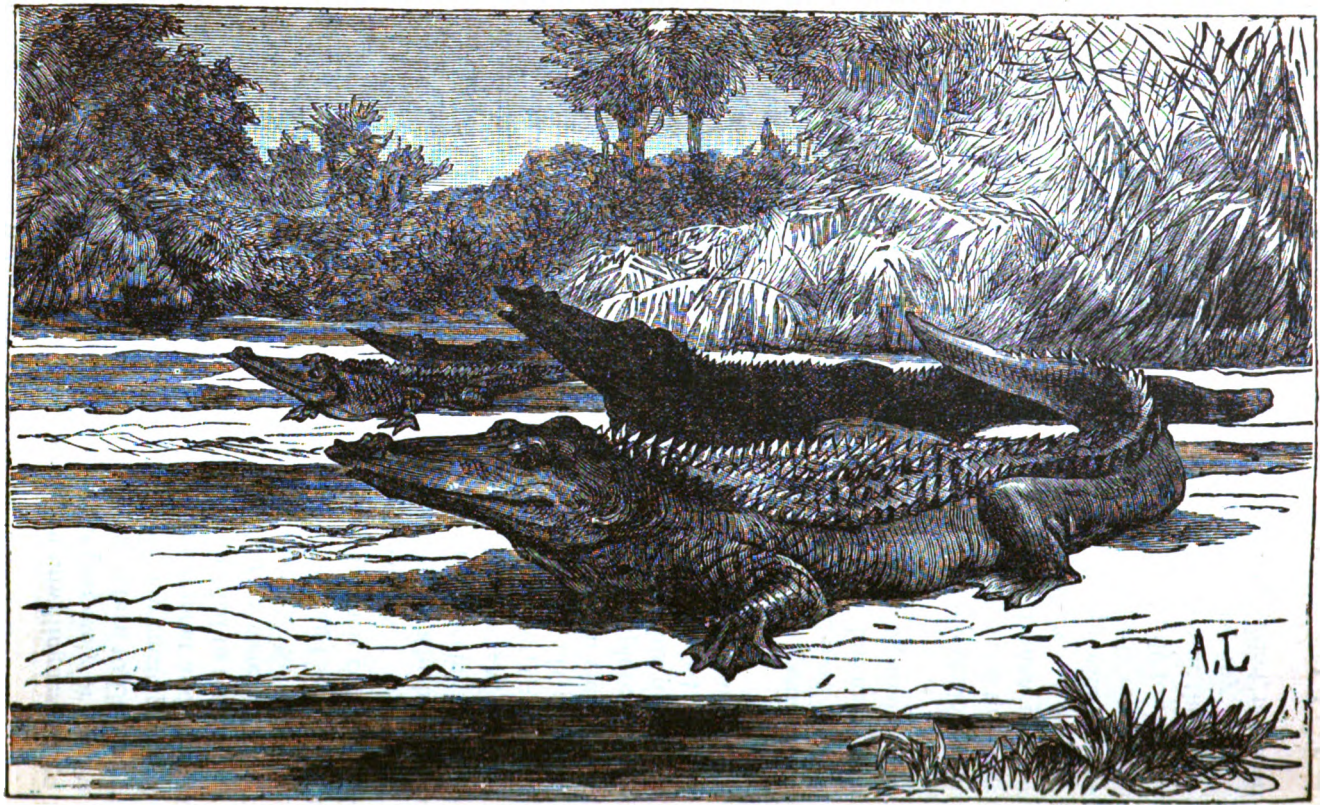

CROCODILES IN A TROPICAL MARSH.

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them march like slaves. Shaw also showed an unwillingness to go forward, and kept tumbling from his donkey, either purposely or from weakness, till at last Stanley consented to allow him to return to Unyanyembe.

On the 1st of October, while he and his party lay encamped under a gigantic sycamore-tree, he began to feel a contentment and comfort to which he had long been a stranger, and he was enabled to regard his surroundings with satisfaction. Though the sun's rays were hot, the next day's march was easily performed. On the roadside lay a dead man; indeed, skeletons or skulls were seen every day, one, and sometimes two, of men who had fallen down and died, deserted by their companions.

Narrow Escape from a Crocodile.

While encamped near the Gambe, its calm waters, on which lotus-leaves rested placidly, all around looking picturesque and peaceful, invited Stanley to take a bath. He discovered a shady spot under a wide-spreading mimosa, where the ground sloped down to the still water, and having undressed, and was about to take a glorious dive, when his attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the suface which he was about to explore by a header. It was a crocodile! He sprang back instinctively. This proved his salvation, for the monster turned away with a disappointed look, and he registered a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African river.

The method of capturing this immense creature and getting it ashore is told by a tropical traveller, and will be read with interest.

"One of our women went to the river to wash, but never returned. This was close to our diahbeeah; and the water being shallow, there is no doubt that she was seized by a crocodile.

"I was one day returning from head-quarters to my station, a distance of a mile and a half along the river's bank, when I noticed the large head of a crocodile about thirty yards from the shore. I knew every inch of the river, and I was satisfied that the water was shallow. A solitary piece of waving rush that grew upon the bank exactly opposite the crocodile would mark the position; thus, stooping down, I quietly retreated inland from the bank, and then running forward, I crept gently toward the rush. Stooping as low as possible, I advanced till very near the bank (upon which grew tufts of grass), until, by slowly raising my head, I could observe the head of the crocodile in the same position, not more than twenty-six or twenty-eight yards from me.

"At that distance, my gun could hit a half-crown; I therefore made sure of bagging. The bank was about four feet above the water; thus

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NATIVES DRAGGING AN IMMENSE CROCODILE ASHORE.

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the angle was favorable, and I aimed just behind the eye. Almost as I touched the trigger, the crocodile gave a convulsive start, and turning slowly on its back, it stretched its four legs above the surface, straining every muscle; it then remained motionless in this position in water about two feet deep.

"My horse was always furnished with a long halter or tethering-rope: thus I ordered the guide and another man to jump into river and secure the crocodile by a rope fastened round the body behind the fore-legs. This was quickly accomplished, and the men remained knee-deep, hauling upon the rope to prevent the stream from carrying away the body. In the mean time an attendant had mounted my horse and galloped off for assistance to the camp.

"Crocodiles are very tenacious of life; and although they may be shot through the brain, and be actually dead for all practical purposes, they will remain motionless at first; but they will begin instinctively to move the limbs and tail a few minutes after receiving the shot. If lying upon a sand-bank, or in deep water, they would generally disappear unless secured by a rope, as the spasmodic movements of the limbs and tail would act upon the water, and the body would be carried away.

Men Stricken with Terror.

"The crocodile, that had appeared stone dead, now began to move its tail, and my two men who were holding on to the rope cried out that it was still alive. It was in vain that I assured the frightened fellows that it was dead. I was on the bank, and they were in the water within a few feet of the crocodile, which made some difference in our ideas of its vivacity. Presently the creature really began to struggle, and the united efforts of the men could hardly restrain it from getting into deeper water.

"The monster now began to yawn, which so terrified the men that they would have dropped the rope and fled, had they not been afraid of the consequences, as I was addressing them rather forcibly from the bank. I put another shot through the shoulder of the struggling monster, which appeared to act as a narcotic until the arrival of the soldiers with ropes. No sooner was the crocodile well secured than it began to struggle violently; but a great number of men hauled upon the rope, and when it was safely landed, I gave it a blow with a sharp axe on the back of the neck, which killed it by dividing the spine.

"It was now dragged along the turf until we reached the camp, where it was carefully measured with a tape, and showed an exact length of twelve feet three inches from snout to end of tail.

"The stomach contained about five pounds' weight of pebbles, as though

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it had fed upon flesh resting upon a gravel-bank, and had swallowed the pebbles that had adhered. In the midst of this were three undeniable witnesses that convicted the crocodile of willful murder. A necklace and two armlets, such as are worn by the negro girls, were taken from the stomach! The girl had been digested. This was an old malefactor that was a good riddance.

"I had frequently seen crocodiles upward of eighteen feet in length, and there can be little doubt that they sometimes exceed twenty; but a very small creature of this species may carry away a man while swimming. The crocodile does not attempt to swallow an animal at once; but having carried it to a favorite feeding-place, generally in some deep hole, it tears it limb from limb with teeth and claws, and devours it at leisure."

Stanley Quelling Mutiny.

As war was going on in the country, it was necessary for Stanley to proceed with caution. Some of his followers also showed a strong inclination to mutiny, which he had to quell by summary proceedings, and Bombay especially sank greatly in his good opinion. As they approached Lake Tanganyika all got into better humor, and confidence returned between them. They laughed joyously as they glided in Indian file through the forest jungle beyond the clearing of Mrera, and boasted of their prowess. An ambassador from Simba, the Lion of Kasera, received two gorgeous cloths, and other articles, as tribute—Stanley thus making that chief a friend for ever.

Stanley gives an interesting account of some of his adventures in this part of his journey.

One day, he says, after a march of four hours and a half, we came to the beautiful stream of Mtambu—the water of which was sweet, and clear as crystal, and flowed northward. We saw for the first time the home of the lion and the leopard. Hear what Freiligrath says of the place:

Where the thorny brake and thicket
  Densely fill the interspace
Of the trees, through whose thick branches
  Never sunshine lights the place,
There the lion dwells, a monarch,
  Mightiest among the brutes;
There his right to reign supremest
  Never one his claim disputes.
There he layeth down to slumber,
  Having slain and ta'en his fill;
There he roameth, there he croucheth,
  As it suits his lordly will.

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We camped but a few yards from just such a place as the poet describes. The herd-keeper who attended the goats and donkeys, soon after our arrival in camp, drove the animals to water, and in order to obtain it they travelled through a tunnel in the brake, caused by elephants and rhinoceros. They had barely entered the dark cavernous passage, when a black-spotted leopard sprang, and fastened its fangs in the neck of one of the donkeys, causing it, from the pain, to bray hideously. Its companions set up such a frightful chorus, and so lashed their heels in the air at the feline marauder, that the leopard bounded away through the brake, as if in sheer dismay at the noisy cries which the attack had provoked. The donkey's neck exhibited some frightful wounds, but the animal was not dangerously hurt.

"I Peered Closely Into Every Dark Opening."

Thinking that possibly I might meet with an adventure with a lion or a leopard in that dark belt of tall trees, under whose impenetrable shade grew the dense thicket that formed such admirable coverts for the carnivorous species, I took a stroll along the awesome place with the gun-bearer, Kalulu, carrying an extra gun, and a further supply of ammunition.

We crept cautiously along, looking keenly into the deep dark dens, the entrances of which were revealed to us, as we journeyed, expectant every moment to behold the reputed monarch of the brake and thicket, bound forward to meet us, and I took a special delight in picturing, in my imagination, the splendor and majesty of the wrathful brute, as he might stand before me. I peered closely into every dark opening, hoping to see the deadly glitter of the great angry eyes, and the glowering menacing front of the lion as he would regard me. But, alas! after an hour's search for adventure, I had encountered nothing, and I accordingly waxed courageous, and crept into one of these leafy, thorny caverns, and found myself shortly standing under a canopy of foliage that was held above my head fully a hundred feet by the shapely and towering stems of the royal mvule. Who can imagine the position? A smooth lawn-like glade; a dense and awful growth of impenetrable jungle around us; those stately natural pillars—a glorious phalanx of royal trees, bearing at such sublime heights vivid green masses of foliage, through which no single sun-ray penetrated, while at our feet babbled the primeval brook, over smooth pebbles, in soft tones befitting the sacred quiet of the scene! Who could have desecrated this solemn, holy harmony of nature?

But just as I was thinking it impossible that any man could be tempted to disturb the serene solitude of the place, I saw a monkey perched high on a branch over my head, contemplating, with something of an awe-

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WHITE-FACED WILD BOAR OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

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struck look, the strange intruders beneath. Well, I could not help it, I laughed—laughed loud and long, until I was hushed by the chaos of cries and strange noises which seemed to respond to my laughing. A troop of monkeys, hidden in the leafy depths above, had been rudely awakened, and, startled by the noise I made, were hurrying away from the scene with a dreadful clamor of cries and shrieks.

Encounter With a Wild Boar.

Emerging again into the broad sunlight, I strolled further in search of something to shoot. Presently, I saw, feeding quietly in the forest which bounded the valley of the Mtambu on the left, a huge, formidable wild boar, armed with most horrid tusks. Leaving Kalulu crouched down behind a tree, and my solar helmet behind another close by—that I might more safely stalk the animal—I advanced toward him some forty yards, and after taking a deliberate aim, fired at his fore shoulder.

As if nothing had hurt him whatever, the animal made a furious bound, and then stood with his bristles erected, and tufted tail, curved over the back—a most formidable brute in appearance. While he was thus listening, and searching the neighborhood with his keen, small eyes, I planted another shot in his chest, which ploughed its way through his body. Instead of falling, however, as I expected he would, he charged furiously in the direction the bullet had come, and as he rushed past me, another ball was fired, which went right through him; but still he kept on, until, within six or seven yards from the trees behind which Kalulu was crouching down on one side, and the helmet was resting behind another, he suddenly halted, and then dropped.

But as I was about to advance on him with my knife to cut his throat, he suddenly started up; his eyes had caught sight of the little boy Kalulu, and were then, almost immediately afterwards, attracted by the sight of the snowy helmet. These strange objects on either side of him proved too much for the boar, for, with a terrific grunt, he darted on one side into a thick brake, from which it was impossible to oust him, and as it was now getting late, and the camp was about three miles away, I was reluctantly obliged to return without the meat.

A River Full of Dangers.

On our way to camp we were accompanied by a large animal which persistently followed us on our left. It was too dark to see plainly, but a large form was visible, if not very clearly defined. It must have been a lion, unless it was the ghost of the dead boar.

On the evening of the 2d of November the left bank of the Malagarasi river was reached. The greater part of the day had been occupied in

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negotaiting with the ambassador of the great Mzogera, chief of the greedy Wavinza tribe, who demanded an enormous tribute. This being settled, the ferrymen demanded equally preposterous payment for carrying across the caravan. These demands, however, having at length been settled, the next business was to swim the donkeys across. One fine animal, Simba, was being towed with a rope round its neck, when just as it reached the middle of the stream, it was seen to struggle fearfully. An enormous crocodile had seized the poor animal by the throat; in vain it attempted to liberate itself. The black in charge tugged at the rope, but the donkey sank and was no more seen. Only one donkey now remained, and this was carried across by Bombay the next morning, before the voracious monsters were looking out for their breakfasts.

The next day was an eventful one. Just before starting, a caravan was seen approaching, consisting of a large party of the Waguhha tribe, occupying a tract of country to the southwest of Lake Tanganyika.

The news was asked. A white man had been seen by them who had lately arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. He had white hair and a white beard, and was sick. Only eight days ago they had seen him. He had been at Ujiji before, and had gone away and returned. There could be no doubt that this was Livingstone. How Stanley longed for a horse! for on a good steed he could reach Ujiji in twelve hours.

Nearing the End of the Journey.

In high spirits he started, pushing on as fast as his men could move. There were dangers, however, still in the way. A war party of Wavinza was out, who would not scruple even to rob their own villages when returning victorious from battle.

Next day they traveled on in silence, but on the 5th they fell in with a party of the Wahha, who soon brought a band of warriors down upon them, at the head of which appeared a fine-looking chief, Mionvu by name, dressed in a crimson robe, with a turban on his head, he and his people being armed with spears, and bows and arrows. He asked whether it should be peace or war? The reply was, of course, peace. At the same time Stanley hinted that his rifles would quickly give him the victory should war be declared. Notwithstanding this Mionvu demanded a hundred cloths as tribute. Ten were offered. Rather than pay the hundred, Stanley asked his followers if they would fight, but Bombay urged pacific measures, remarking that the country was open—no places to hide in, and that every village would rise in arms.

"Pay, Bana, pay: it is better to get along quietly in this country," he observed.

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Mabruki and Asmani agreed with him. The tribute was paid. Stanley wisely resolved, if possible, not to come back that way.

A night march was determined on, and sufficient grain was purchased to last the caravan six days through the jungle. They hoped thus to escape the extortions of other chiefs to the westward. The men bravely toiled on, without murmuring, though their feet and legs bled from the cutting grass. The jungle was alive with wild animals, but no one dared fire.

Woman in Hysterics.

As they were halting in the morning near the Rusugi river, a party of natives were seen, who detected them in their hiding-place, but who fled immediately to alarm some villages four miles away. At once the caravan was ordered to move on, but one of the women took to screaming, and even her husband could not keep her quiet till a cloth was folded over her mouth.

At night they bivouacked in silence, neither tent nor hut being erected, each soldier lying down with his gun loaded by his side, their gallant leader, with his Winchester rifle and its magazine full, ready for any emergency.

Before dawn broke, the caravan was again on its march. The guide having made a mistake, while it was still dark, they arrived in front of the village of Uhha. Silence was ordered; goats and chickens which might have made a noise had their throats cut, and they pushed boldly through the village. Just as the last hut was passed, Stanley bringing up the rear, a man appeared from his hut, and uttered a cry of alarm.

They continued their course, plunging into the jungle. Once he believed that they were followed, and he took post behind a tree to check the advance of their foes; but it proved a false alarm. Turning westward, broad daylight showed them a beautiful and picturesque country, wild fruit-trees, rare flowers, and brooks tumbling over polished pebbles. Crossing a streamlet, to their great satisfaction they left Uhha and its extortionate inhabitants behind, and entered Ukaranga.

Their appearance created great alarm as they approached the village, the king and his people supposing them to be Rugruga, the followers of Mirambo, but, discovering their mistake, they welcomed them cordially. On the 10th of November, just two hundred and thirty-six days after leaving Bagomoyo, and fifty-one since they set out from Unyanyembe, surmounting a hill, Tanganyika is seen before them. Six hours' march will bring them to its shores.

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Stanley's emotions upon reaching the end of his great and perilous journey, and coming so near to the successful accomplishment of his undertaking, are best described in his own words: "A little further on—just yonder, oh! there it is—a silvery gleam. I merely catch sight of it between the trees, and—but here it is at last! True—THE TANGANYIKA! and there are the blue-black mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. An immense broad sheet, a burnished bed of silver—lucid canopy of blue above—lofty mountains are its valances, palm forests form its fringes! The Tanganyika!—Hurrah! and the men respond to the exultant cry of the Anglo-Saxon with the lungs of Stentors, and the great forests and the hills seem to share in our triumph.

"'Was this the place where Burton and Speke stood, Bombay, when they saw the lake first?'"

"'I don't remember, master; it was somewhere about here, I think.'"

"'Poor fellows! The one was half-paralyzed the other half-blind,'" said Sir Roderick Murchison, when he described Burton and Speke's arrival in view of the Tanganyika.

Stanley's Joy.

"And I? Well, I am so happy that, were I quite paralyzed and blinded, I think that at this supreme moment I could take up my bed and walk, and all blindness would cease at once. Fortunately, however, I am quite well; I have not suffered a day's sickness since the day I left Unyanyembe. How much would Shaw be willing to give to be in my place now? Who is happiest—he, revelling in the luxuries of Unyanyembe, or I, standing on the summit of this mountain, looking down with glad eyes and proud heart on the Tanganyika?"

It can easily be seen from the foregoing extract that Stanley's heart was almost too full to contain itself. His spirits bubble and overflow like those of a boy excited and charmed by coming into possession of something greatly coveted. The one thing coveted by Stanley, sought by him through those weary days and dreadful marches, was the discovery of Livingstone; for this he went. This one object he kept continually before him. Never losing sight of it, he pressed on until we find him now looking down upon the lake on the shores of which he was to meet the object of his long search.

A man is worth looking for, especially such a man as Livingstone. Many, many years of his precious life were devoted to African exploration, and the benefit conferred upon him by Stanley's arrival was as nothing compared to the infinite benefit he, by his labors and triumphs, has conferred upon the world.

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Best of all in this marvellous transaction, Livingstone had no idea that anyone was seeking him; that anyone had been sent to find out whether he were alive or dead; that any supplies had been forwarded for his relief; that any special interest was taken in him more than a general desire to learn of his welfare. Stanley's coming was a happy surprise, It must have been more enjoyable to Livingstone than if rumors had gone ahead of Stanley's expedition, and it had become known that he was on the march. There is everything about this completion of Stanley's journey to give us satisfaction, and nothing seems to be wanting to finish the picture.

Very clearly does the lesson come out that an iron will and a persistent perseverance will master difficulties. There were many points in this journey from Zanzibar to Ujiji in which discouragement might have carried the day; many points where it would have been much easier to turn back than to go forward. The path trodden was at least known; the path to be trod was unknown, and the explorer could not guess what dangers and obstacles were just ahead. Whatever may have been his fears, he did not allow them to prevail, but day by day, and hour by hour, pressed steadily forward. Sickness came, his force was diminished, wild savages attacked him, privations were his constant companions, yet, through it all, the vision of the lost explorer stood before him and he remembered the words of Bennett, in the brilliant capital of Europe—far away from these scenes of savage life and mountainous difficulties—"Find Livingstone."

This whole marvellous story illustrates the value of a great purpose, a single aim, an unconquerable resolution. To-morrow Henry M. Stanley and David Livingstone will meet—two white men in the wilds of Africa, both immortal now, and both ranked among the world's great heroes.

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CHAPTER XIV.

STANLEY FINDS THE LOST EXPLORER.

Stanley's Perseverance—Mastering Mountains of Difficulty—Bent on Finding Livingstone—Characteristics of the Two Great Explorers—Livingstone's Touching Reference to the Death of His Wife—Wonderful Results of African Exploration—Stanley Approaches Ujiji—News of a Brother White Man—Great Excitement Among the Travellers—Unfurling Flags and Firing Guns—Ujiji Surprised by the Coming of the Caravan—People Rushing by Hundreds to Meet Stanley—Joyous Welcome—Meeting the Servant of Livingstone—Flags, Streamers and Greetings—Livingstone's Surprise—The Great Travellers Face to Face—Stanley Relating the News of the Past Six Years—Livingstone's Personal Appearance—A Soldier from Unyanyembe—A Celebrated Letter Bag—Letters a Year Old—Narrative of Great Events—What Livingstone Thought of Stanley's Arrival—Letter to James Gordon Bennett—The Explorer's Forlorn Condition—On the Eve of Death when Stanley Arrived—Livingstone Thrilled by Mr. Bennett's Kindness—Some Account of the Country Visited—Discussing Future Plans—Stanley's Description of Livingstone—Fine Example of the Anglo-Saxon Spirit—Life Given to Ethiopia's Dusky Children—Livingstone's Marvellous Love for Africa.

LONG and perilous days those were which were passed by Stanley and his caravan. Yet they illustrate one of the most important lessons of life, which is that no one is to make more than a day's journey at a time and that the most practical method of overcoming difficulties is to take them and master them one by one. If Stanley had been less resolute, if he had been easily discouraged, if he were one of the men who make a sudden start and then as suddenly halt, if he had not been a kind of Hercules in body and in soul, if he had possessed less of the push and enterprise which always go with a great character, the world would never have rung with acclaim at his achievements.

It was a new experience to him, that of traversing the wilds of the Dark Continent, quelling mutiny among his men, meeting unfriendly chiefs who were given to rapacious extortion, and plunging on through jungles, thickets and pathless tracts, untrodden and unmarked, yet he had gone with the definite purpose of finding Livingstone, and, as we read the story of his successful search, we are quite ready to believe that he would sooner have laid down his life than failed in his undertaking.

Livingstone was a man nearly sixty years old; Stanley had on his side all the advantages of youth. He had been toughened by early adversity, by travelling in various climes, exposure to all winds and all weathers,

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and it may be doubted whether any other man in our time has been so well equipped with courage, latent resources, command of men, sturdy heroism and self-sacrifice as he was for the almost miraculous task confided to him by his wealthy and enterprising patron, Mr. Bennett.

In reading of his adventures and successes, we are quite apt to lose sight of certain great results which must inevitably follow from his journeys in Africa. We see only the lost explorer, Livingstone, admired and beloved by half the world, his terrible sufferings and the slow wasting of his life. But this man, this hero to whom so many eyes are turned, this great explorer, who, like Stanley, was much more than a mere adventurer, is only one figure in the vivid scene which passes before our eyes. It will not do to limit our thought to either of these men or to both of them.

Two Famous Travellers.

Livingstone had forsaken his early home and his fatherland; all the hardship that comes to one by being in an uncivilized country fell to his lot; the wife who had shared his fortunes, and quite as often, his misfortunes, had been rudely torn from his side; the vast benefit to savage races which she as well as her illustrious husband was capable of imparting was suddenly lost. The beautiful and touching reference of Livingstone to her grave, which has been related, is something that must move the heart of every reader.

Stanley's journeys were free from some of the incidents which are so thrilling in those of the one he was trying to find, yet others fell to his lot with which Livingstone was unacquainted. And so this man stands out in strong proportions, with a most remarkable individuality of his own; a man raised up for a certain work, peculiar in his make-up, endowed for adventure and exploit, and ages hence history will turn to him and write some of its most eloquent pages.

Still it is true that the great interest of African exploration does not gather around either of these men, or both of them, except as they are the instruments for penetrating a continent hitherto dark and unknown; for what they achieved in bringing the dark races of Africa under the full light of modern civilization and Christianity is, after all, the finest thing to be noted. Whoever studies history knows very well that every man is building higher than he thinks, accomplishing more than he imagines, casting off results that are left behind him as he crowds on; while his unconscious influence and the incidental effects of his life and undertakings are such as we have no scales for weighing.

We closed the last chapter by leaving Stanley within a short distance.

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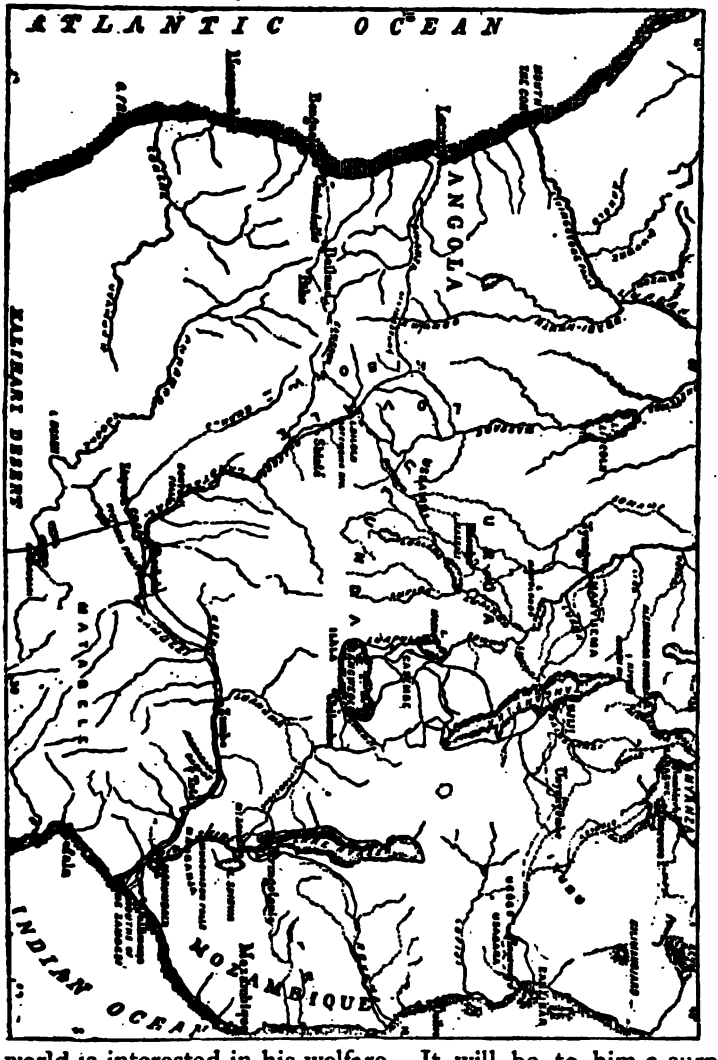
of Ujiji, where he had every reason to believe he would find Livingstone. Here one part of our narrative of African exploration culminates, and unwonted interest attends it. After having been lost half a dozen years, Livingstone is to be met by a brother white man, who will assure him



MAP OF THE GREAT LAKE DISTRICT.

that the world is interested in his welfare. It will be to him a surprise, and a piece of intelligence as gratifying as it is unexpected. It will convince him that his heroic sacrifices are not forgotten, and will be treasured and commemorated after he is gone.

In his thrilling account of the meeting with Livingstone, Stanley

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says: We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us.

At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, or of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, or of the many forests we have traversed, or of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, or of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, or of the hot sun that scorched us, nor of the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted!

"One, Two, Three,—Fire!"

At last the sublime hour had arrived;—our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the "white man with the gray beard" we had already heard about.

"Unfurl the flags, and load your guns!"

"We will, master, we will, master!" respond the men eagerly.

"One, two, three,—fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

"Now, kirangozi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!"

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani, whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us, remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American Con-

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sulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of "Bindera Kisungu!"—a white man's flag! "Bindera Merikani!"—the American flag!

Joyous Welcome.

Then we were surrounded by them and were almost deafened with the shouts of "Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!" To each and all of my men the welcome was given.

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say,

"Good morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now."

"Good morning sir," said another voice.

"Hallo," said I, "is this another one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming."

"Yes, sir," and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and

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the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, "How did you come from Unyanyembe?"

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the Expedition had halted, and the kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, "I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

The Travellers Meet.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood the "white man with a grey beard."

As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had grey whiskers and moustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive it; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

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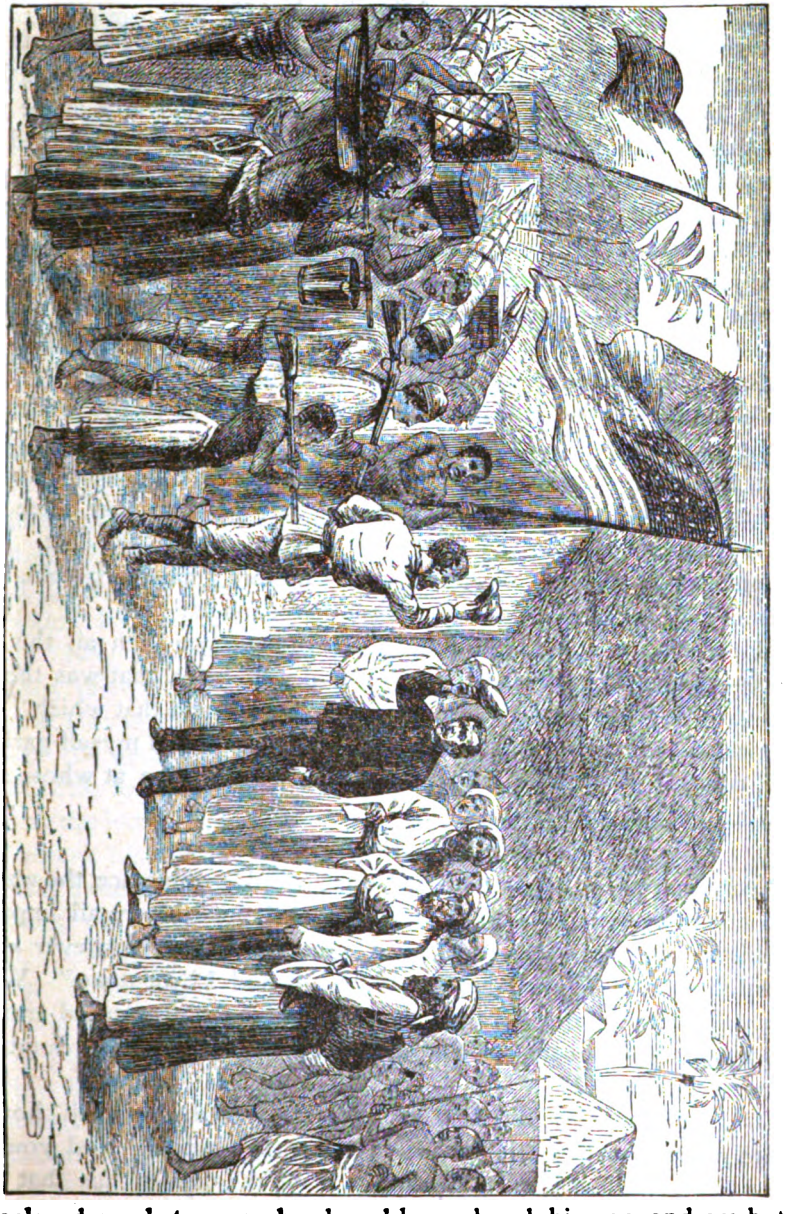
"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly.



STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE

I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. I then said aloud:

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"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

What News After Six Years.

I turned to the Arabs, took off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I received, and the doctor introduced them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turned our faces towards his house. He pointed to the veranda, or rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he pointed to his own particular seat, which I saw his age and experience in Africa had suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protested against taking this seat, which so much more befitted him than me, but the doctor would not yield: I must take it.

We were seated—the doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs took seats on our left. More than a thousand natives were in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as:

"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time?—the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful figure and face of the man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa.

Marvellous History of Deeds.

Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, "Take what you want, but find Livingstone." What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to

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say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds.

The Arabs rose up, with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves.

I sent Bombay with them to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. Sayd bin Majid was the father of the gallant young man whom I saw at Masangi, and who fought with me at Zimbizo, and who soon afterwards was killed by Mirambo's Ruga-Ruga in the forest of Wilyankuru; and, knowing that I had been there, he earnestly desired to hear the tale of the fight; but they had all friends at Unyanyembe, and it was but natural that they should be anxious to hear of what concerned them.

Letters A Year Old.

After giving orders to Bombay and Asmani for the provisioning of the men of the Expedition, I called "Kaif-Halek," or "How-do-ye-do," and introduced him to Dr. Livingstone as one of the soldiers in charge of certain goods left at Unyanyembe, whom I had compelled to accompany me to Ujiji, that he might deliver in person to his master the letter-bag with which he had been intrusted. This was that famous letter-bag marked "Nov. 1st, 1870," which was now delivered into the doctor's hands 365 days after it left Zanzibar! How long, I wonder, had it remained at Unyanyembe had I not been despatched into Central Africa in search of the great traveller?

The doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then, presently, opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children's letters, his face in the meanwhile lighting up.

He asked me to tell him the news. "No, doctor," said I, "read your letters first, which I am sure you must be impatient to read."

"Ah," said he, "I have waited years for letters and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No, tell me the general news: how is the world getting along?"

"You probably know much already. Do you know that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened, and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?"

"I did not hear about the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?"

Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration—or any penny-a-line news, or

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of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a Regent had been appointed; General Prim was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark, and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the "man of Destiny" was a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe; the Queen of Fashion and the Empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in the purple had lost forever the Imperial crown intended for his head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke; and France, the proud empire, was humbled to the dust.

What could a man have exaggerated of these facts? What a budget of news it was to one who had emerged from the depths of the primeval forests of Manyuema! The reflection of the dazzling light of civilization was cast on him while Livingstone was thus listening in wonder to one of the most exciting pages of history ever repeated. How the puny deeds of barbarism paled before these! Who could tell under what new phases of uneasy life Europe was laboring even then, while we, two of her lonely children, rehearsed the tale of her late woes and glories? More worthily, perhaps, had the tongue of a lyric Demodocus recounted them; but, in the absence of the poet, the newspaper correspondent performed his part as well and truthfully as he could.

What was thought by Livingstone himself about the arrival of Stanley, which had probably prolonged his sinking life, is fully set forth in a letter to Mr. Bennett, who had sent Stanley into the dark wilderness of Africa. This letter deserves to be put on record, and especially here in the history of those marvellous achievements in Africa, which have awakened the interest of the civilized world.

UJIJI, ON TANGANYIKA, EAST AFRICA,
November, 1871.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR., Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is in general somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen—it feels so much like addressing an abstract idea—but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

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If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles, beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the woeful sights I had seen of man's inhumanity to man racked and told on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones.

There I found that some five hundred pounds' sterling worth of goods which I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had "divined" on the Koran and found that I was dead. He had also written to the Governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyuema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared.

He, however, knew perfectly well, from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot, and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads, which I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need.

The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable.

I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife. We could have no success after that. Afterward the idea of despair had to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous that it was out of the question.

Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumors of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and, in great excitement, gasped out, "An Englishman coming! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him.

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An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger.

I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was, indeed, overwhelming, and I said in my soul, "Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours!"

The news Mr. Stanley had to tell was thrilling. The mighty political changes on the Continent; the success of the Atlantic cables; the election of General Grant, and many other topics riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years save what I could glean from a few "Saturday Reviews" and "Punch" of 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again.

Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon (whose loss I sincerely deplore), the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866, and information that the British Government had kindly sent a thousand pounds sterling to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letter, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me with "John Bullish" tenacity, believing that all would come right at last.

The watershed of South Central Africa is over seven hundred miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the watershed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins in ten degrees to twelve degrees south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was, generally, groping in the dark—for who cared where the rivers ran? "We drank our fill and let the rest run by."

The Portuguese who visited Casembe asked for slaves and ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned, until I was almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

My last work, in which I have been greatly hindered from want of suitable attendants, was following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyuema, or, shortly, Manyema. This line of drainage has four large lakes in it. The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It is from one to three miles broad,

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and never can be reached at any point, or at any time of the year. Two western drains, the Lufira, or Bartle Frere's River, flow into it at Lake Kamolondo. Then the great River Lomane flows through Lake Lincoln into it too, and seems to form the western arm of the Nile, on which Petherick traded.

Now, I knew about six hundred miles of the watershed, and unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole; for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and the last of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river.

Two of these run north to Egypt, Lufira and Lomame, and two run south into inner Ethiopia, as the Leambaye, or Upper Zambezi, and the Kaful.

Are not these the sources of the Nile mentioned by the Secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais, to Herodotus?

I have heard of them so often, and at great distances off, that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, I wish to finish up by their rediscovery.

Five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods have again unaccountably been entrusted to slaves, and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months. I must go where they lie at your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work.

I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am, Gratefully yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Help in the Hour of Need.

At the time, when reduced almost to death's door by sickness and disappointment, the assistance thus brought to Dr. Livingstone was of inestimable worth. What might have been his fate had he not been relieved, it is impossible to say. The society of his new friend, the letters from home, the well-cooked meal which the doctor was able to enjoy, and the champagne quaffed out of silver goblets, and brought carefully those hundreds of miles for that special object, had a wonderfully exhilarating influence.

Some days were spent at Ujiji, during which the doctor continued to regain health and strength. Future plans were discussed, and his previous adventures described. The longer the intercourse Stanley enjoyed with Livingstone, the more he rose in his estimation.

He formed, indeed, a high estimate of his character, though, he fully believed, a just one.

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"Dr. Livingstone," he says, "is about sixty years old. His hair has a brownish color, but here and there streaked with grey lines over the temples. His beard and moustache are very grey. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright: he has a sight keen as a hawk's. His frame is a little over the ordinary height; when walking, he has a firm but heavy tread, like that of an over-worked or fatigued man. I never observed any spleen or misanthrophy about him.

A Remarkable Man.

"He has a fund of quiet humor, which he exhibits at all times when he is among friends. During the four months I was with him I noticed him every evening making most careful notes. His maps evince great care and industry. He is sensitive on the point of being doubted or criticized. His gentleness never forsakes him, his hopefulness never deserts him; no harassing anxiety or distraction of mind, though separated from home and kindred, can make him complain. He thinks all will come out right at last, he has such faith in the goodness of Providence. Another thing which especially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but it is constant, earnest, sincere, practical; it is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only towards his servants, but towards the natives. I observed that universal respect was paid to him; even the Mahommedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say: 'The blessing of God rest on you!' Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him, and reads prayers and a chapter from the Bible in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone, and afterwards delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language, about the subject read to them, which is listened to with evident interest and attention.

"His consistent energy is native to him and his race. He is a very fine example of the perseverance, doggedness, and tenacity which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon spirit. His ability to withstand the climate is due not only to the happy constitution with which he was born, but to the strictly temperate life he has ever led.

"It is a principle with him to do well what he undertakes to do, and, in the consciousness that he is doing it, despite the yearning for his home, which is sometimes overpowering, he finds to a certain extent contentment, if not happiness.

"He can be charmed with the primitive simplicity of Ethiopia's dusky children, with whom he has spent so many years of his life. He has a

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sturdy faith in their capability—sees virtue in them, where others see nothing but savagery; and wherever he has gone among them, he has sought to ameliorate the condition of a people who are apparently forgotten of God and Christian men."

In another place Stanley says: "Livingstone followed the dictates of duty. Never was such a willing slave to that abstract virtue. His inclinations impell him home, the fascinations of which require the sternest resolution to resist. With every foot of new ground he travelled over he forged a chain of sympathy which should hereafter bind the Christian nations in bonds of love and charity to the heathen of the African Tropics. If we were able to complete this chain of love by actual discovery, and, by a description of them, to embody such people and nations as still live in darkness, so as to attract the good and charitable of his own land to bestir themselves for their redemption and salvation, this Livingstone would consider an ample reward.

"Surely, as the sun shines on both Christian and infidel, civilized and pagan, the day of enlightenment will come; and though the apostle of Africa may not behold it himself, nor we younger men, nor yet our children, the hereafter will see it, and posterity will recognize the daring pioneer of its civilization."

Yes, and Stanley might have added: with his enlarged and far-seeing mind, this is what encourages Livingstone to persevere in his task to do what he knows no other man can do as well. It might be far pleasanter to tell crowded congregations at home about the wrongs of the sons and daughters of Africa, but, with the spirit of a true apostle, he remains among those whose wrongs it is the ardent desire of his soul to right, that he may win their love and confidence, and open up the way by which others may with greater ease continue the task he has commenced.

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CHAPTER XV.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

Stanley and Livingstone at Ujiji—Cruise on Lake Tanganyika—Giants of African Discovery—Meeting Enemies Upon the Shores—Geographers who Never Travel—Dusky Forms Dodging From Rock to Rock—Mountains Seven Thousand Feet High—Important Discovery—Livingstone's Desperate Resolve—Stanley Leaves for Zanzibar—Affecting Parting Between the Two Great Explorers—Livingstone's Intended Route—Later Search Expeditions—Livingstone's Sad and Romantic History—Timely Arrival of Reinforcements from Stanley—Start for the Southwest at Last Made—Without Food for Eight Days—Westward Once More—Continued Plunging In and Out of Morasses—Turbid Rivers and Miry Swamps—Natives Afraid of the White Man—Extract from the "Last Journals"—Crossing the Chambeze—Gigantic Difficulties Encountered—Livingstone Again Very Ill—"Pale, Bloodless and Weak from Profuse Bleeding"—Rotten Tents Torn to Shreds—The Last Service—Livingstone Carried on a Litter—The Doctor Falls from His Donkey—A Night's Rest in a Hut—Natives Gather Round the Litter—A Well-known Chief Meets the Caravan—The Last Words Livingstone Ever Wrote—The Dying Hero Slowly Carried by Faithful Attendants—The Last Stage—Drowsiness and Insensibility—Lying Under the Broad Eaves of a Native Hut—The Final Resting Place—Livingstone's Dying Words—The World's Great Hero Dead—Sorrowful Procession to the Coast—Body Transported to England—Funeral in Westminster Abbey—Crowds of Mourners and Eloquent Eulogies—Inscription on the Casket.

FIVE days later, when much intensely interesting information had been exchanged between the two heroes of travel, the trip to the north of Tanganyika was commenced. Embarking at Ujiji, with a few picked followers, the explorers cruised up the eastern cost, halting at different villages for the night, and on the 29th November reached, at the very head of the lake, the mouth of the Rusizi river, respecting the course of which great doubt had hitherto been entertained, some geographers supposing it to flow *into* and others *out of* the lake. In the latter case Tanganyika might possibly empty its waters through it into the Albert Nyanza of Baker, and the supposition that the two lakes were connected would receive confirmation.

It will be seen by the observant reader that the reason why such herculean efforts have been made to ascertain the existence and dimensions of the great inland lakes of Africa, was to discover, if possible, the real sources of the Nile, concerning which the world has been for centuries in ignorance. To solve the wonderful secret, explorations have been made

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that embody the most thrilling achievements, and the most heroic deeds.

Such giants of African discovery as David Livingstone, Speke and Burton, Stanley and Cameron, seized on Lake Tanganyika with a powerful grip, and in spite of all its slippery wriggling, did not loosen their hold until it had yielded up its secrets. Tanganyika, like the Albert Nyanza, is an enormous "trough" or crevasse, sunk far below the level of the high table-land which occupies the whole centre of Africa from the Abyssinian mountains on the east to the Cameroons on the west coast, and terminating towards the south only with Table Mountain. Though its shores are not, perhaps, generally so steep as those of other lakes, the surrounding mountain walls are as high. Its length is greater than any of the others, being little short of five hundred miles. Its waters are very deep, and sweet to the taste, proving almost conclusively that it must have an outlet somewhere; for lakes which have no means of draining away their waters, and sustain themselves by a balance of inflow and evaporation, are salt or brackish. But while the Albert is undoubtedly part of the Nile basin, to what great river does Tanganyika present its surplus?

"The Enemy Rushed Out Howling Furiously."

The first notion was that it was a far outlying branch of ancient Nilus. Arm-chair geographers constructed a remarkable lake, in shape like a Highland bagpipe. The swollen "bag" represented a shadow of the Victoria Nyanza, drawn from native report, and it was joined to the long "chanter" of Tanganyika as actually seen by Burton's party. Livingstone was strongly convinced that the outlet of the lake would be found at the extreme northern end, and that its waters went to reinforce the Nile. Seeing, however, is believing; and from Ujiji he set out in company with Stanley to discover the "connecting link." The voyage was not without its dangers and excitements. The dwellers on the lake shores showed themselves several times to be hostile. At one place they shouted to the boatmen to land, and rushed along the shore, slinging stones at the strangers, one of the missiles actually striking the craft.

When night fell, and the crew disembarked to cook their supper and to sleep under the lee of a high crag, the natives came crowding around, telling them with a show of much friendliness to rest securely, as no one would harm them. The doctor was too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. The baggage was stowed on board, ready for a start, and a strict watch was kept. Well into the night, dusky forms were noticed dodging from rock to rock, and creeping up towards the fires; so, getting quietly on

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board, the party pulled out into the lake, and the skulking enemy rushed out upon the strand, howling furiously at being balked of their prey.

Important Discovery.

The first geographical surprise was met with a little beyond the turning-point of Burton and Speke. These latter investigators coasted the lake until, as they thought, they saw its two bounding ranges meet, and there they drew the extremity of Tanganyika, and returned. This appearance, however, was found by Livingstone and Stanley to be caused by a high promontory which juts out from the western shore overlapping the mountains on the east. Beyond this narrow strait Tanganyika again opens up, and stretches on for sixty miles further, overhung by mountains rising to a height of seven thousand feet above sea-level, and some four thousand three hundred feet above the surface of the lake. At last the actual extremity of the long trough-like body of water came in view.

As the voyagers approached it, they only became more puzzled as to what they should find. Two days' sail from their destination they were positively assured by the natives that the water flowed out of Tanganyika. Even when the limits of open water were reached in a broad marshy flat covered by aquatic plants, it was not easy to answer the question which the travellers had come all this long way to solve. Seven broad inlets were seen penetrating the bed of reeds. In none of them could any current be discovered. Entering the centre channel in a canoe, however, and pulling on for some distance past sedgy islands and between walls of papyrus, disturbing with every stroke of the paddles some of the sleeping crocodiles that throng in hundreds in this marsh, all doubt as to the course of the Rusizi was soon removed. A strange current of discolored water was met pouring down from the high grounds, and further examination showed that the stream had other channels losing themselves in the swamp, or finding their way into one or other of the inlets at the head of the lake.

A Desperate Resolve.

Their work in connection with the Rusizi done, our heroes returned to Ujiji, this time skirting along the western shores of the lake, and crossing it near a large island called Muzumi. Back again at Ujiji on the 15th December, Stanley did all in his power to persuade Livingstone to return home with him and recruit his strength; but the only answer he could obtain was, "Not till my work is done." In this resolution Livingstone tells us in his journal he was confirmed by a letter from his daughter Agnes, in which she said—"Much as I wish you to come

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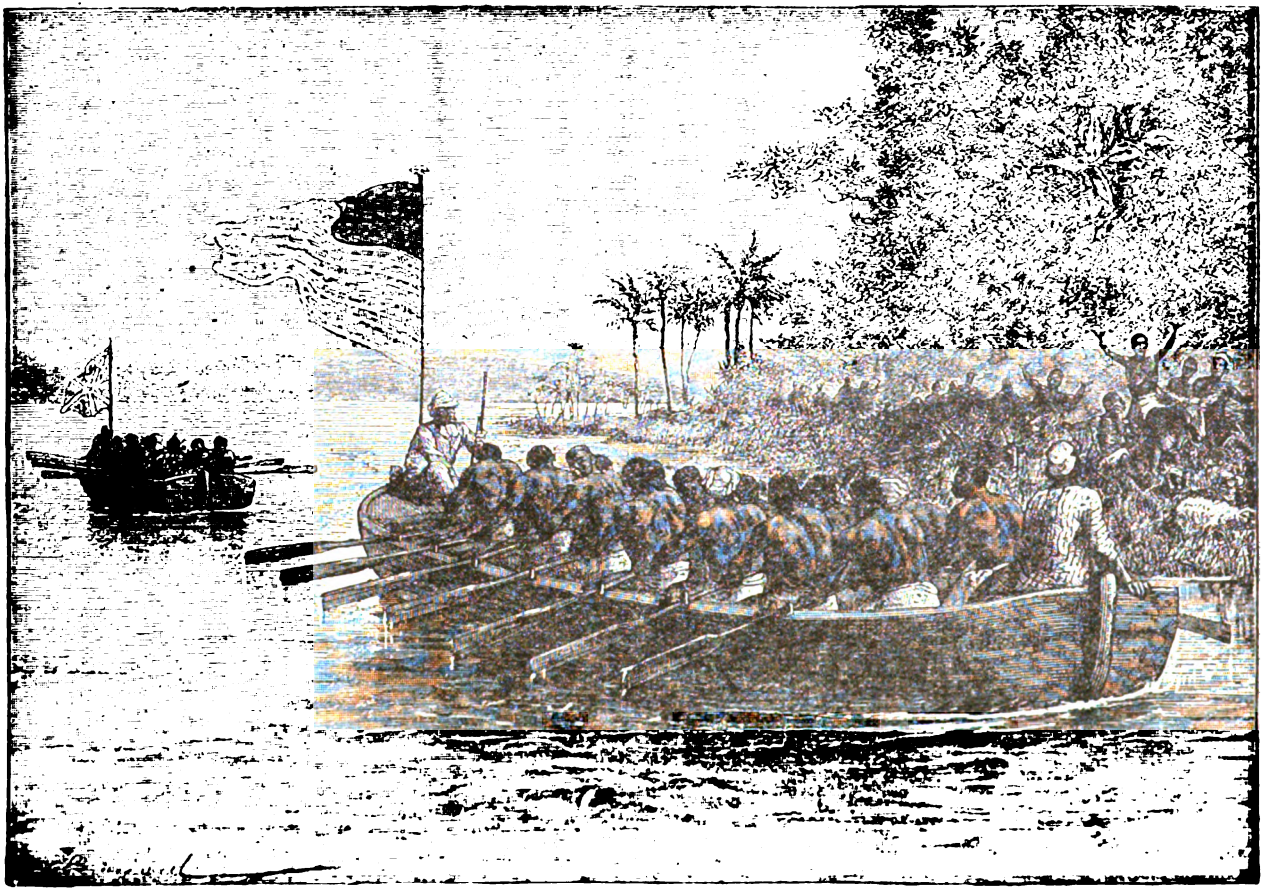

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE ESCAPING FROM SAVAGES.

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home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than to return merely to gratify me." "I must complete the exploration of the Nile sources before I retire," says the devoted hero in another portion of his notes, little dreaming that he was all the time working not at them, but at those of the Congo.

It was arranged, however, that Livingstone should accompany Stanley on his return journey as far as Unyanyembe, to fetch the goods there stored up for his use, and the start for the east was made late in December, 1871. Making a roundabout trip to the south to avoid the war still going on, the party reached Unyanyembe in February, 1872, after a good deal of suffering on Stanley's part from fever, and on Livingstone's from sore feet.

In March, after giving all the stores he could spare to Livingstone, Stanley left for Zanzibar, accompanied for the first day's march by the veteran hero.

The Last Conversation.

Livingstone gave the earlier portion of the precious journal from which our narrative has been culled into the care of the young American, and as they walked side by side, putting off the evil moment of parting as long as possible, the following interesting conversation, the last held by Livingstone in his own language, took place:—

"Doctor," began Stanley, "so far as I can understand it, you do not intend to return home until you have satisfied yourself about the 'Sources of the Nile.' When you have satisfied yourself, you will come home and satisfy others. Is it not so?"

"That is it exactly. When your men come back" (Stanley was to hire men at Zanzibar to accompany Livingstone in his further journey) "I shall immediately start for Ufipa" (on the south-eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika); "then I shall strike south, and round the extremity of Lake Tanganyika. Then a south-east course will take me to Chikumbi's, on the Lualaba. On crossing the Lualaba, I shall go direct south-west to the copper mines of Katanga. Eight days south of Katanga the natives declare the fountains to be. When I have found them, I shall return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua. From the caverns, ten days north-east will take me to Lake Komolondo. I shall be able to travel from the lake in your boat, up the river Lufira, to Lake Lincoln. Then, coming down again, I can proceed north by the Lualaba to the fourth lake—which will, I think, explain the whole problem."

"And how long do you think this little journey will take you?"

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"A year and a-half at the furthest from the day I leave Unyanyembe."

"Suppose you say two years; contingencies might arise, you know. It will be well for me to hire these new men for two years, the day of their engagement to begin from their arrival at Unyanyembe."

"Yes, that will do excellently well."

The Final Parting.

"Now, my dear doctor, the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back."

"Well, I will say this to you, you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know, and I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell."

A few more words of good wishes on either side, another and yet another clasp of the hand, and the two heroes parted, Stanley hurrying back with all possible speed to Zanzibar to despatch men and stores for the doctor to Unyanyembe, Livingstone to return to that town to await the means of beginning yet another journey to the west.

It has long been well known that Stanley found the Royal Geographical Society's Livingstone Search Expedition at Bagamoyo, and that its leader, Lieutenant Dawson, threw up his command on hearing of the success of his predecessor. With the aid of Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the son of the great explorer, the young American, however, quickly organized a caravan, and saw it start for the interior on the 17th May. Somewhat later, the Royal Geographical Society sent out another exploring party, led by Lieutenant Grandy, with orders to ascend the Congo, to complete the survey of that stream, and at the same time to convey succor and comfort to the great traveller, who geographers already began to suspect was upon the upper waters of the Congo, and not of the Nile; but this last expedition utterly failed of success.

Livingstone's Last Letter.

Not until long afterwards was the true sequel of Livingstone's sad and romantic history known in England. In his last letter, one to Mr. Well, Acting American Consul at Zanzibar, dated from Unyanyembe, July 2d, 1872, he says, "I have been waiting up here like Simeon Sylites on his pillar, and counting every day, and conjecturing each step taken by our friend towards the coast, wishing and praying that no sickness might lay him up, no accident befall, and no unlooked-for combinations of circumstances render his kind intentions vain or fruitless."

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The remainder of our narrative is culled from the latter part of Livingstone's journal, brought to Zanzibar with his dead body by his men, and from the accounts of his faithful followers Susi and Chumah, as given in "Livingstone's Last Journals," edited by Dr. Horace Waller. From these combined sources, we learn that in June, just four months after the departure of Stanley, Sangara, one of his men, arrived at Unyanyembe with the news that the new caravan was at Ugogo, and that on the 14th August in the same year the men actually arrived.

Livingstone's servants now numbered some sixty in all, and included the well-known John and Jacob Wainwright; two highly-trained Nassick men, sent from Bombay to join Lieutenant Dawson, who, with their fellow-countrymen Mabruki and Gardner, enlisted in 1866; and Susi, Chumah, and Amoda, three of the men who joined Livingstone on the Zambesi in 1864, and now formed a kind of body-guard, protecting their master in every peril in life, and guarding his body in death with equally untiring devotion.

Without Food Eight Days.

On the 25th August, 1872, the start for the south-west was at last made, and after daily records in the journal of arduous ascents of mountains, weary tramps through flat forests, difficulties in obtaining food, in controlling men, etc., we come on the 19th September to a significant entry, to the effect that our hero's old enemy, dysentery, was upon him. He had eaten nothing for eight days, yet he pressed on without pause until the 8th October, when he sighted the eastern shores of Tanganyika. Then ensued a halt of a couple of days, when, turning due south, the course led first along a range of hills overlooking the lake, and then across several bays in the mountainous district of Fipa, till late in October a very large arm of Tanganyika was rounded. The lake was then left, and a *detour* made to the east, bringing the party in November to the important town known as Zombe's, built in such a manner that the river Halocheche, on its way to Tanganyika, runs right through it.

At Zombe's a western course was resumed, and passing on through heavy rains, and over first one and then another tributary of the lake, our hero turned southwards, a little beyond the most southerly point of Tanganyika, to press on in the same direction, though again suffering terribly from dysentery, until November, when he once more set his face westwards, arriving in December on the banks of the Kalongosi river, a little to the east of the point at which he had sighted it on his flight northwards with the Arabs.

In December what may be called the direct march to Lake Bangweolo

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was commenced, the difficulties of travelling now greatly aggravated by the continuous rain which had filled to overflowing the sponges, as Livingstone calls the damp and porous districts through which he had to pass. To quote from Dr. Waller's notes, "our hero's men speak of the march from this point" (the village of Moenje, left on the 9th January, 1873) "as one continued plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity of using canoes. To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms," adds Dr. Waller, "the effect may well be conceived. It is probable that, had Dr. Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man of them would have been down in a fortnight."

Under these circumstances we cannot too greatly admire the pluck of Livingstone's little body of men, for it must not be forgotten that Africans have an intense horror of wet, and that those from the coast suffer almost as much as white men from the climate of the interior.

Following the route, we find that he crossed no less than thirteen rivulets in rapid succession—more, in fact, than one a-day. In January he notes that he is troubled for want of canoes, they being now indispensable to further progress, and that he is once more near the Chambeze, the river which he had crossed far away on the north-east just before the loss of his medicine-chest and the beginning of his serious troubles.

Wading Through Water Neck-Deep.

No canoes were, however, forthcoming; the natives were afraid of the white man, and would give him no help either with guides or boats. Nothing daunted even then, though his illness was growing upon him to such an extent that the entries in his journal are often barely legible, he pressed on, now wading through the water, now carried on the shoulders of one or another of his men.

The following extract from the Journal, dated January 24th, will serve to give some notion of the kind of work done in the last few stages of this terrible journey:—"Went on east and north-east to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went an hour-and-three-quarters' journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of 100 yards. One part was neck deep for fifty yards, and the water was cold. We plunged in elephants' footprints one and a-half hours, then came in one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down.

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"Carrying me across one of the deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task; one we crossed was at least 1,000 feet broad, or more than 300 yards. The first part the main stream came up to Susi's mouth. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on and bent down the grass so as to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants.

"It took us a full hour and a half for all to cross over. We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. At four in the afternoon it came on pouring cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet, sloppy weather truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges."

Across the Chambeze at Last!

Thus wet, sick, and weary, often short of food and doubtful of his way the indomitable hero still struggled on, his courage sustained by his hope of yet reaching the Chambeze, rounding the lake, and passing the confluence of the Lualaba on the west; his heart cheered by the ever-increasing love of his men, especially of the seven already mentioned, who vied with each other in their eagerness to carry their dear master, to build the tent for his reception, to save for him the best of the provisions they were able to procure.

The whole of February and the first half of the ensuing month were consumed in wandering backwards and forwards amongst the swamps of the north-east shores of Bangweolo, but about the 20th March the camp was at last pitched on the left bank of the Chambeze, close to its entry of the lake, and the question of its connection with the Lualaba was to some extent solved. Late in March canoes were actually obtained, and, embarking in them, our explorer and his men paddled across the intervening swamps to the Chambeze, crossed a river flowing into it, and then the main stream itself, losing one slave girl by drowning in the process.

Preparations were made for a further "land," or we would rather say wading journey, for though all the canoes, except a few reserved for the luggage, were left behind, the water was not. All went fairly well, how-

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ever, in spite of the gigantic difficulties encountered, until the 10th April, when, about midway in the journey along the western bank of the lake, Livingstone succumbed to a severe attack of his complaint, which left him, to quote his own words, "pale, bloodless, and weak from profuse bleeding."

Carried in a Litter.

Surely now he would pause and turn back, that he might at least reach home to die! But no! he allowed himself but two days' rest, and then, staggering to his feet, though he owns he could hardly walk, he "tottered along nearly two hours, and then lay down, quite done. Cooked coffee," he adds—"our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down."

Unwilling even then to be carried, he yielded at last to the expostulations of his men, and, reclining in a kind of litter suspended on a pole, he was gently borne along to the village of Chinama, and there, "in a garden of durra," the camp was pitched for the night. Beyond on the east stretched "interminable grassy prairies, with lines of trees occupying quarters of miles in breadth." On the west lay the lake connected with so many perils, but which Livingstone even yet hoped to round completely.

Our hero was ferried over the Lolotikila, was carried over land for a short distance to the south-west, the Lombatwa river was crossed, and, after a "tremendous rain, which burst all the now rotten tents to shreds," three sponges were crossed in rapid succession. Two days later Livingstone rallied sufficiently to mount a donkey, which, strange to say, had survived all the dangers of the journey from Unyanyembe, and came in sight of the Lavusi hills—a relief to the eye, he tells us, after all the flat upland traversed.

The Last Service.

On the 20th April, which fell on a Sunday, the exhausted explorer held the last service with his men, crossed over a sponge to the village of a man named Moanzambamba, the head-man of these parts, noted in his journal that he felt excessively weak, and crossed the river Lokulu or Molikulu in a canoe. Next day the only words Livingstone was able to set down were, "Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted."

To quote from Dr. Waller, Livingstone's men explained this entry thus:—"This morning the doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground utterly exhausted and faint." Susi then unfastened his master's belt and pistol, and picked up his cap, which had fallen to the ground, whilst

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Chumah ran on to stop the men in front. When he came back he said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood there is no more strength left in my legs; you must carry me." He was then lifted on to Chumah's back and carried back to the village he had just left, but insisted on going on again the next day, though his men saw that he was sinking and began to fear he would not rally again.

A litter was made of "two side pieces of wood seven feet in length,

AFRICAN HOUSES WITH THATCHED ROOFS.

crossed with rails three feet long and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together." Grass was spread over this rough bed, and a blanket laid over it. It was then slung from a pole, Livingstone was laid upon it, and two of his men carried him across a flooded grass plain to the next village, which was reached in about two hours and a half, the illustrious traveller suffering severely.

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Here a hut was built, and Livingstone rested for the night, if we can speak of rest when he was enduring the most terrible pain. On the 23d April the melancholy march was resumed, though our hero was too ill to make any entry but the date in his journal. His men report that they passed over just such a flooded treeless waste as on the previous day, seeing many small "fish-weirs set in such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the lake," but not a sign was to be seen of the inhabitants of the country, who appear to have a great horror of the white man's caravan.

Next day only one hour's march was accomplished, and a halt was made amongst some deserted huts. The doctor's suffering on this day was very great, and he once nearly fell out of the kitanda or litter, but was saved by Chumah.

The day following an hour's journey brought the party to a village containing a few people on the south of the lake, the doctor's litter was set down in a shady place, and a few of the natives were persuaded to draw near and enter into conversation with him. They were asked whether they knew of a hill from which flowed four rivers, and their spokesman answered that they knew nothing about it, for they were not travellers. All who used to go on trading expeditions, he added, were dead. Once Wabisa traders used to assemble in one of their villages, but the terrible Mazitu had come and swept them all away. The survivors had to live as best they could amongst the swamps around the lake.

Unfortunately, the conversation had not continued long before the doctor was too ill to go on talking, and he dismissed his visitors, with a request that they would send him as much food as they could spare to Kalunganjova's town on the west, which was to be the next stopping-place.

As the litter was being carried from Kalunganjova, the chief himself came out to meet the caravan, and escorted our hero into his settlement, situated on the banks of a stream called the Lulimala. Here, on the next day, April 27th, 1873, Livingstone, who for the three previous days had made no entry but the date in his journal, wrote his last words in characters scarcely legible:—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover —sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo," in reality the same river as that given as the Lulimala in Livingstone's map, his men confirming the latter pronunciation.

On the next day, Livingstone being now in an almost dying state, his men went off in various directions to try and obtain milch goats, but

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with no good results. Kalunganjova came to visit his guest and to offer every assistance in his power, promising to try and obtain canoes for crossing of the river—indeed to go himself with the caravan to the ferry, which was about an hour's march from the spot. "Everything," he said, "should be done for his friend." But alas! this eager readiness to help, which would have been of incalculable service a few weeks before, was too late to be of any real use now.

When all was ready for the start, and Susi went to tell Livingstone it was time for him to enter the litter, the doctor said he was too ill to walk to it, and the door of his hut being too narrow to admit of its passage to his bedside, the wall had to be broken down. When this was done, the litter was placed by the bedside, the dying hero was gently lifted on to it, and slowly and sadly borne out of the village.

Life Fast Ebbing Away.

Following the course of the Lulimala till they came to a reach where the current was interrupted by numerous little islands, the party found Kalunganjova awaiting them on a little knoll, and under his superintendence the embarkation proceeded rapidly, whilst Livingstone, who was to be taken over when the rough work was done, rested on his litter in a shady place.

The canoes not being wide enough to admit of the litter being laid in any one of them, it was now a difficult question how best to get the doctor across. Taking his bed off his litter, the men placed it in the strongest canoe and tried to lift him on to it, but he "could not bear the pain of a hand being placed under his back." Making a sign to Chumah, our hero then faintly whispered a request to him "to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head," at the same time begging him "to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back." His wishes were tenderly carried out, and in this manner he was laid in the canoe, ferried over as rapidly as possibly, and once more placed in his litter on the other side.

Susi now hastened on with several servants to the next village, the now celebrated Chitambo's, to superintend the building of a house for the reception of his beloved master, the rest of the party following more slowly, and bearing their precious charge "through swamps and plashes," till they came, to their great relief, to something "like a dry plain at last."

The Last Stage.

The strength of the great explorer was now ebbing rapidly away. Chumah, who helped to carry him on this the very last stage of his jour-

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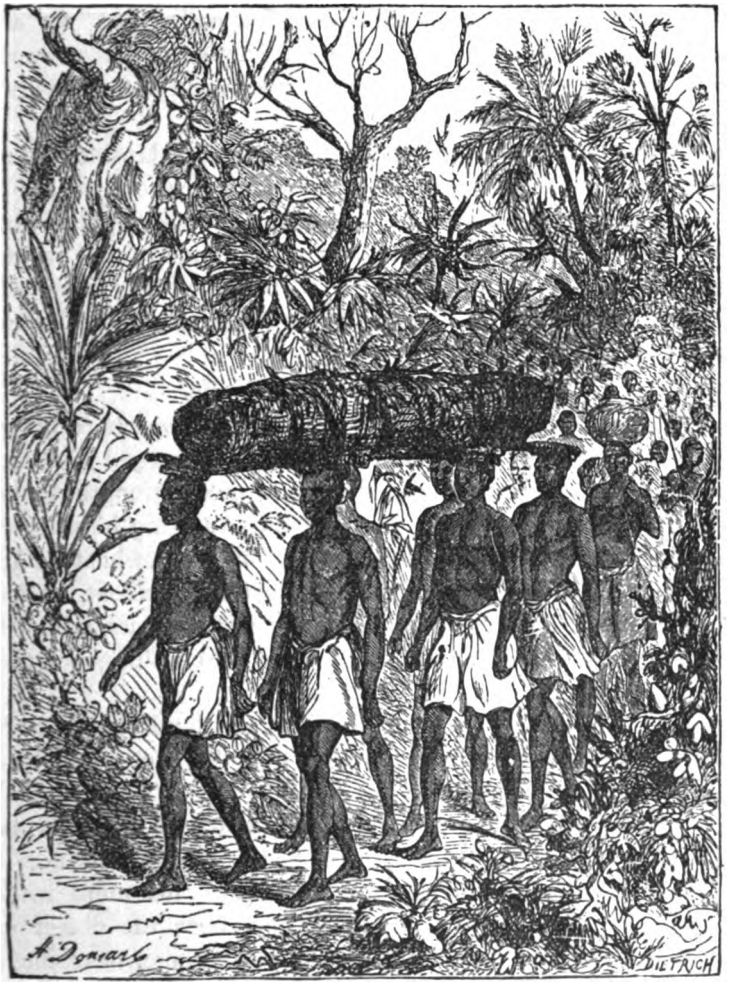
ney, says that he and his comrades were every now and then "implored to stop and place their burden on the ground." Sometimes a drowsiness come over the sufferer, and he seemed insensible to all that was going on; sometimes he suffered terribly for want of water, of which, now that



CONVEYING LIVINGSTONE'S BODY TO THE COAST.

it was so sorely needed, not a drop could be obtained, until, fortunately, they met a member of their party returning from Chitambo's, with a supply thoughtfully sent off by Susi.

A little later, a clearing was reached, and Livingstone again begged to be set down and left alone, but at that very moment the first huts of Chit-

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ambo's village came in sight, and his bearers begged him to endure yet a little longer, that they might place him under shelter.

Arrived at last at Chitambo's, the party found the house their fellow-servants were building still unfinished, and were therefore compelled to lay their master "under the broad eaves of a native hut" for a time. Though the village was then nearly empty, a number of natives soon collected about the litter, to gaze "in silent wonder upon him whose praises had reached them in previous years."

When the house was ready, our hero's bed was placed inside it, "raised from the floor by sticks and grass;" bales and boxes, one of the latter serving as a table, were arranged at one end; a fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door; and Livingstone was tenderly and reverently carried from his temporary resting-place to that which was to be his last. A boy named Majwara was appointed to sleep inside the house, to attend to the patient's wants.

The Great Hero's Last Words.

Chitambo came early in the morning to pay his respects to his guest, but Livingstone was too ill to attend to him, and begged him "to call again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him." In the afternoon the doctor asked Susi to bring him his watch, and showed him how to hold it in the palm of his hand, whilst he himself moved the key. The rest of the day passed without incident, and in the evening the men not on duty silently repaired to their huts, whilst those whose turn it was to watch sat round their fires, waiting for the end which they felt to be rapidly approaching.

At about 11 P. M. Livingstone sent for Susi, and loud shouts being at the moment heard in the distance, said to him, "Are our men making that noise?"

"No," replied Susi, adding that he believed it was only the natives scaring away a buffalo from their durra fields. A few minutes later, Livingstone said slowly, "Is this the Lualaba?" his mind evidently wandering to the great river which had so long been the object of his search. "No," said Susi, "we are in Chitambo's village, near the Lulimala."

A long silence ensued, and then the doctor said in Suaheli, an Arab dialect, "How many days is it to the Lualaba?" and Susi answered in the same language, "I think it is three days, master."

A few seconds later, Livingstone exclaimed, "Oh dear! oh dear!" as if in terrible suffering, and then fell asleep. Susi, who then left his master to his repose, was recalled in about an hour by Majwara, and on

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reaching the doctor's bedside received instructions to boil some water, for which purpose he went to the fire outside to fill his kettle. On his return, Livingstone told him to bring his medicine-chest and to hold the candle near him. These instructions being obeyed, he took out a bottle of calomel, told Susi to put it, an empty cup, and one with a little water in it, within reach of his hand, and then added in a very low voice, "All right; you can go out now."

This was the last sentence ever spoken by Livingstone in human hearing. At about 4 A. M. Majwara came once more to call Susi, saying, "Come to Bwana (his name for Livingstone); I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

A Martyr to a Great Cause.

Susi, noticing the boy's terror, and fearing the worst, now aroused five of his comrades, and with them entered the doctor's hut, to find the great explorer kneeling, as if in prayer, by the side of his bed, "his head buried in his hands upon the pillow."

"For a minute," says Dr. Waller, "they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of them advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks." It was enough; Livingstone was dead. He had probably expired soon after Susi left him, dying as he had lived, in quiet unostentatious reliance upon his divine Father. "History," says Banning, one of the members of the Brussels Conference, "contains few pages more touching, or of a more sublime character, than the simple narrative of this silent and solitary death of a great man, the martyr to a great cause."

Thus ended the career of the greatest hero of modern geographical discovery, and of one of the noblest-hearted philanthropists of the present century. Very sadly, very tenderly, very reverently Livingstone's servants laid the corpse of their beloved master on his bed, and retired to consult sogether round their watch-fire as to what should next be done.

The following day it was unanimously decided that Susi and Chumah, who were "old men in travelling and in hardship," should act as captains of the caravan, the other men engaged promising faithfully to obey them.

All agreed further that the body of Livingstone must be preserved and carried back to Zanzibar. With the ready co-operation of Chitambo, a strong hut, open to the air at the top, was built for the performance of the last melancholy offices.

A native mourner was engaged to sing the usual dirge before the commencement of the post-mortem examination. Wearing the anklets

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proper to the occasion, "composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels, he sang the following chant, dancing all the while—

"To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours;
Come round to see the Englishman."

After this concession to the customs of the people amongst whom they found themselves, Livingstone's faithful servants carried his remains to the hut prepared for them, where Jacob Wainwright read the burial service in the presence of all his comrades. The great hero's heart was removed and buried in a tin a little distance from the hut, and the body was "left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it beyond placing some brandy in the mouth, and some on the hair."

At the end of fourteen days, the body, thus simply "embalmed," was "wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package," which was placed in a cylinder ingeniously constructed out of the bark of a tree. Over the whole a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the strange coffin was then securely lashed to a strong pole, so that it could be carried by the men in the manner figured in our illustration.

Procession to the Coast.

Under the superintendence of Jacob Wainwright, an inscription was carved on a large tree near the place where the body was exposed, giving the name of the deceased hero and the date of his death. Chitambo promised to guard this memorial as a sacred charge, and the melancholy procession started on the return journey.

Completing the circuit of Bangweolo, the men crossed the Lualaba near its entry into the lake on the west, thus supplementing their master's work, and, turning eastward beyond the great river which had so long been the goal of his efforts, they made for the route he had followed on his trip to the south in 1868. A short halt at Casembe's was succeeded by an uneventful trip eastwards to Lake Tanganyika, rounding the southern extremity of which the funeral procession rapidly made its way in a north-easterly direction to Unyanyembe, where it arrived in the middle of October, 1873.

Here Lieutenant Cameron, the leader, and Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy, members of a new Livingstone Relief Expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, were resting before starting westwards. After the sad news of the doctor's death had been communicated to them and confirmed by indisputable evidence, Cameron did all in his

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power to help and relieve the brave fellows who had brought the hero's dead dody and all belonging to him thus far in safety. Then, finding them unwilling to surrender their charge before reaching the coast although he himself thought that Livingstone might have wished to be buried in the same land as his wife, he allowed them to proceed, Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy accompanying them.

Soon after the march to the coast began, Dr. Dillon, rendered delirious by his sufferings from fever and dysentery, shot himself in his tent, but Susi, Chumah, and their comrades arrived safely at Bagamoyo in February, 1874, where they delivered up their beloved master's remains to the Acting English Consul, Captain Prideaux, under whose care they were conveyed to Zanzibar in one of Her Majesty's cruisers, thence to be sent to England on board the Malwa, for interment in Westminster Abbey.

To describe the stately funeral which was accorded to the simple-hearted hero in old Westminster Abbey would be beyond our province, but none who read the glowing newspaper accounts of the long procession, the crowds of mourners, and the orations in honor of the deceased, can fail to have been touched by the contrast they offered to his lonely death in the wilderness, untended by any but the poor natives whose affections he had won by his gentleness and patience in the hardships and privations they had endured together, and to whom alone England is indebted for the privilege of numbering his grave amongst her sacred national possessions.

The remains of the great African Explorer were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey on the 18th of April. The casket bore the inscription—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,
19 MARCH, 1813,
Died at Ilala, Central Africa,
4 MAY, 1873.

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CHAPTER XVI.

STANLEY AND THE CONGO.

Stanley's Absorbing Interest in Livingstone's Explorations—His Resolve to Find a Path from Sea to Sea—A Man of Remarkable Enterprise—Determined to Accomplish His Object at Any Cost—Description of the Congo Region—Once the Most Famous Kingdom of Africa—A King Glorious in Trinkets—People Prostrating Themselves Before Their Monarch—The Whims of a Despot—Taxes Levied on Furniture—Killing Husbands to Get Their Wives—Strange and Savage Customs—Messengers Collecting Slaves and Ivory—A Nation Famous as Elephant Hunters and Men Stealers—Worship of a Wicked Deity—Priests with Absolute Power—Sacred Fire Burning Continually—A Priest so Holy That He Cannot Die a Natural Death—Test of Red Hot Iron Applied to the Skin—How the Congoese Disfigure Themselves—Outlandish Dress—Husbands Rebuked for Neglecting to Beat Their Wives—Pipes and Palm-Wine—A Notorious Queen—Followed by a Host of Lovers—Horrible Practices—Slaughter of Male Children—The Queen's Tragic End—Queen Shinga and Her Daring Exploits—Female Demon—Universal Polygamy—Eating Habits of the Congo Tribes—Agonies of Indigestion—Singular Modes of Salutation—Stanley's Description of Welcoming Strangers—Love for Titles and Sounding Names—How Wives Manage Husbands—Famous Old King of the Gaboon—King William's Principal Wife—A Monarch Arrayed in Scarlet—Ferocious Tribes—Traders and Their Wares—Stanley's Description of the Country—Superstitions and Paganism—Animal Life in Congo—Antelopes, Zebras and Buffaloes—Beautiful Monkey Tribe—Wild Attack of Cannibals—Immense War-Boat—Everlasting Din of Drums—Horns Carved out of Elephants' Tusks—Wild War Cry—Singular Temple of Ivory—Horrid Monument of Mud and Skulls.

HENRY M. STANLEY was not the man to be indifferent to the fate of Livingstone or the objects he had in view. Our young hero thought, and the world thought so too, that his mission was to complete, as far as possible, the marvellous discoveries which Livingstone had attempted to make. If his life had been spared he would have crowned all previous successes with triumphs greater still. Stanley having been once in the wilds of Africa, and having learned by actual observation the great fertility of the soil, the channels of commerce which might be opened, the importance of bringing the country into close relations with other parts of the world, the moral needs of the savage races whose history has been lost in oblivion and whose future it is impossible as yet to determine, thought he would discover, if possible, the sources of the Nile, open new avenues in a land almost unknown, and, having found Livingstone, the lost explorer, he resolved to find a path from sea to sea.

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In this marvellous undertaking we are now to trace him. He is the same strong, heroic soul that he was on his first expedition; the same enterprising man, possessed of the same iron will, the same abounding energy and perseverance, the same tact in dealing with hostile tribes, and the same unswerving resolution to accomplish his object at any cost.

Before we begin his journey, it will be interesting to the reader to have some account of the Congo region through which Stanley passed, and also a description of the Congoese, the people dwelling in that part of Africa.

At one time there was no more famous kingdom in all Africa than that of Congo. It was established on even a grander scale than the modern Ashanti or Dahomey, which have sprung up within the last 200 years, during which the empire of Congo has been broken up into many petty chieftaincies. The writings of the old Jesuit and Capuchin Fathers teem with tales of its grandeur.

When the king was elected he came out of the palace, glorious in trinkets, to give the benediction to his people, assembled from far and near in the palace square, for this important event. The priests and nobles arranged themselves around him. The king exhorted the people to be faithful and obedient, and, after the manner of monarchs generally, assured his subjects of his profound consideration. "He rises, and all the people prostrate themselves before him. He stretches his hands over them, and makes gestures with his fingers without uttering a word." Shouts of joy, followed by firing of muskets and a "jubilee of banquets," close this initiatory event of the Congo monarch's reign.

Whims of a Tyrant.

The king was a despot, secretly controlled by his ministers. His civil list consisted of tribute paid him by the sub-chiefs or vassal-lords, who in their turn ground it out of the people. When he found it necessary to levy a special tax, he would go out of the palace with his cap loosely placed on his head. When the wind blew it off, he would rush into the house as if in a great passion, and immediately order the levy of goats, fowls, slaves, and palm-wine. The Negro is a systematic creature in some things; he does nothing without a reason, and the Congoese monarch, therefore, considered that he had justified his acts in the eyes of his subjects by his dignity being offended owing to his cap blowing off.

One of the taxes was levied on beds—a slave for every span's breadth being the rate at which the impost was made. This tax was devoted to the support of the king's concubines, and as a broad bed entailed considerable expense on its owner, the possession of this piece of chamber furniture was in Congo looked upon as the sign of a man of wealth. Writers

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describe the Muata-Yanvo—another powerful West African monarch, very little known to literature—as wearing a bracelet of human sinews on his left wrist, to denote his royal rank. His empire is as large as all Germany, and about three hundred chiefs owe him allegiance, though his subjects do not number more than two millions, and his despotism is shared and tempered by a queen.

When the king desired a fresh companion, a married woman was selected, her husband and the lovers whom she confessed to (for it seems they all had them, married or single) being put to death. These little preliminaries being completed, she entered the royal seraglio, where much more liberty than would be granted in Mohammedan kingdoms was allowed to her. On the king's death all his wives were buried with him

Peculiar Customs.

No man dare see the king eat or drink. All this must be done in privacy. If a dog even entered the house while the august sovereign was at food it was killed; and a case is recorded by English authorities in which the king ordered the execution of his own son, who had accidently seen him drink palm-wine.

The large army supported by the Congoese monarch was officered by their own chiefs, and apparently fought under a kind of feudal system.

As in most parts of Africa, the old Congo kings, before the decay of the slave trade ruined them, monopolized, as far as they could, the commerce of the country. This is still the fashion of the Muata-Yanvo of the Kanoko Empire, east of the Congo country. When traders arrive at the capital, their goods are deposited in the capital until the king's messengers, who are sent into the neighboring countries, can collect the slaves and ivory he is willing to give in exchange.

No stranger is allowed to proceed into these interior regions, the inhabitants of which are described as cannibals, or as dwarfs. When Dr. Buchner was at the Muato-Yanvo's in 1879 he was threatened by the Kioko, a nation famous as smiths, elephant hunters, and man stealers, who are gradually spreading from the Upper Quango to the northward, and from the latest accounts are endangering the very existence of this secluded empire.

The civil judges sat under trees, each having a large staff in his hand, as an insignium of office. Incorruptible they were not, but still no one ever appealed against their decisions, and it is said never even complained of their injustice; but this is not in human nature, and must only mean that no one was ever heard to do so in public, and that for very special private reasons of his own.

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EXCITING PURSUIT OF A HERD OF GIRAFFES.

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As in more civilized nations, war is the great parent of taxation, the king being obliged to maintain a large standing army, and to keep it in good humor by constant largesses, for a large standing army is much like fire—a useful servant, but a terrible master. The army is divided into regiments, each acting under the immediate command of the chief in whose district they live, and they are armed, in a most miscellaneous fashion, with any weapons they can procure. In these times the trade guns are the most valued weapons, but the native swords, bows and arrows, spears, and knives, still form the staple of their equipment. As to uniform, they have no idea of it, and do not even distinguish the men of the different regiments, as do the Kaffirs of Southern Africa.

The ancient religion of the Congo Negro is simply polytheism, which they have suffered to degenerate into fetishism. There is one monotheistic sect, but they have gained very little by their religion, which is in fact merely a negation of many deities, without the least understanding of the one whom they profess to worship—a deity to whom they attribute the worst vices that can degrade human nature.

Shrewd Tricks to Get Rid of Husbands.

The fetish men or priests are as important here as the marabouts among the Mandingoes, and the chief of them, who goes by the name of Chitome, is scarcely less honored than the king, who finds himself obliged to seek the favor of this spiritual potentate, while the common people look on him as scarcely less than a god. He is maintained by a sort of tithe, consisting of the first-fruits of the harvest, which are brought to him with great ceremony, and are offered with solemn chants. The Congo men fully believe that if they were to omit the first-fruits of one year's harvest, the next year would be an unproductive one.

A sacred fire burns continually in his house, and the embers, which are supposed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues, are sold by him at a high price, so that even his fire is a constant source of income to him. He has the entire regulation of the minor priests, and every now and then makes a progress among them to settle the disputes which continually spring up. As soon as he leaves his house, the husbands and wives throughout the kingdom are obliged to separate under pain of death. In case of disobedience, the man only is punished, and cases have been known where wives who disliked their husbands have accused them of breaking this strange law, and have thereby gained a double advantage, freed themselves from a man whom they did not like, and established a religious reputation on easy terms.

In fact, the Chitome has things entirely his own way, with one excep-

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tion. He is so holy that he cannot die a natural death, for if he did so the universe would immediately be dissolved. Consequently, as soon as he is seized with a dangerous illness, the Chitome elect calls at his house, and saves the universe by knocking out his brains with a club, or strangling him with a cord if he should prefer it. That his own death must be of a similar character has no effect upon the new Chitome, who, true to the Negro character, thinks only of the present time, and, so far as being anxious about the evils that will happen at some future time, does not trouble himself even about the next day.

Next to the Chitome comes the Nghombo, a priest who is distinguished by his peculiar gait. His dignity would be impaired by walking like ordinary mortals, or even like the inferior priests, and so he always walks on his hands with his feet in the air, thereby striking awe into the laity. Some of the priests are rain-makers, who perform the duties of their office by building little mounds of earth and making fetish over them. From the centre of each charmed mound rises a strange insect, which mounts into the sky, and brings as much rain as the people have paid for. These priests are regularly instituted, but there are some who are born to the office, such as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and albinos, all of whom are highly honored as specially favored individuals, consecrated to the priesthood by Nature herself.

Poison and Red-hot Iron.

The priests have, as usual, a system of ordeal, the commonest mode being the drinking of the poison cup, and the rarest the test of the red-hot iron, which is applied to the skin of the accused, and burns him if he be guilty. There is no doubt that the magicians are acquainted with some preparation which renders the skin proof against a brief application of hot iron, and that they previously apply it to an accused person who will pay for it.

The Chitome has the privilege of conducting the coronation of a king. The new ruler proceeds to the house of the Chitome, attended by a host of his future subjects, who utter piercing yells as he goes. Having reached the sacred house, he kneels before the door, and asks the Chitome to be gracious to him. The Chitome growls out a flat refusal from within. The king renews his supplications, in spite of repeated rebuffs, enumerating all the presents which he has brought to the Chitome—which presents, by the way, are easily made, as he will extort an equal amount from his subjects as soon as he is fairly installed.

At last, the door of the hut opens, and out comes the Chitome in his white robe of office, his head covered with feathers, and a shining mir-

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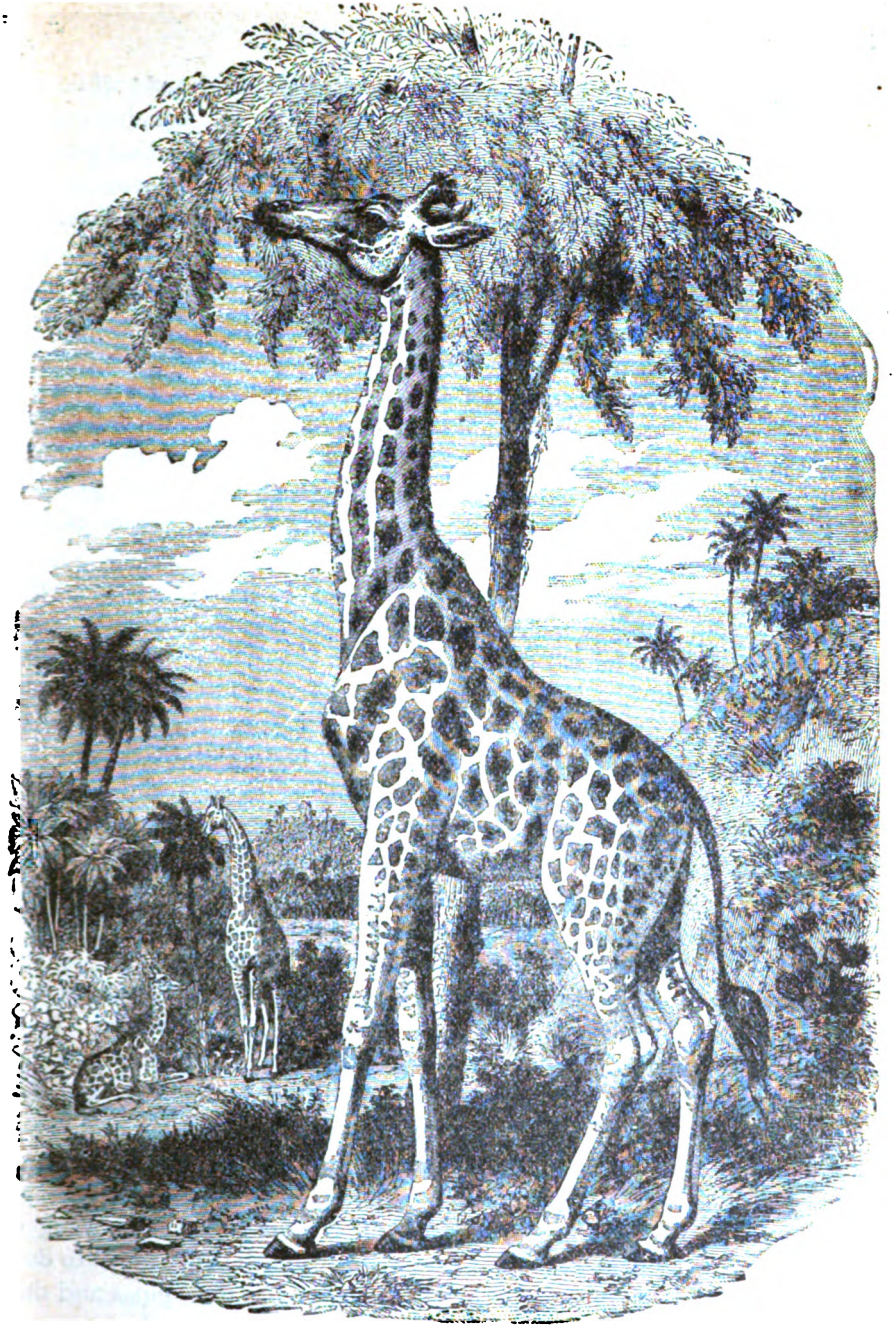

THE GIRAFFE OR CAMELOPARD.

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ror on his breast. The king lies prostrate before the house, while the Chitome pours water on him, scatters dust over him, and sets his feet on him. He then lies flat on the prostrate monarch, and in that position receives from him a promise to respect his authority ever afterward. The king is then proclaimed, and retires to wash and change his clothes.

A King in Gorgeous Apparel.

Presently he comes out of the palace, attended by his priests and nobles, and gorgeous in all the bravery of his new rank, his whole person covered with glittering ornaments of metal, glass, and stone, so that the eye can scarcely bear the rays that flash on every side as he moves in the sunbeams. He then seats himself, and makes a speech to the people. When it is finished, he rises, while all the people crouch to the ground, stretches his hands over them, and makes certain prescribed gestures, which are considered as the royal benediction. A long series of banquets and revelry ends the proceedings.

At the present day, the Congo king and great men disfigure themselves with European clothing, such as silk jackets, velvet shoes, damask coats, and broad-brimmed hats. But, in the former times, they dressed becomingly in native attire. A simple tunic made of very fine grass cloth, and leaving the right arm bare, covered the upper part of the body, while a sort of petticoat, made of similar material, but dyed black, was tied round the waist, and an apron, or "sporran," of leopard skin, was fastened to the girdle and hung in front. On their heads they wore a sort of hood, and sometimes preferred a square red and yellow cap. Sandals made of the palm tree were the peculiar privilege of the king and nobles, the common people being obliged to go bare-footed.

Wives Who Receive Vigorous Attention.

The wives in Congo are tolerably well off, except that they are severely beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide whip. The women do not resent this treatment, and indeed, unless a woman is soundly flogged occasionally, she thinks that her husband is neglecting her, and feels offended accordingly. The king has the power of taking any woman for his wife, whether married or not, and, when she goes to the royal harem, her husband is judiciously executed.

The people of Congo are—probably on account of the enervating climate—a very indolent and lethargic race, the women being made to do all the work, while the men lie in the shade and smoke their pipes and drink their palm-wine, which they make remarkably well, though not so well as the Bube tribe of Fernando Po. Their houses are merely huts of the simplest description; a few posts with a roof over them, and twigs woven

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between them in wicker-work fashion by way of walls, are all that a Congo man cares for in a house. His clothing is as simple as his lodging, a piece of native cloth, tied round his middle being all that he cares for; so that the ample clothes and handsome furs worn by the king must have had a very strong effect on the almost naked populace.

The Jagas are a race now settled in Cassange country, into which they seem originally to have entered as marauders or conquerors. In the early state of the kingdom they were ruled by Tembandumba—a queen whose excesses, if not exaggerated in the narrative, seem demoniacal in their extent. She soon, by her exploits in war, made herself feared and respected by enemies and subjects; but so terrible were her cruelties and tyranny, that only the awe in which she was held prevented her subjects rebelling. She had a host of lovers, all of whom, one after the other, she killed with the most cruel tortures as soon as she had tired of them. Breaking loose from all her relatives—who had ventured to remonstrate with her—she founded a constitution which only a woman, and one willing to proceed to those extremes of which the sex is capable, could have imagined.

Horrible Practices.

"She would turn," writes Mr. Winwood Reade, "the world into a wilderness; she would kill all living animals; she would burn all forests, grass, and vegetable food. The sustenance of her subjects should be the flesh of man; his blood should be their drink. She commanded all male children, all twins, and all infants whose upper teeth appeared before their lower ones, should be killed by their own mothers. From their bodies an ointment should be made, in the way she would show. The female children should be reared, and instructed in war; and male prisoners, before being killed and eaten, should be used for the purpose of procreation.

"Having concluded her harangue, with the publication of other laws of minor importance, this young women seized her child, which was feeding at her breast, flung him into a mortar, and pounded him to a pulp. She flung this into a large earthen pot, adding roots, leaves, and oils, and made the whole into an ointment, with which she rubbed herself before them all, telling them that this would render her invulnerable, and that now she could subdue the universe. Immediately, her subjects, seized with a savage enthusiasm, massacred all their male children, and immense quantities of this human ointment were made; and of which, they say, some is still preserved among the Jagas."

An empire of Amazons was apparently contemplated. Not only were

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male children to be massacred, but women's flesh was forbidden to be eaten. But she soon found it impossible to battle against nature. Mothers concealed their male infants; and though officers were appointed to be present at every birth to see that the law was carried out, yet, after a time, she found it necessary to order that the invulnerable ointment might be made of the bodies of infants captured in war. Whole territories were conquered and laid waste; and disaffection in her own army she kept down by having the forces continually employed.

The Queen's Tragic End.

As age grew upon her she grew worse and worse—more cruel to her victims; more abominable in all her dealings with her subjects. At last she was subdued. Falling desparately in love with a private soldier in her army, she publicly married him, and gave him half her throne and kingdom. As last she grew tired of him, as she had grown tired of a hundred before. But she had met her match. Calming, cajoling, and flattering his terrible queen, the king-consort managed for a time to postpone his inevitable fate—to be fondled to-day, to be dined off to-morrow. One day he entertained her at dinner with all the choice viands which the kingdom of Congo or the young Portuguese colonies on the Coast could supply. Her drink had been poisoned. Her husband was saved, and the kingdom freed from a tyrant, whose rule was beginning to be too heavy to bear. Yet he was never suspected; or perhaps his act was of too meritorious a character to be taken notice of. So, after much wailing over her funeral—as subjects will wail over kings, no matter how vile—Tembandumba slept with her fathers; and Culemba, her affectionate husband, reigned in her stead.

Blood-curdling tales are told of the excesses of some of the old sovereigns. For instance, Shinga was the name of the Negro queen who came to power in the year 1640, but, through the intrigues of the Jesuit priests, to whose rites she did not choose to submit, was forced to fly the kingdom, after contending with her nephew in three pitched battles, which she lost. In 1646 she regained her kingdom, after many vicissitudes of fortune. But by this time Queen Shinga had got so accustomed to war, that she cared for nothing else. Her life was spent in hostilities against the neighboring kingdoms.

A Female Demon.

Before she undertook any new enterprise, she would sacrifice the handsomest man she could find. Clad in skins, with a sword hanging round her neck, an axe at her side, and bow and arrow in her hand, she would dance and sing, striking two iron bells. Then taking a feather

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she would put it through the holes in her nose, as a sign of war, would cut off the victim's head with her sword, and drink a deep draught of his blood. She had fifty or sixty male favorites; and while she always dressed herself as a man, they were compelled to take the names and garments of women. If one of them denied that he was a woman he was immediately killed. The queen, however, was charitable enough to let them belie their words by their actions. They might have as many wives as they chose; but if a child was born, the husband was compelled to kill it with his own hands.

Shinga obtained great power over her subjects. She, however, was wise in her generation, and, after she had fought the Portuguese, and been beaten by them, she concluded an humble peace, and retained her kingdom in safety.

At the present time the Congo kingdom has fallen from its high estate. The people are lethargic, and altogether given over to palm-wine and tobacco; their houses are huts of grass fibres or palm leaves, and their clothing a piece of native cloth round the middle. Their domestic utensils are on a par with this primitive barbarism. Baskets made of the fibre of the palm-tree, bowls of gourds, earthen vessels for boiling, wooden spoons, and beds of grass on a raised platform are about the only furniture of their simple huts. Whatever magnificence once existed is now almost gone.

Universal Polygamy.

Though Portuguese, and latterly English, missions have been established among these tribes, fetishism is still to a great extent the prevailing semblance of worship, the Cross being regarded simply as new fetish introduced by the powerful white man. Polygamy is universal, and the marriage ceremony little more than buying the wife from her parents, and giving a feast to her family and friends. But if the nuptial rites are brief and simple, their sepulchral ceremonies are more elaborate, for frequently, in order to admit of all the relatives being present, the interment of the deceased will be delayed several months. The dead are frequently desiccated by roasting, and then buried in the huts which they occupied during life.

Of late years the natives of the Congo have received renewed attention. Expeditions have often been despatched a little up the river for the purpose of trade and exploration, or in order to punish the Mussurongo pirates, who have frequently attacked the vessels engaged in carrying goods to or from the "factories" established below the Yellala Falls. However, since Mr. Stanley succeeded in proving that the river commu-

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nicated with the Tanganyika lake, and is the noblest water-way to the interior, numerous traders have settled on its lower reaches, and the posts of the International Association, presided over by the King of the Belgians, are pushing civilization and commerce towards its upper waters.

Before leaving the customs of the Congoese, we must notice that the eating habits of some of the Congo tribes are very curious. They are, like all the Negro races, enormous feeders, as many as 300 oxen having been known to be killed and eaten when a "soba" or chief of the Mundombes, dies, the feast lasting for several days, the gluttons often rolling on the ground in the agonies of indigestion, but only to rise again and resume eating, abstaining meanwhile from drink, lest it should prevent them from finding room for the solids. Among some of the natives a singular custom prevails. It consists in offering a visitor a dish of "infundi," or "pirao," and should there not be a bit of meat in the larder, they send out to a neighbor for "lent rat," as it is called. This Mr. Monteiro describes as a field rat roasted on a skewer, and which is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of "infundi" on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavor, but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest portion of it, as that would be considered a great crime and offence, and would be severely punished by their laws. It is supposed that the host has by this hospitality duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, the entire sham being a curious instance of elaborate politeness without sincerity existing among a race which might reasonably be supposed unsophisticated.

Singular Salutations.

The subject of salutations would afford a theme for many chapters. For example, when two Monbuttoos of the far Nile tributaries meet they join the right hands, and say, "Gassigy," at the same time cracking the joints of the middle fingers, while in Uguha, on the western side of Lake Tanganyika, Mr. Stanley describes the people saluting each other as follows:—A man appears before a party seated; he bends, takes up a bundle of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left. The left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left part of the body, words of salutation being rapidly uttered in the meanwhile. To his inferiors, however, the new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of the heart.

In like manner, the modes of taking an oath are so very extensive that

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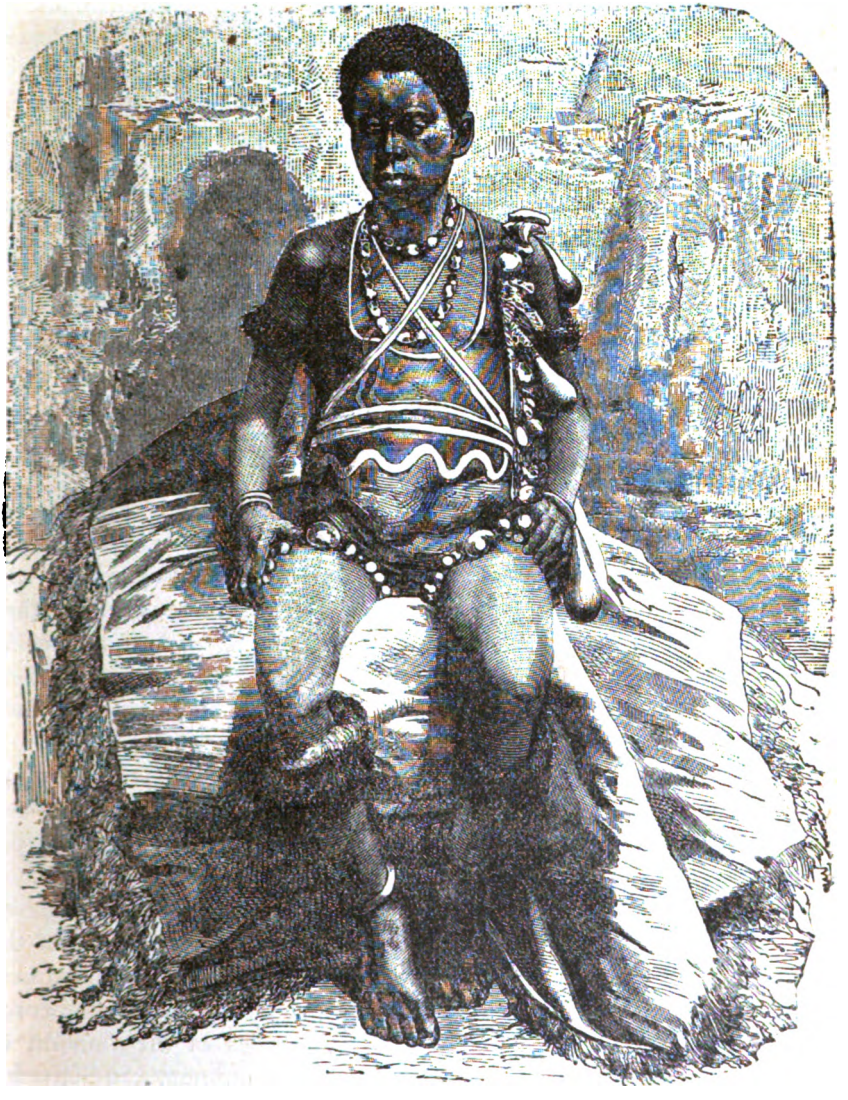
a large space could very profitably be devoted to this interesting phase of African life. In many tribes on the West Coast the common way among blacks to affirm the truth of a statement is, according to Monteiro,



YOUNG "FETISH" MAN OF THE CONGO DISTRICT.

to go on their knees, and rub the forefinger of each hand on the ground, and then touch their tongues and foreheads with the dusty tips. About Loanda, they make the sign of the Cross on the ground with a finger, for

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the same purpose; but this is evidently a remnant of old missionary teaching.

Titles—the love for them, and the endless variety of designations intended to express dignity—might equally be enlarged on, without the subject being at all exhausted, while the multiplicity of fashions adopted in dressing their woolly hair, filing their teeth, splitting their ears, or generally improving upon nature, will be touched, as far as so extensive a theme admits of, in the chapters which follow. We may, however, note in this place a few singular customs, which give a better idea of African characteristics than more labored analyses of their mental traits.

How Wives Manage Husbands.

One custom said to be universal in Oriental Africa is that of a woman tying a knot in anyone's turban, thereby placing herself under his protection in order to be revenged upon her husband, who may have beaten her for some offence. In due time, when the husband comes to claim her, he is compelled to pay a ransom, and to promise, in the presence of his chief, never again to maltreat her. In nearly every village in Unyamwesi there are two or three public-houses, or perhaps they might be called clubs. One is appropriated to the women, and another to the men, though at the one frequented by the men all travellers of distinction are welcomed by the chiefs and elders. As soon as a boy attains the age of seven or eight years, he throws off the authority of his mother, and passes most of his time at the club, usually eating and often sleeping there. On the death of a Wagogo chief, the son is supposed to look upon his father's eldest surviving brother as his new and adopted father, but only in private and not in public affairs.

There is another point connected with the black races of Africa to which a few lines may be devoted. The hair of most Africans—and universally of the Negro and Negroid tribes—is short, inclined to split longitudinally, and much crimped. In South Africa the Hottentot's hair is more matted into tufts than that of the Kaffir, while it is not uncommon to find long hair, and even considerable beards, among some of the tribes inhabiting the central plateau of the continent. Black is the almost universal color of their hair. In old age it becomes white; but according to Walker there are cases among the Negroes of the Gaboon in which red hair, red eyebrows and eyes are not uncommon, and Schweinfurth speaks of Monbuttoos with ashy fair hair, and skin much fairer than that of their fellow-tribesmen.

It may also be mentioned that individuals with reddish hair are by no means rarely seen among the mountaineers of the Atlas. Whiskers are

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KING WILLIAM, OR "ROI DENIS" OF THE GABOON, AND HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE

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rare, though not unknown, and long beards are said to be found among Niam-niam, and among the papers left by Miani, the unfortunate Italian traveller, there is a notice of a man with a beard half as long as his own, which, Dr. Schweinfurth remarks, was of "a remarkable length." The color of the Negro's skin passes through every gradation from ebony black to the copper color.

Famous King and Queen.

Speaking of the Gaboon, we must notice the celebrated king who ruled many years in that region, and possessed many traits in common with the savage tribes around him. A traveller makes the following reference to him:

"When I was up this river a few years since, an aged king was then reigning, whom the English called King William and the French *Roi Denis;* a somewhat remarkable character in his way. He had made a voyage to Europe, but his contact with civilization had no effect upon his manner of life, his liking for rum, and plurality of wives. At one time he derived large revenue from the slave trade, the Gaboon being the river from the mouth of which the slaves were embarked for the English, French and American colonies; but when the trade was checked his income decreased very much, and his riches then seem to have consisted of an amazing number of suits of clothes, old uniforms, gaily decorated coats, and other fanciful attire, with which he decked his black person. When I saw him with his principal wife he was most gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet coat with an epaulet on each shoulder, and the breast elaborately braided; a medal was swung around his neck, and in his hand he held a cane. That was the only time I ever saw him."

The tribes on the banks of the Congo are of the most ferocious description, and treacherous beyond anything with which African travellers have hitherto had much experience. Mr. Stanley, with a kindly enthusiasm fully appreciated, proposed to call the river the Livingstone. But as this would have been an innovation on all the established rules of geographical names, it has not been adopted.

The country on either side of the Congo is remarkably different. North of it are lagoons and swamps covered with the sickly mangrove and backed by dense forests. South of the great river we come into a country covered with coarse grass, and scattered with occasional baobab-trees, while little forest can be seen from the ocean; and inside of feverish lagoons we have long stretches of sandy bays, such as prevail on to the Cape of Good Hope. But as we travel back from the shore the country rises terrace by terrace, with corresponding changes of vegetation, the

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climate getting moister as the more densely-clothed interior is approached, until on the third and highest terrace great plains, covered with gigantic grasses, make their appearance.

Traders and Their Wares.

At the mouth of the river there are several foreign trading stations, or factories, established on a sandy strip of coast, called Banana. Some forty-five miles further up are the stations of Punta da Lenha (Wooded Point); and at Em-bomma, or as the traders call it, Bomma, sixty miles from the mouth of the river, there are the highest of all the foreign settlements. Here are Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, and St. Helena traders. The neighboring country is singularly sterile. According to Mr. Stanley, it is bleak in the extreme. "Shingly rocks strewed the path and the waste, and the thin sere grass waved mournfully on level and spine, on slope of ridge and crest of hill; in the hollows it was somewhat thicker; in the bottoms it had a slight tinge of green."

The six factories at Bomma are all constructed of wooden boards, roofed in the generality of cases with corrugated zinc. Business is transacted in the ample court-yard attached to each factory. This consists in bartering calico, glass-ware, crockery, iron-ware, gin, rum, arms, and gunpowder, for palm-oil, ground-nuts and ivory. The merchants live tolerably comfortably. Some of them have fruit and garden vegetables, and little vineyards, while pineapples and limes may be obtained from the market, which is held on alternate days behind the European settlement.

In earlier times Bomma was a great seat of the slave trade; and to this day Tuckey's description of the people, though written more than half a century ago, is still perfectly applicable. They are as rude, superstitious, and pagan as ever they were, the efforts of the missionaries having as yet scarcely impressed the solid mass of primeval barbarism. They still distrust strangers as much as ever, are still as intolerant of any innovation in their customs, and their lust after rum and idleness is as marked to-day as half a century ago. It may be added that were slaves salable the Congoese would not be wanting in alacrity in obtaining them, and we may be perfectly certain that barracoons for their reception, and smart skippers for their shipment, would speedily reappear on the scene of the old—though it is affirmed, so far as the Portuguese and Spanish isles and colonies are concerned, not altogether extinct—traffic.

In early days the Congo country extended far south of the river, and in the capital of the then kingdom the Jesuits resided and reared a cathedral, the remains of which still exist, and owing to the priestly influence obtained great power throughout the country. The monarch was often

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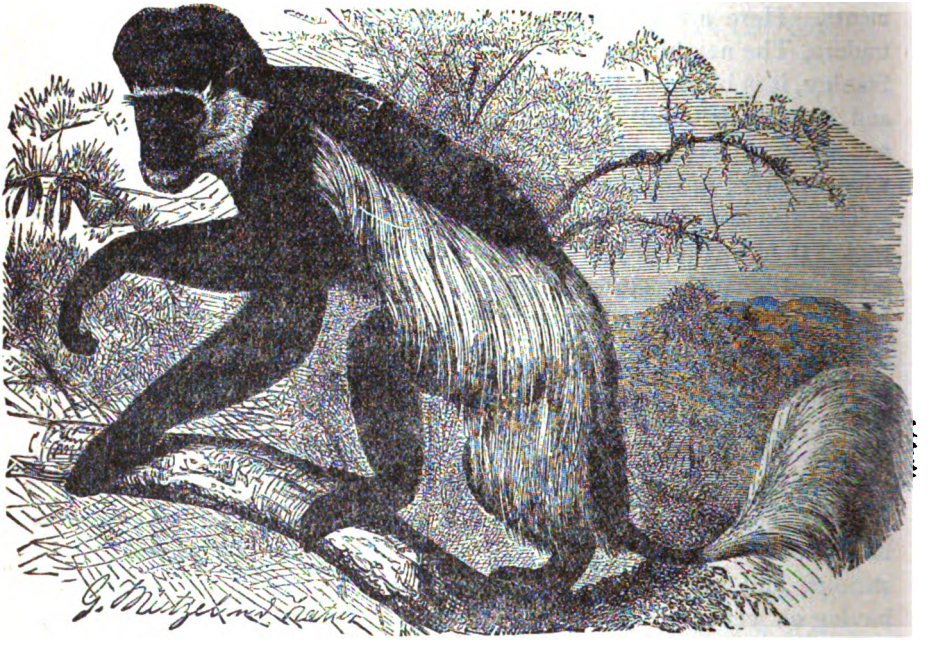
ruled by females, the tales of whose ferocity were stock subjects for the early chroniclers. The empire of Congo is, however, now a something of the past, though in the neigborhood of Ambassi the nominal king still exercises sufficient control over the people to be able to annoy the caravans passing to and from the interior; but a score of local chieftains have as much authority as he.

Though the Portuguese claim the coast from a point considerably north of the Congo, they have never actually occupied it north of eight degrees of south latitude; and here the reader must note that we are getting



GUEREZA WITH BEAUTIFUL FLYING MANTLE.

south of the equator. The elephant is not now met with in the maritime region, but in the less populous regions antelopes, zebras, buffalos—not, it need scarcely be remarked, the American bison, which is popularly known by that name—hyænas, jackals, leopards, and the monkey.

As for the monkey tribe, a description of the guereza must suffice. The general color of this monkey is black. The sides of the body and top of the loins are ornamented with long, pendant, white hairs, forming a fringe-like mantle. The face is encircled by white, and the tail ends in a white tuft. The guereza lives, according to Rüppell, in small families, tenanting the lofty trees in the neighborhood of running waters. It is

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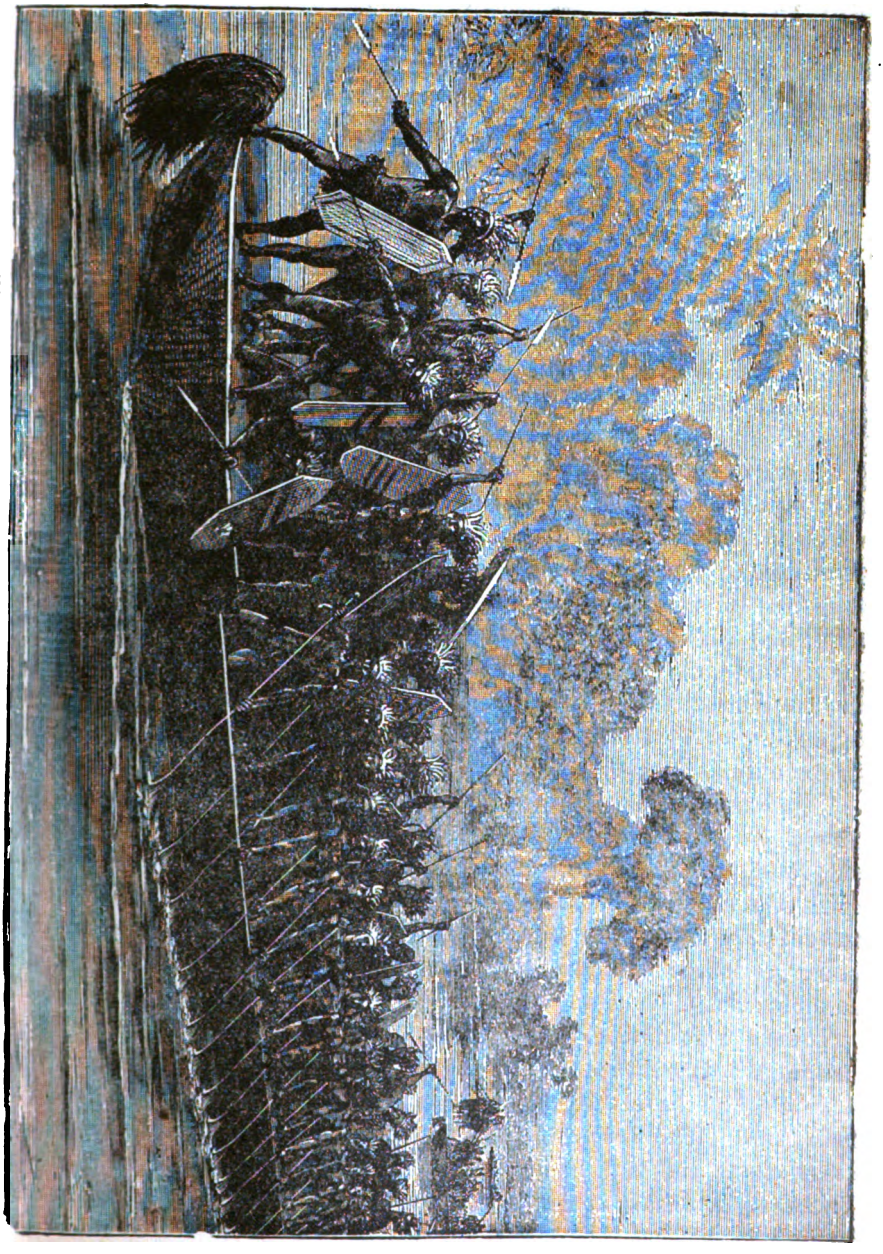

IMMENSE WAR-BOAT OF CANNIBALS ADVANCING TO BATTLE

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active and lively, and at the same time gentle and inoffensive. It is the prettiest of all the monkeys, and our illustration gives an idea of its striking appearance. It is an excellent climber. Formerly the skin of the guereza was used by the natives for decorating their shields, but with the introduction of fire-arms the demands for shields and for this coveted decoration ceased, and this is undoubtedly a fact to be glad of, because there exists no more instigation to hunt this beautiful and entirely harmless animal.

It has the head, face and neck, back, limbs and part of tail covered with short, black velvety hair, the temples, chin, throat and a band over the eyes white, and the sides, flanks, from the shoulders downward, and loins clothed with white hair.

Like all the others, these monkeys are pre-eminently a sylvan race; they never abandon the forests, where they live in society under the guidance of the old males. They seem to be much attached to particular localities. Each tribe or family has its own particular district, into which individuals of other tribes or species are never allowed to intrude, the whole community uniting promptly to repel any aggression, either on their territory or their individual right. So strongly is this propensity implanted within them that they carry it into our manageries. Nothing is more common than to see monkeys of the same species uniting to defend one of their kind against the tyranny of a powerful oppressor, or to resent any insult offered to a member of their little community.

These animals generally take up their quarters in the vicinity of a running stream, and seldom approach the habitations of men, or invade the cultivated grounds of the gardener and husbandman. No doubt it is their spirit of union and mutual defence which prompts them to collect round travellers, and, by their chattering, grimace, and other means in their power, endeavor to prevent an intrusion into the spot which they regard as their own.

There are no domestic animals in Congo except goats, swine, dogs cats, and a few sheep, with hair instead of wool. The goats are very beautiful, but the other quadrupeds are rather woe-begone specimens of their kind. The natives do not use beasts of burden, and the horses, asses, mules, and camels introduced by the Portuguese have died out. The Congoese have never kept horned cattle, though they thrive well enough in the few places on the coast where they are reared under the care of the whites.

The natives in some parts of the country still retain traces of the civil-

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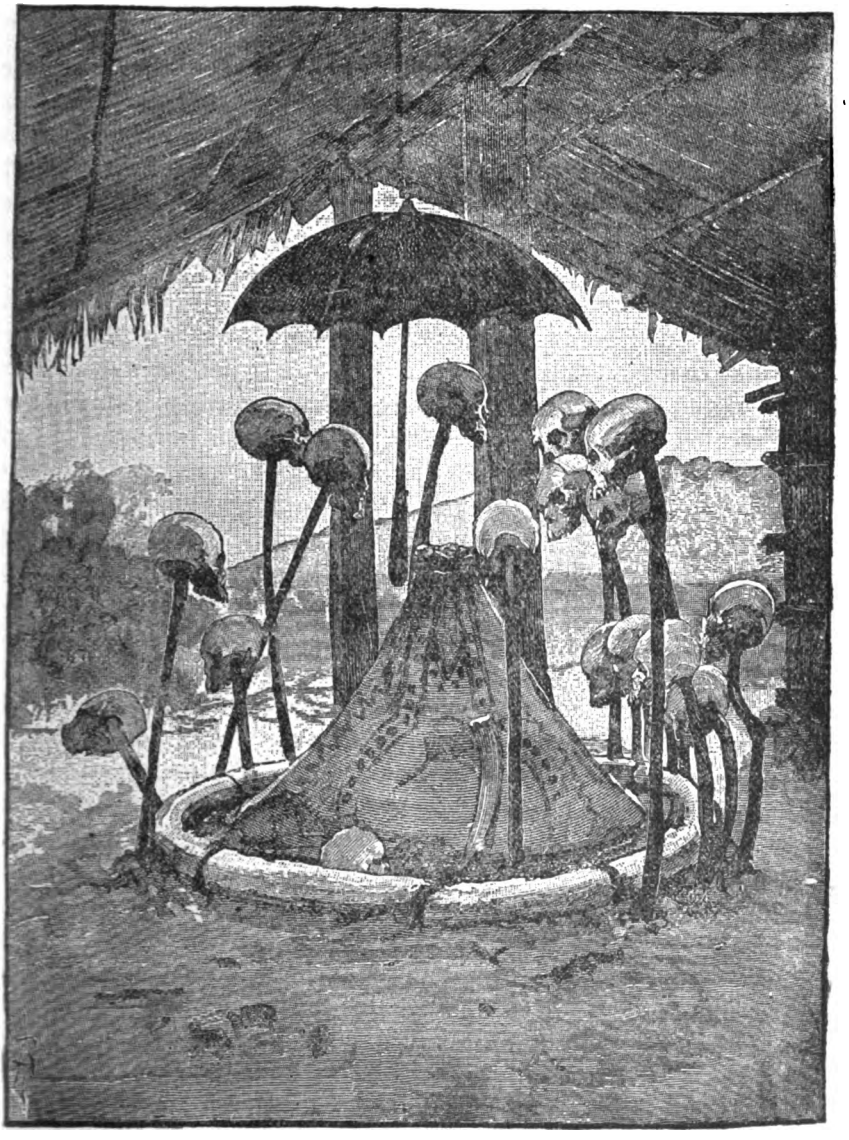
lization and even of the literary culture introduced among them by the Jesuits, but south of the Coanza River the land is left almost solely to



MONUMENT AND SKULLS ERECTED TO A CHIEF.

wild hunting tribes, who, in their taste for the ownership of cattle, and in the use of the spear and war-club, resemble the Kaffir race, with whom

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they live in close proximity. The country abounds in many natural resources, including gum-copal, iron, and copper, and is capable of growing coffee and many other crops.

Cannibals on the War-path.

Mr. Stanley describes the tribes amongst whom he ran the gauntlet during his descent of the river as cannibals of the fiercest description bold, athletic, and numerous, and in time likely to furnish ample work both for the missionary and the merchant, though, except that the energetic explorer has preserved some of their names, we are still at sea regarding their relationship to the Central Africans and to the tribes nearer the mouth of the river.

The shores of both the Congo and the Aruwimi resounded with the din of the everlasting war-drums, and from every cove and island swarmed a crowd of canoes, that began forming into line to intercept and attack the travellers. These crafts were larger than any that had yet been encountered. The leading canoe of the savages was of portentous length, with forty paddlers on each side, while on a platform at the bow were stationed ten redoubtable young warriors, with crimson plumes of the parrot stuck in their hair, and poising long spears. Eight steersmen were placed on the stern, with large paddles ornamented with balls of ivory; while a dozen others, apparently chiefs, rushed from end to end of the boat directing the attack.

Fifty-two other vessels of scarcely smaller dimensions followed in its wake. From the bow of each waved a long mane of palm fibre; every warrior was decorated with feathers and ornaments of ivory; and the sound of a hundred horns carved out of elephants' tusks, and a song of challenge and defiance chanted from two thousand savage throats, added to the wild excitement of the scene. Their wild war-cry was "Yaha-ha-ha, ya Bengala."

The assailants were put to flight after a series of charges more determined and prolonged than usual.

In the centre of the village was found a singular structure—a temple of ivory, the circular roof supported by thirty-three large tusks, and surmounting a hideous idol, four feet high, dyed a bright vermillion color, with black eyes, beard and hair. Their cannibal propensities were plainly shown in the rows of skulls that grinned from poles, and the bones and other grisly remains of human feasts scattered about the village streets.

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CHAPTER XVII.

STANLEY'S GREAT JOURNEY FROM SEA TO SEA.

The Greatest Feat on Record—Stanley's Journey Across the Continent to the Congo—Expedition Planned by the *Daily Telegraph* of London and the *New York Herald*—Englishmen in the Party—The Barge Named the "Lady Alice"—An Army of Followers to Carry the Outfit—Journey to the Victoria Nyanza—Speculation as to the Sources of the Nile—Dangers of Travelling in the Dark Continent—Crawling Through Jungles—A Famine-stricken District—Two Young Lions for Food—Stanley's Pity for His Famishing Men—Death of a Young Englishman—Burial Under a Tree—Discovery of the Extreme Southern Sources of the Nile—Arrival at Vinyata—Strange Old Magic Doctor—Breaking Out of Hostilities—Severe Loss of Men—Treachery of Natives—Arrival of Six Beautiful Canoes—Stanley Receives a Royal Invitation—The Creat King Mtesa Welcomes the Traveller—Prodigal Display of Hospitality—Great Naval Parade in Honor of the Visitor—Uganda, the Country of King Mtesa—Startling Horrors of African Life—Severe Punishments Inflicted by the King—Errand Boys in Picturesque Dress—The King's Power of Life or Death—A Queen's Narrow Escape—Instruments of Torture—A Powerful Despot—Review of the Warriors—History of the Old King—Strange Tales of the Ancient Times—Marvellous Military Drill—Singular Funeral Customs—Description of King Mtesa in Early Life—How the King Receives Visitors—Royal Ceremonies—Superstitious Dread of a Water Spirit—Decorations and Mystic Symbols—Worshipping with Fife and Drum—The African's Indolent Character—Stanley's Estimate of King Mtesa—A Doubtful Eulogy.

WE now come to one of the most extraordinary, if not actually the greatest feat ever performed in the annals of modern exploration. This expedition undertaken by Henry M. Stanley from Zanzibar right across the African continent to the Congo, is so full of perilous adventure, so remarkable for pluck and resolution, that it stands out boldly upon the canvas of history as the greatest achievement of our times.

Stanley's own account of what preceded his great undertaking is full of interest:

"While returning to England in April, '74, from the Ashantee War, the news reached me that Livingstone was dead—that his body was on its way to England!

"Livingstone had then fallen! He was dead! He had died by the shores of Lake Bemba, on the threshold of the dark region he wished to explore! The work he had promised to perform was only begun when death overtook him!

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"The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the Great River throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant.

"The solemn day of the burial of the body of my great friend arrived. I was one of the pall-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and when I had seen the coffin lowered into the grave, and had heard the first handful of earth thrown over it, I walked away sorrowing over the fate of David Livingstone."

Soon the resolve was formed to complete, if possible, the work Livingstone had been compelled to leave undone.

In this memorable expedition the *Daily Telegraph* of London and the *New York Herald* newspapers were associated. Mr. Stanley was commissioned to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone. His party from England consisted of Francis and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker. A "barge," named the "Lady Alice," was taken in sections, besides two other boats, with a perfect equipment. When all preparations had been completed, and the farewell dinners eaten, Stanley left England, to begin his perilous journey, on the 15th of August, 1874. He reached Zanzibar September 21st, 1874, and there found many former associates of his search for Doctor Livingstone. He engaged quite a little army of followers to go with him and carry the outfit. This outfit, which consisted of a most miscellaneous collection of articles, weighed 18,000 pounds, and was, with the party, carried across to the continent from Zanzibar island in six Arab vessels. On the morning of the 17th of November the start was made into the interior.

"Was it the Source of the Nile?"

The first stage of this journey was to the Victoria Nyanza, which Stanley desired to explore. The imperfect description and explanations of previous travellers had left much to be decided concerning this great inland sea. "Was it the source of the Nile or of the Congo?" "Was it part of a lake system, or a lake by itself?" These questions Stanley had determined to answer once for all.

The advance to the great Lake Victoria was full of adventurous interest. Travelling in the "Dark Continent" means being at times in the wilderness without a guide, or with traitors acting as guides, which is a worse alternative. This was Stanley's fate, and he was deserted in the waste

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with a small stock of food. Through the terrible "jungle" the men had to crawl, cutting their way, guided solely by the compass, overcome by hunger and thirst, desertions frequent, sickness stalking alongside. This was indeed "famine-stricken Ugogo."

While on this disastrous march he lost five of his people, who "wandered on helplessly, fell down, and died." The country produced nc food, or even game, unless lions could be so called. Two young lions were found in a den, and were quickly killed and eaten. This was the only food for the whole expedition! Stanley tells us how he returned to camp, and was so struck by the pinched jaws of his followers that he nearly wept. He decided to utilize his precious medical stores, and wisely, for the people were faminishing: medicinal comforts for the dead had no meaning. So he made a quantity of gruel, which kept the expedition alive for eight and forty hours, and then the men he had despatched to Suma for provisions returned with food. Refreshed, they all marched on, so that they might reach Suma next morning.

Death of Edward Pocock.

After proceeding twenty miles, they came to the cultivated districts and encamped. But the natives of Suma were hostile, and the increasing sick list made a four days' halt necessary. There were thirty men ailing from various diseases. Edward Pocock was taken ill here, and on the fourth day he became delirious; but the increasing suspicions of the natives—who are represented as a very fine race—made departure necessary, and so a start was made on the 17th January, in very hostile company. The famine in Ugogo had severely tried every man's constitution, and all felt weak in spirit if not ill in body. "Weary, harassed, feeble creatures," they reached Chiwyu, four hundred miles from the sea, and camped near the crest of a hill 5,400 feet high. Here Edward Pocock breathed his last. He was laid under an acacia, and upon the trunk of this fine old tree a cross was cut deeply, in memory of a faithful follower.

Hence two rivulets run, gradually converging, and finally uniting into a stream which trends toward Lake Victoria. So here the extreme southern sources of the Nile were discovered; but up to this point the explorer had, as he said, "child's play," to what he afterwards encountered. We have already seen what this child's play was like.

From sad Chiwyu to Vinyata was the route. After passing Mangina, the expedition entered Iturn, and so to Izanjih, where Kaif Halleck was seized with asthma. He would lag behind, and so Stanley proceeded gently to Vinyata, where the expedition arrived on the 21st of January,

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AFRICAN WARRIOR RUSHING TO BATTLE.

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1875. Here a magic doctor paid Stanley a visit, and cast longing eyes at the stores. Scouts had been meantime sent after the man Kaif Halleck, and he was found murdered on the edge of a wood, his body gashed by many wounds.

Hostilities Break Out.

Next day, after the departure of the magic doctor, who came for another present, the natives showed hostile symptoms. One hundred savages, armed and in warlike costume, came around, shouting and brandishing their weapons. At this juncture Stanley, following Livingstone's practice, decided to make no counter demonstration; but to remain quiet in camp, and provoke no hostility. This plan did not answer, however. The natives mistook for cowardice the wish for peace. There were so many tempting articles too—stores dear to the native mind, which the inhabitants coveted. No peace would be made at any price, and the savages attacked the camp in force.

Stanley disposed his men behind hastily-erected earthworks and other shelter, and used the sections of the "Lady Alice" barge as a citadel for final occupation. There were only seventy effective men to defend the camp, but these were divided into detachments and subdivided. One sub-detachment was quickly destroyed, and in the day's fight twenty-one soldiers and one messenger were killed—three wounded. Stanley's men, however, pursued the retreating enemy, and burned many villages, the men bringing in cattle and grain as spoils. Next day the natives came on again, but they were quickly routed, and the expedition continued its way through the now desolate valley unmolested. So the Iturnians were punished, after three days of battle.

Heavy Losses of Men.

The victors, however, had not much to boast of. After only three months' march, the expedition had lost 120 Africans and one European, from the effects of sickness and battle. There were now only 194 men left of 356 who had set out with the expedition. They pressed on, however, towards the Victoria Nyanza, and after escaping the warlike Mirambo, who fought everybody on principle, Stanley reached Kagehyi on the 27th February. He was now close to the Lake, having marched 720 miles; average daily march, 10 miles.

On the 8th March Stanley, leaving F. Pocock to command the camp, set forth with eleven men in the "Lady Alice," to explore the Lake and ascertain whether it is one of a series, as Dr. Livingstone said it was. The explorer began by coasting Speke Gulf. Many interesting observations were made. He penetrated into each little bay and creek, finding

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indications that convinced him that the slave trade is carried on there. But the explorer had to battle for his information. Near Chaga the natives came down, and, after inducing him to land, attacked him; but Stanley "dropped" one man, and the natives subsided. On another occasion the natives tried to entrap him, but he escaped by firing on the savages, killing three men, and sinking their canoes with bullets from an elephant rifle.

Continuing his course now unopposed, Stanley coasted along the Uganda shore. Just as he was about to depart, on the following morning, he perceived six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, all dressed in white, approaching; they were the king's people conveying a messenger from the King of Uganda to Stanley, begging a visit from him. This messenger was gorgeously arrayed for the important occasion; he wore a bead-worked head-dress, above which long white cock's feathers waved, and a snowy white and long-haired goat-skin, intertwined with a crimson robe, depending from his shoulders, completed his costume. Approaching Stanley, he delivered his message thus:

A Royal Invitation.

"The Kabaka (King) sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him, and has encamped at Usavara, that he may be near the lake when you come. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the Kabaka. His mother dreamed a dream a few nights ago, and in her dream she saw a white man on this lake in a boat coming this way, and the next morning she told the Kabaka, and, lo! you have come. Give me your answer, that I may send the messenger. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi!" (Thanks, thanks, thanks.)

Thus delivering himself, the messenger, whose name was Magassa, implored Stanley to remain one day longer, that he might show him the hospitalities of his country, and prepare him for a grand reception by the king, to which Stanley consented.

Magassa was in his glory now. His voice became imperious to his escort of 182 men; even the feathers of his curious head-dress waved prouder, and his robe had a sweeping dignity worthy of a Roman emperor's. Upon landing, Magassa's stick was employed frequently. The sub-chief of Kadzi was compelled to yield implicit obedience to his viceregal behests.

"Bring out bullocks, sheep, and goats, milk, and the mellowest of your choicest bananas, and great jars of maramba, and let the white man and his boatmen eat, and taste of the hospitalities of Uganda. Shall a white

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man enter the Kabaka's presence with an empty belly? See how sallow and pinched his cheeks are. We want to see whether we cannot show him kindness superior to what the pagans have shown him."

Five canoes escorted the travellers to Usavara, the capital of King Mtesa. The explorer was most kindly received, and closely questioned upon subjects of so diverse a character as to remind Stanley of a college examination for a degree.

Great Naval Parade.

King Mtesa appeared quite a civilized monarch, quite a different being from what he had been when Speke and Grant had visited him as a young man. He had become an adherent of Mahomet, wore Arab dress, and conducted himself well. He entertained Stanley with reviews of canoes, a naval "demonstation" of eighty-four "ships" and 2,500 men! Shooting matches, parades, and many other civilized modes of entertainment were practiced for the amusement of the white man. In Uganda the traveller is welcomed, and perfectly safe.

King Mtesa's country is situated on the equator, and is a much more pleasant land than might be supposed from its geographical position, being fertile, and covered with vegetation. It is a peculiarly pleasant land for a traveller, as it is covered with roads, which are not only broad and firm, but are cut almost in a straight line from one point to another. Uganda seems to be unique in the matter of roads, the like of which are not to be found in any part of Africa, except those districts which are held by Europeans. The roads are wide enough for carriages, but far too steep in places for any wheeled conveyance; but as the Waganda (the name given to the inhabitants of Uganda) do not use carriages of any kind, the roads are amply sufficient for their purposes. The Waganda have even built bridges across swamps and rivers, but their knowledge of engineering has not enabled them to build a bridge that would not decay in a few years.

Like many other tribes which bear, but do not deserve, the name of savages, the Waganda possess a curiously strict code of etiquette, which is so stringent on some points that an offender against it is likely to lose his life, and is sure to incur a severe penalty. If, for example, a man appears before the king with his dress tied carelessly, or if he makes a mistake in the mode of saluting, or if, in squatting before his sovereign, he allows the least portion of his limbs to be visible, he is led off to instant execution. As the fatal sign is given, the victim is seized by the royal pages, who wear a rope turban round their heads, and at the same moment all the drums and other instruments strike up, to drown his

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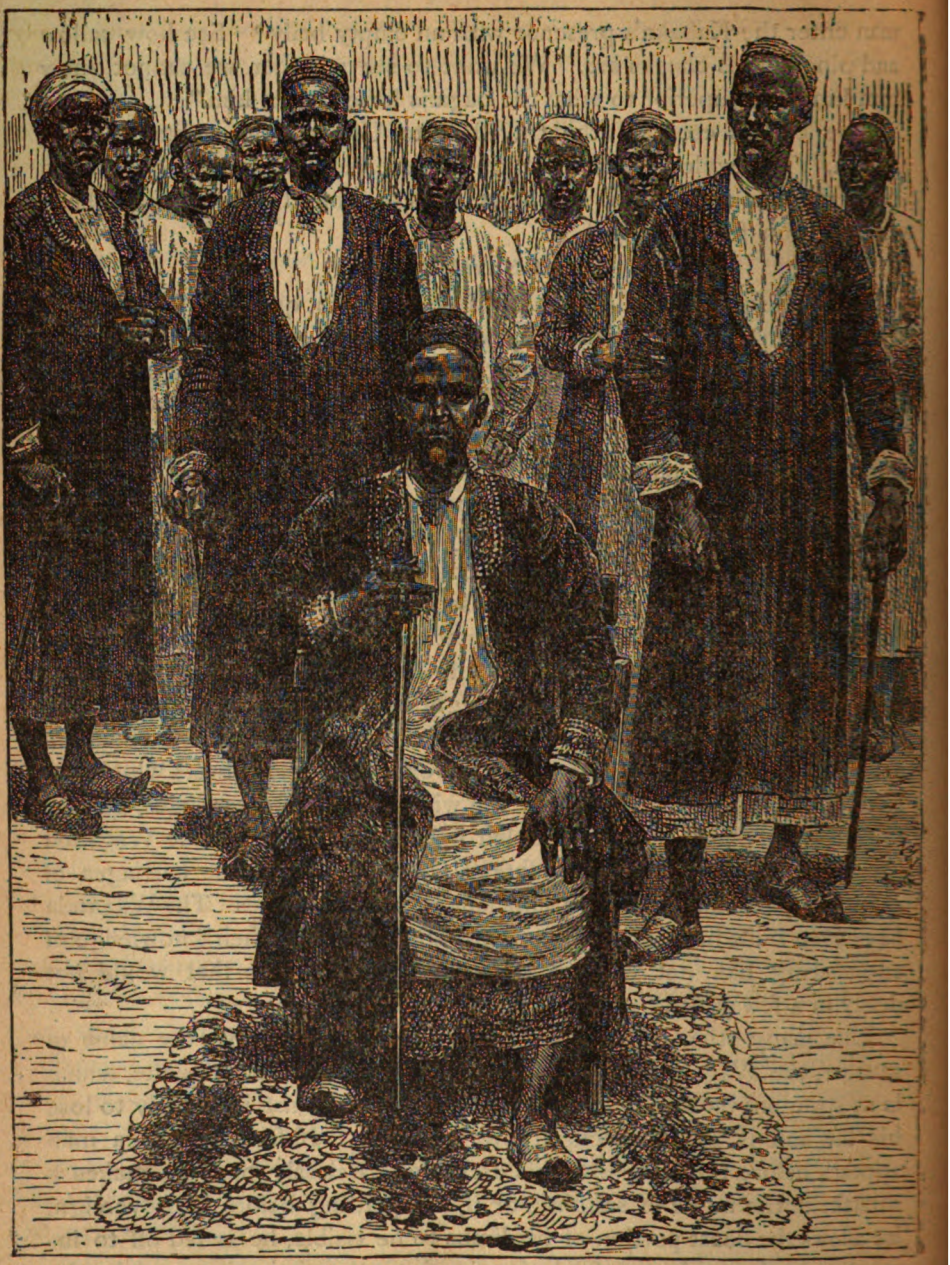

KING MTESA AND HIS OFFICERS OF STATE.

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cries for mercy. He is rapidly bound with the ropes snatched hastily from the heads of the pages, dragged off, and put to death, no one daring to take the least notice while the tragedy is being enacted.

They have also a code of sumptuary laws which is enforced with the greatest severity. The skin of the serval, a kind of leopard cat, for example, may only be worn by those of royal descent. Once Captain Speke was visited by a very agreeable young man, who evidently intended to strike awe into the white man, and wore round his neck the serval-skin emblem of royal birth. The attempted deception, however, recoiled upon its author, who suffered the fate of the daw with the borrowed plumes. An officer of rank detected the imposture, had the young man seized, and challenged him to show proofs of his right to wear the emblem of royalty. As he failed to do so, he was threatened with being brought before the king, and so compounded with the chief for a fine of a hundred cows.

Severe Punishments.

Heavy as the penalty was, the young man showed his wisdom by acceding to it; for if he had been brought before the king, he would assuredly have lost his life, and probably have been slowly tortured to death. One punishment to which Mtesa, the king of Uganda, seems to have been rather partial, was the gradual dismemberment of the criminal for the sake of feeding his pet vultures; and although on some occasions he orders them to be killed before they are dismembered, he sometimes omits that precaution, and the wretched beings are slowly cut to pieces with grass blades, as it is against etiquette to use knives for this purpose.

The king alone has the privilege of wearing a cock's-comb of hair on the top of his head, the remainder being shaved off. This privilege is sometimes extended to a favorite queen or two, so that actual royalty may be at once recognized.

When an inferior presents any article to his superior, he always pats and rubs it with his hands, and then strokes with it each side of his face. This is done in order to show that no witchcraft has been practiced with it, as in such a case the intended evil would recoil on the donor. This ceremony is well enough when employed with articles of use or apparel; but when meat, plantains, or other articles of food are rubbed with the dirty hands and well-greased face of the donor, the recipient, if he should happen to be a white man, would be only too happy to dispense with the ceremony, and run his risk of witchcraft.

The officers of the court are required to shave off all their hair except

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PECULIAR MODE OF EXECUTION.

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a single cockade at the back of the head, while the pages are distinguished by two cockades, one over each temple, so that, even if they happen to be without their turbans, their rank and authority are at once indicated. When the king sends the pages on a message, a most picturesque sight is presented. All the commands of the king have to be done at full speed, and when ten or a dozen pages start off in a body, their dresses streaming in the air behind them, each striving to outrun the other, they look at a distance like a flight of birds rather than human beings.

Here, as in many other countries, human life, that of the king excepted, is not of the least value. On one occasion Mtesa received a new rifle with which he was much pleased. After examining it for some time, he loaded it, handed it to one of his pages, and told him to go and shoot somebody in the outer court. The page, a mere boy, took the rifle, went into the court, and in a moment the report of the rifle showed that the king's orders had been obeyed. The urchin came back grinning with delight at the feat which he had achieved, just like a schoolboy who has shot his first sparrow, and handed back the rifle to his master. As to the unfortunate man who was fated to be the target, nothing was heard about him, the murder of a man being far too common an incident to attract notice.

On one occasion, when Mtesa and his wives were on a pleasure excursion, one of the favorites, a singularly good-looking woman, plucked a fruit, and offered it to the king, evidently intending to please him. Instead of taking it as intended, he flew into a violent passion, declared that it was the first time that a woman had ever dared to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution.

The Queen's Narrow Escape.

These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of Cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away crying for help and protection, whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto," says Speke, "I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such

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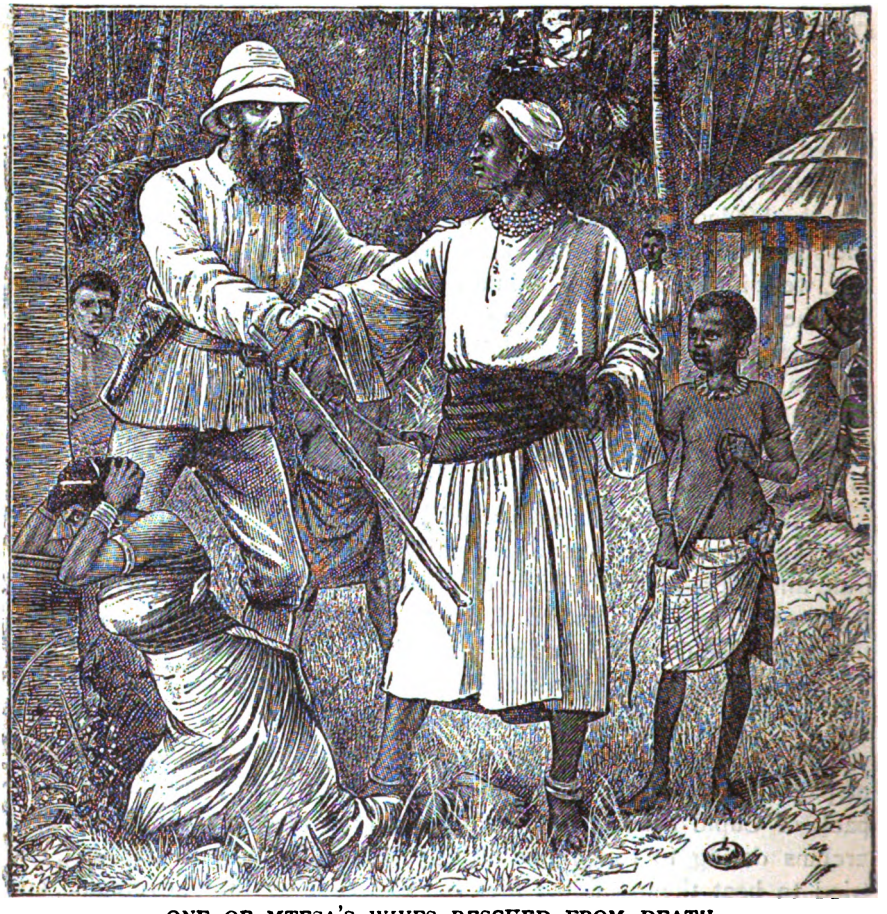
interference at an early stage would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, M'zungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant, but his caprice proved the friend



ONE OF MTESA'S WIVES RESCUED FROM DEATH.

of both. The novelty of interference made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

On another occasion, when Mtesa had been out shooting, Captain Grant asked what sport he had enjoyed. The unexpected answer was that game had been very scarce, but that he had shot a good many men instead. Beside the pages who have been mentioned, there were several

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executioners, who were pleasant and agreeable men in private life, and held in great respect by the people. They were supposed to be in command of the pages who bound with their rope turbans the unfortunates who were to suffer, and mostly inflicted the punishment itself.

The king seems to have been rather exceptionally cruel, his very wives being subject to the same capriciousness of temper as the rest of his subjects. Of course he beat them occasionally, but as wife beating is the ordinary custom in Uganda, he was only following the ordinary habits of the people.

An Instrument of Torture.

There is a peculiar whip made for the special purpose of beating wives. It is formed of a long strip of hippopotamus hide, split down the middle to within three or four inches of the end. The entire end is beaten and scraped until it is reduced in size to the proper dimensions of a handle. The two remaining thongs are suffered to remain square, but are twisted in a screw-like fashion, so as to present sharp edges throughout their whole length. When dry, this whip is nearly as hard as iron, and scarcely less heavy, so that at every blow the sharp edges cut deeply into the flesh. Wife flogging, however, was not all; he was in the habit of killing his wives and their attendants without the least remorse. There was scarcely a day when some woman was not led to execution, and some days three or four were murdered. Mostly they were female attendants of the queens, but frequently the royal pages dragged out a woman whose single cockade on the top of her head announced her as one of the king's wives.

Mtesa, in fact, was a complete African Bluebeard, continually marrying and killing, the brides, however, exceeding the victims in number. Royal marriage is a very simple business in Uganda. Parents who have offended their king and want to pacify him, or who desire to be looked on favorably by him, bring their daughters and offer them as he sits at the door of his house. As is the case with all his female attendants, they are totally unclothed, and stand before the king in ignorance of their future. If he accept them, he makes them sit down, seats himself on their knees, and embraces them. This is the whole of the ceremony, and as each girl is thus accepted, the happy parents perform the curious salutation called "n'yanzigging," that is, prostrating themselves on the ground, floundering about, clapping their hands, and ejaculating the word "n'yans," or thanks, as fast as they can say it.

Twenty or thirty brides will sometimes be presented to him in a single morning, and he will accept more than half of them, some of them being

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afterward raised to the rank of wives, while the others are relegated the position of attendants.

Life in the palace may be honorable enough, but seems to be anything but agreeable, except to the king. The whole of the court are abject slaves, and at the mercy of any momentary caprice of the merciless, thoughtless, irresponsible despot. Whatever wish may happen to enter the king's head must be executed at once, or woe to the delinquent who fails to carry it out. Restless and captious as a spoiled child, he never seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and would issue simultaneously the most contradictory orders, and then expect them to be obeyed

A Merciless Despot.

As for the men who held the honorable post of his guards, they were treated something worse than dogs—far worse, indeed, than Mtesa treated his own dog. They might lodge themselves as they could, and were simply fed by throwing great lumps of beef and plantains among them. For this they scramble just like so many dogs, scratching and tearing the morsels from each other, and trying to devour as much as possible within a given number of seconds.

The soldiers of Mtesa were much better off than his guards, although their position was not so honorable. They are well dressed, and their rank is distinguished by a sort of uniform, the officers of royal birth wearing the leopard-skin tippet, while those of inferior rank are distinguished by colored cloths, and skin cloaks made of the hide of oxen or antelopes. Each carries two spears, and an oddly-formed shield, originally oval, but cut into deep scallops, and having at every point a pendant tuft of hair. Their heads are decorated in a most curious manner, some of the men wearing a crescent-like ornament, and some tying round their heads wreaths made of different materials, to which a horn, a bunch of beads, a dried lizard, or some such ornament, is appended.

Not deficient in personal courage, their spirits were cheered in combat by the certainty of reward or punishment. Should they behave themselves bravely, treasures would be heaped upon them, and they would receive from their royal master plenty of cattle and wives. But if they behaved badly, the punishment was equally certain and most terrible. A recreant soldier was not only put to death, but holes bored in his body with red-hot irons until he died from sheer pain and exhaustion.

Picturesque Review of the Warriors.

Now and then the king held a review, in which the valiant and the cowards obtained their fitting rewards. These reviews offered most picturesque scenes. "Before us was a large open sward, with the huts of

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the queen's Kamraviono or commander-in-chief beyond. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing two hundred men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies at a long trot, and re-form again at the end of the square.

"Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued; the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors, according to the taste of the individual; one-half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order; as, for instance, one stocking would be red, and the other black, whilst the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat. Every man carried the same arms, two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force.

"After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet covered with rich beads of every color in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, in the centre of which rose a bent stem tufted with goat's hair. Next, they charged in companies to and fro, and finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up; and all went home."

Distributing Rewards.

At these reviews, the king distributes rewards and metes out his punishments. The scene is equally stirring and terrible. As the various officers come before the king, they prostrate themselves on the ground, and after going through their elaborate salutation, they deliver their reports as to the conduct of the men under their command. To some are given various presents, with which they go off rejoicing, after floundering about on the ground in the extremity of their gratitude; while others are seized by the ever-officious pages, bound, and dragged off to execution, the unfortunate men struggling with their captors, fighting, and denying the accusation, until they are out of hearing. As soon as the king thinks that he has had enough of the business, he rises abruptly, picks up his spears, and goes off, leading his dog with him.

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The native account of the origin of the Waganda kingdom is very curious. According to them, the country which is now called Uganda was previously united with Unyoro, a more northerly kingdom. Eight generations back there came from Unyoro a hunter named Uganda, bringing with him a spear, a shield, a woman, and a pack of dogs. He began to hunt on the shores of the lake, and was so successful that he was joined by vast numbers of the people, to whom he became a chief.

Under his sway, the hitherto scattered people assumed the character of a nation, and began to feel their strength. Their leading men then held a council on their government, and determined on making Uganda their king. "For," said they, "of what avail to us is the king of Unyoro? He is so far distant that, when we sent him a cow as a present, the cow had a calf, and that calf became a cow and gave birth to another calf, and yet the present has not reached the king. Let us have a king of our own." So they induced Uganda to be their king, changed his name to Kimera, and assigned his former name to the country.

Founding a Kingdom.

Kimera, thus made king, took his station on a stone and showed himself to his new subjects, having in his hand his spears and shield, and being accompanied by a woman and a dog; and in this way all succeeding kings have presented themselves to their subjects. All the Waganda are, in consequence, expected to keep at least two spears, a shield and a dog, and the officers are also entitled to have drums. The king of Unyoro heard of the new monarch, but did not trouble himself about a movement at such a distance, and so the kingdom of Uganda became an acknowledged reality.

However, Kimera organized his people in so admirable a manner, that he became a perfect terror to the king of Unyoro, and caused him to regret that, when Kimera's power was not yet consolidated, he had not crushed him. Kimera formed his men into soldiers, drafted them into different regiments, drilled and organized them thoroughly. He cut roads through his kingdom, traversing it in all directions. He had whole fleets of boats built, and threw bridges over rivers wherever they interrupted his line of road. He descended into the minutest particulars of domestic polity, and enforced the strictest sanitary system throughout his country, not even suffering a house to be built unless it possessed the means of cleanliness.

Organization, indeed, seems now to be implanted in the Waganda mind. Even the mere business of taking bundles of wood into the palace must be done in military style. After the logs are carried a certain

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distance, the men charge up hill with walking sticks at the slope, to the sound of the drum, shouting and chorusing. On reaching their officer, they drop on their knees to salute, by saying repeatedly in one voice the word "n'yans" (thanks). Then they go back, charging down hill, stooping simultaneously to pick up the wood, till step by step, it taking several hours, the neatly cut logs are regularly stacked in the palace yards.

Each officer of the district would seem to have a different mode of drill. The Wazeewah, with long sticks, were remarkably well-disciplined, shouting and marching all in regular time, every club going through the same movement; the most attractive part of the drill being when all crouched simultaneously, and then advanced in open ranks, swinging their bodies to the roll of their drums.

By such means Kimera soon contrived to make himself so powerful that his very name was dreaded throughout Unyoro, into which country he was continually making raids. If, for example, at one of his councils he found that one part of his dominions was deficient in cattle or women, he ordered one or two of his generals to take their troops into Unyoro, and procure the necessary number. In order that he might always have the means of carrying his ideas into effect, the officers of the army are expected to present themselves at the palace as often as they possibly can, and, if they fail to do so, they are severely punished; their rank is taken from them; their property confiscated, and their goods, their wives, and their children are given to others.

A King Placed in an Oven to Dry.

In fact, Kimera proceeded on a system of reward and punishment: the former he meted out with a liberal hand; the latter was certain, swift, and terrible. In process of time Kimera died, and his body was dried by being placed over an oven. When it was quite dry, the lower jaw was removed and covered with beads; and this, together with the body, were placed in tombs, and guarded by the deceased monarch's favorite women, who were prohibited even from seeing his successor.

After Kimera's death, the people proceeded to choose a king from among his many children, called "Warangira," or princes. The king elect was very young, and was separated from the others who were placed in a suite of huts under charge of a keeper. As soon as the young prince reached years of discretion, he was publicly made king, and at the same time all his brothers except two were burned to death. The two were allowed to live in case the new king should die before he had any sons, and also as companions for him. As soon as the line of

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direct succession was secured, one of the brothers was banished into Unyoro, and the other allowed to live in Uganda.

When Stanley saw Mtesa he was an elderly man, but when Captains Speke and Grant arrived in Uganda, he was about twenty-five years of age, and, although he had not been formally received as king, wielded a power as supreme as if he had passed through this ceremony. He was wise enough to keep up the system which had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and the Uganda kingdom was even more powerful in his time than it had been in the days of Kimera. A close acquaintance proved that his personal character was not a pleasant one, as indeed was likely when it is remembered that he had possessed illimitable power ever since he was quite a boy, and in consequence had never known contradiction.

He was a very fine-looking young man, and possessed in perfection the love of dress, which is so notable a feature in the character of the Waganda. They are so fastidious in this respect, that for a man to appear untidily dressed before his superiors would entail severe punishment, while, if he dared to present himself before the king with the least disorder of apparel, immediate death would be the result. Even the royal pages, who rush about at full speed when performing their commissions, are obliged to hold their skin cloaks tightly round them, lest any portion of a naked limb should present itself to the royal glance.

Striking Dress and Appearance.

The appearance of Mtesa is described as follows:—"A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting upon a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously dressed in a new 'mbugu (or grass-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, except upon the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake skin. On every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings, and above the ankles, half-way up the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads.

"Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief, he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe

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it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and his wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a host of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side; and on the other was a band of 'Wichwezi,' or lady sorcerers."

These women are indispensable appendages to the court, and attend the king wherever he goes, their office being to avert the evil eye from

WILD FREAKS OF A FEMALE SORCERER.

their monarch, and to pour the plantain wine into the royal cups. They are distinguished by wearing dried lizards on their heads, and on their belts are fastened goat-skin aprons, edged with little bells.

Mtesa's palace is of enormous dimensions, and almost deserves the name of a village or town. It occupies the whole side of a hill, and consists of streets of huts arranged as methodically as the houses of an American town, the line being preserved by fences of the tall yellow tiger-grass of Uganda. There are also squares and open spaces, and the whole is kept in perfect order and neatness. The inner courts are entered by

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means of gates, each gate being kept by an officer, who permits no one to pass who has not the king's permission. In case his vigilance should be evaded, each gate has a bell fastened to it on the inside.

How the King Receives Visitors.

The mode of welcoming strangers is as follows: Under the shade of the hut the monarch is seated on his throne, having on one side the spears, shield, and dog, and on the other the woman, these being the accompaniments of royalty. Some of his pages are seated near him, with their cord turbans bound on their tufted heads, ready to obey his slightest word. Immediately in front are some soldiers saluting him, and one of them, to whom he has granted some favor, is floundering on the ground, thanking, or "n'yanzigging," according to the custom of the place. On the other side is the guest, a man of rank, who is introduced by the officer of the gate. The door itself, with its bells, is drawn aside, and over the doorway is a rope, on which are hung a row of charms. The king's private band is seen in the distance, performing with its customary vigor.

The architecture of the huts within these enclosures is wonderfully good, the Waganda having great natural advantages, and making full use of them. The principal material in their edifices is reed, which in Uganda grows to a very great height, and is thick and strong in the stem. Grass for thatching is also found in vast quantities, and there is plenty of straight timber for the rafters. The roof is double, in order to exclude the sunbeams, and the outer roof comes nearly to the ground on all sides. The fabric is upheld by a number of poles, from which are hung corn-sacks, meat, and other necessaries.

The interior is separated into two compartments by a high screen made of plantain leaf, and within the inner apartment the cane bedstead of the owner is placed. Yet, with all this care in building, there is only one door, and no window or chimney; and although the Waganda keep their houses tolerably clean, the number of dogs which they keep fill their huts with fleas, so that when a traveller takes possession of a house, he generally has the plantain screen removed, and makes on the floor as large a fire as possible, so as to exterminate the insect inhabitants.

Royal Ceremonies.

The ceremonies of receiving a royal guest are as elaborate as the architecture. Officers of rank step forward to greet him, while musicians are in attendance, playing on the various instruments of Uganda, most of them being similar to those which have already been described. Even the height of the seat on which the visitor is to place himself is rigorously determined, the chief object seeming to be to force him to take a

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seat lower than that to which he is entitled. In presence of the king, who sits on a chair or throne, no subject is allowed to be seated on anything higher than the ground; and if he can be induced to sit in the blazing sunbeams, and wait until the king is pleased to see him, a triumph of diplomacy has been secured.

When the king has satisfied himself with his guest, or thinks that he is tired, he rises without any warning, and marches off to his room, using the peculiar gait affected by the kings of Uganda, and supposed to be imitated from the walk of the lion. To the eyes of the Waganda, the "lion's step," as the peculiar walk is termed, is very majestic, but to the eyes of an American it is simply ludicrous, the feet being planted widely apart, and the body swung from side to side at each step.

After Mtesa had received his white visitor, he suddenly rose and retired after the royal custom, and, as etiquette did not permit him to eat until he had seen his visitors, he took the opportunity of breaking his fast.

The Waganda are much given to superstition, and have a most implicit faith in charms. The king is very rich in charms, and, whenever he holds his court, has vast numbers of them suspended behind him, besides those which he carries on his person. These charms are made of almost anything which the magician chooses to select. Horns filled with magic powder are perhaps the most common, and these are slung on the neck or tied on the head if small, and kept in the huts if large.

Famous Water-Spirit.

Their great object of superstitious dread is a sort of water-spirit, which is supposed to inhabit the lake, and to wreak his vengeance upon those who disturb him. Like the water-spirits of the Rhine, this goblin has supreme jurisdiction, not only on the lake itself, but in all rivers that communicate with it; and the people are so afraid of this aquatic demon, that they would not allow a sounding-line to be thrown into the water, lest perchance the weight should happen to hit the water-spirit and enrage him. The name of this spirit is M'gussa, and he communicates with the people by means of his own special minister or priest, who lives on an island, and is held in nearly as much awe as his master.

Mtesa once took Captain Speke with him to see the magician. He took also a number of his wives and attendants, and it was very amusing, when they reached the boats, to see all the occupants jump into the water, ducking their heads so as to avoid seeing the royal women, a stray glance being sure to incur immediate death. They proceeded to the island on which the wizard lived.

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"Proceeding now through the trees of this beautiful island, we next turned into the hut of the M'gussa's familiar, which at the further end was decorated with many mystic symbols, among them a paddle, the badge of high office; and for some time we sat chatting, when pombe was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was dressed Wichwezi fashion, with a little white goatskin apron, adorned with various charms, and used a paddle for a walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so, walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut, beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style.

"The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures by turns, as much as to say, 'What do you think of them?' but no voice was heard, save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she had come."

Worshipping With Drums and Horns.

On their pathways and roads, which are very numerous and well kept, they occasionally place a long stick in the ground, with a shell or other charm on the top, or suspend the shell on the overhanging branch of a tree. Similar wands, on a smaller scale, are kept in the houses, and bits of feathers, rushes, and other articles are tied behind the door. Snake-skin is of course much used in making these charms, and a square piece of this article is hung round the neck of almost every man of this country.

The religion of the Waganda is of course one inspired by terror, and not by love, the object of all their religious rites being to avert the anger of malignant spirits. Every new moon has its own peculiar worship, which is conducted by banging drums, replenishing the magic horns, and other ceremonies too long to describe. The most terrible of their rites is that of human sacrifice, which is usually employed when the king desires to look into the future.

The victim is always a child, and the sacrifice is conducted in a most cruel manner. Having discovered by his incantations that a neighbor is projecting war, the magician flays a young child, and lays the bleeding body in the path on which the soldiers pass to battle. Each warrior steps over the bleeding body, and thereby is supposed to procure immu-

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nity for himself in the approaching battle. When the king makes war, his chief magician uses a still more cruel mode of divination. He takes a large earthern pot, half fills it with water, and then places it over the fireplace. On the mouth of the pot he lays a small platform of crossed sticks, and having bound a young child and a fowl, he lays them on the platform, covering them with another pot, which he inverts over them. The fire is then lighted, and suffered to burn for a given time, when the upper pot is removed, and the victims inspected. If they should both be dead, it is taken as a sign that the war must be deferred for the present; but if either should be alive, war may be made at once.

Character of the African.

How the Negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvellous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison. And, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon either step out from his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. The African neither can help himself nor be helped by others, because his country is in such a constant state of turmoil that he has too much anxiety on hand looking out for his food to think of anything else.

As his fathers did, so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands on, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away. A few only make cotton cloth, or work in wool, iron, copper, or salt, their rule being to do as little as possible, and to store up nothing beyond the necessaries of the next season, lest their chiefs or neighbors should covet and take it from them.

There are many kinds of food which the climate affords to anyone of ordinary industry, such as horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, not to mention the plantain and other vegetable products, and with such stores of food at his command, it is surprising that the black man should be so often driven to feed on wild herbs and roots, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, lizards, insects, and other similar animals, and should be frequently found on the point of starvation, and be compelled to sell his own children to procure food. Moreover, there are elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, giraffes, antelopes, guinea-fowls, and a host of other animals, which can be easily captured in traps or pitfalls, so that the native African lives in the midst of a country which produces food in boundless variety. The reasons for such a phenomenon are simple enough, and may be reduced to two,—namely, utter want of foresight and constitutional indolence.

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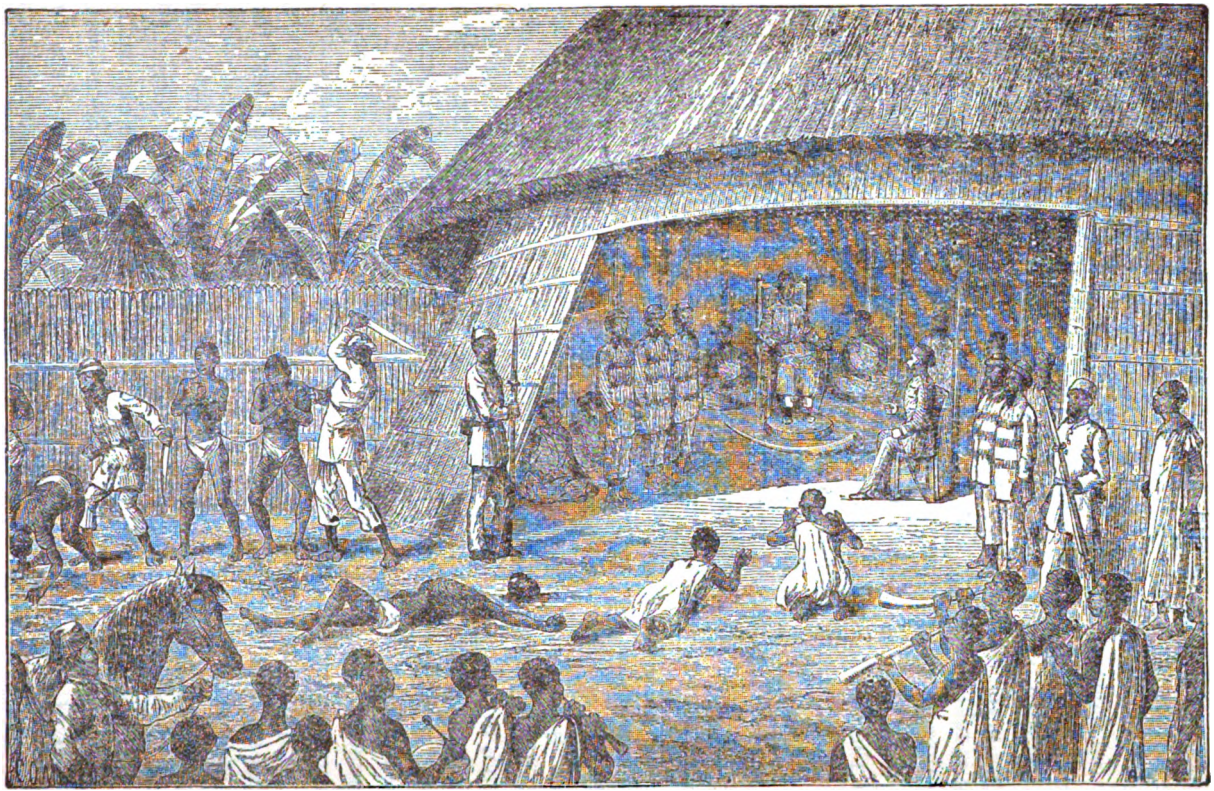

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN HONOR OF A VISIT TO KING MTESA.

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Mtesa took a deliberate view of Stanley, as if studying him, while the compliment was reciprocated, since the latter was no less interested in the king. After the audience Stanley repaired to his hut and wrote the following: "As I had read Speke's book for the sake of its geographical information, I retained but a dim remembrance of his description of his life in Uganda. If I remember rightly, Speke described a youthful prince, vain and heartless, a wholesale murderer and tyrant, one who delighted in fat women. Doubtless he described what he saw, but it is far from being the state of things now. Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do.

Stanley's Estimate of Mtesa.

"I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone's hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I remember the ardor and love which animated Livingstone when he spoke of Sekeletu; had he seen Mtesa, his ardor and love had been for him tenfold, and his pen and tongue would have been employed in calling all good men to assist him."

Five days later Stanley added to his observations the following: "I see that Mtesa is a powerful emperor, with great influence over his neighbors. I have to-day seen the turbulent Mankorongo, king of Usui, and Mirambo, that terrible phantom who disturbs men's minds in Unyamwezi, through their embassies, kneeling and tendering their tribute to him. I saw over three thousand soldiers of Mtesa nearly half-civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs who might be classed in the same scale as the men of Zanzibar and Oman, clad in as rich robes, and armed in the same fashion, and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labor; his name is Muley bin Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honor the memory of Muley bin Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation stones laid by Muley bin Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

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Col. Long, an officer of the Egyptian army under Gen. Gordon, had visited Mtesa nearly a year previous to Stanley's arrival, and he describes the emperor as exceedingly fierce and brutal, altogether different from Stanley's conceptions of the great African ruler. Col. Long travelled on horseback from Gondokoro to Mtesa's capital, and as the horse is an unknown animal in Central Africa, the natives at first supposed that the gallant Colonel and his steed were united in some mysterious manner, and concluding from this that he was an extraordinary being they gave him an unusually grand reception. Mtesa ordered thirty human beings to be slain in honor of his visit, the victims being selected from among prisoners captured in war. Col. Long, being unaccompanied except by a few native servants, did not consider it prudent to interfere with the shocking ceremony, but was compelled to be an unwilling witness of this horrible deed.

At a later period a change came over the king. Mtesa conceived a strong affection for Stanley, and repeatedly invited him to his palace, where much of the time was devoted to a discussion of religion, and so earnestly did Stanley relate the story of Christ's life and sufferings that he won the king over from Mohammedanism to the Christian faith.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

STANLEY'S PERILS IN CROSSING AFRICA.

Stanley Off for Victoria Nyanza—A Redoubtable General Who Had to be Put in Irons—Stanley Received With August Ceremonies by a King—The Great Mtesa Agrees to Join the Expedition—The King's Wonderful Army—Splendid Battalions of Warriors—Native Hostilities on Foot—Repulse of Mtesa's Proud Army—Stanley's Cunning Device to Defeat the Enemy—Construction of a Terrible War-boat—Proclamation of Amnesty to Those Who Will Surrender—The Stratagem Successful—A Renowned Arab—Stanley Obtains the Aid of Tipo-tipo—Dreadful Accounts of Ferocious Cannibals and Dwarfs With Poisoned Arrows—Tales Rivalling the Stories of the "Arabian Nights"—Dwarfs That Scream Like Demons—Clouds of Arrows Filling the Air—Terrible Tales of Huge Pythons—Numerous Leopards and Other Wild Beasts—Stories of Gorillas—Stanley's Contract With Tipo-tipo—Arrival at Nyangwe—Livingstone's Description of Nyangwe's Renowned Market—Savage "Dudes" and Hard-working Women—An Amusing Scene—New Journeys and Discoveries—Fierce Attack From Hostile Natives—Engagement With Fifty-four Gun-boats—War Vessels Repulsed by Stanley's Men—Fifty-seven Cataracts in a Distance of Eighteen Hundred Miles—Five Months Covering One Hundred and Eighty Miles—Death in the Boiling Rapids—Men Hurried to a Yawning Abyss—Miraculous Escape of One of Stanley's Men—Thrilling Adventure of Zaida—Rescued in the Nick of Time—Brave Frank Pocock Drowned—Stanley's Incontrollable Grief—Nearing the Mouth of the Congo and the Atlantic Coast—Stanley's Letter Appealing for Help—Quick Response of White Men—Stanley's Letter of Grateful Thanks—Final Arrival at the Long-sought Coast—Stanley's Fame Fills the World.

STANLEY, after remaining some time with Mtesa, departed in October to explore the country lying between Albert Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza. This time he had with him an escort of Mtesa's men, under a "general" named Sambusi. The expedition, after a pleasant march, came within a few miles of the Albert Nyanza, but then the native warriors wished to return, and Stanley yielded perforce. He returned, but the faint-hearted "general" was put in irons by Mtesa, whom he had shamed.

The expedition reached Mtesa's on the 23d of August, and the king received Stanley in his council chamber with great ceremony and many evidences of friendship. Stanley took this occasion to inform him of the object of his visit, which was to procure guides and an escort to conduct him to Albert Lake. Mtesa replied that he was now engaged in a war with the rebellious people of Uvuma, who refused to pay their tribute, harassed the coast of Chagwe and abducted his people, "selling

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them afterward for a few bunches of bananas," and that it was not customary in Uganda to permit strangers to proceed on their journeys while the king was engaged in war; but as soon as peace should be obtained he would send a chief with an army to give him safe conduct by the shortest route to the lake. Being assured that the war would not last long, Stanley resolved to stay and witness it as a novelty, and take advantage of the time to acquire information about the country and its people.

On the 27th of August Mtesa struck his camp, and began the march to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within seven hundred yards of the island of Ingira, which had been chosen by the Wavuma as their depot and stronghold. He had collected an army numbering 150,000 warriors, as it was expected that he would have to fight the rebellious Wasoga as well as the Wavuma. Besides this great army must be reckoned nearly 50,000 women, and about as many children and slaves of both sexes, so that at a rough guess, after looking at all the camps and various tributary nations which, at Mtesa's command, had contributed their quotas, the number of souls in Mtesa's camp must have been about 250,000!

King Mtesa's Immense Army.

Stanley had the pleasure of reviewing this immense army as it was put in motion towards the battle-ground. He describes the officers and troops in the following graphic style:

The advance-guard had departed too early for me to see them, but, curious to see the main body of this great army pass, I stationed myself at an early hour at the extreme limit of the camp.

First with his legion, came Mkwenda, who guards the frontier between the Katonga valley and Willimiesi against the Wanyoro. He is a stout, burly young man, brave as a lion, having much experience of wars, and cunning and adroit in his conduct, accomplished with the spear, and possessing, besides, other excellent fighting qualities. I noticed that the Waganda chiefs, though Muslimized, clung to their war-paint and national charms, for each warrior, as he passed by on the trot, was most villainously bedaubed with ochre and pipe-clay. The force under the command of Mkwenda might be roughly numbered at 30,000 warriors and camp-followers, and though the path was a mere goat-track, the rush of this legion on the half-trot soon crushed out a broad avenue.

The old general Kangau, who defends the country between Willimiesi and the Victoria Nile, came next with his following, their banners flying, drums beating, and pipes playing, he and his warriors stripped for action, their bodies and faces daubed with white, black, and ochreous war-paint.

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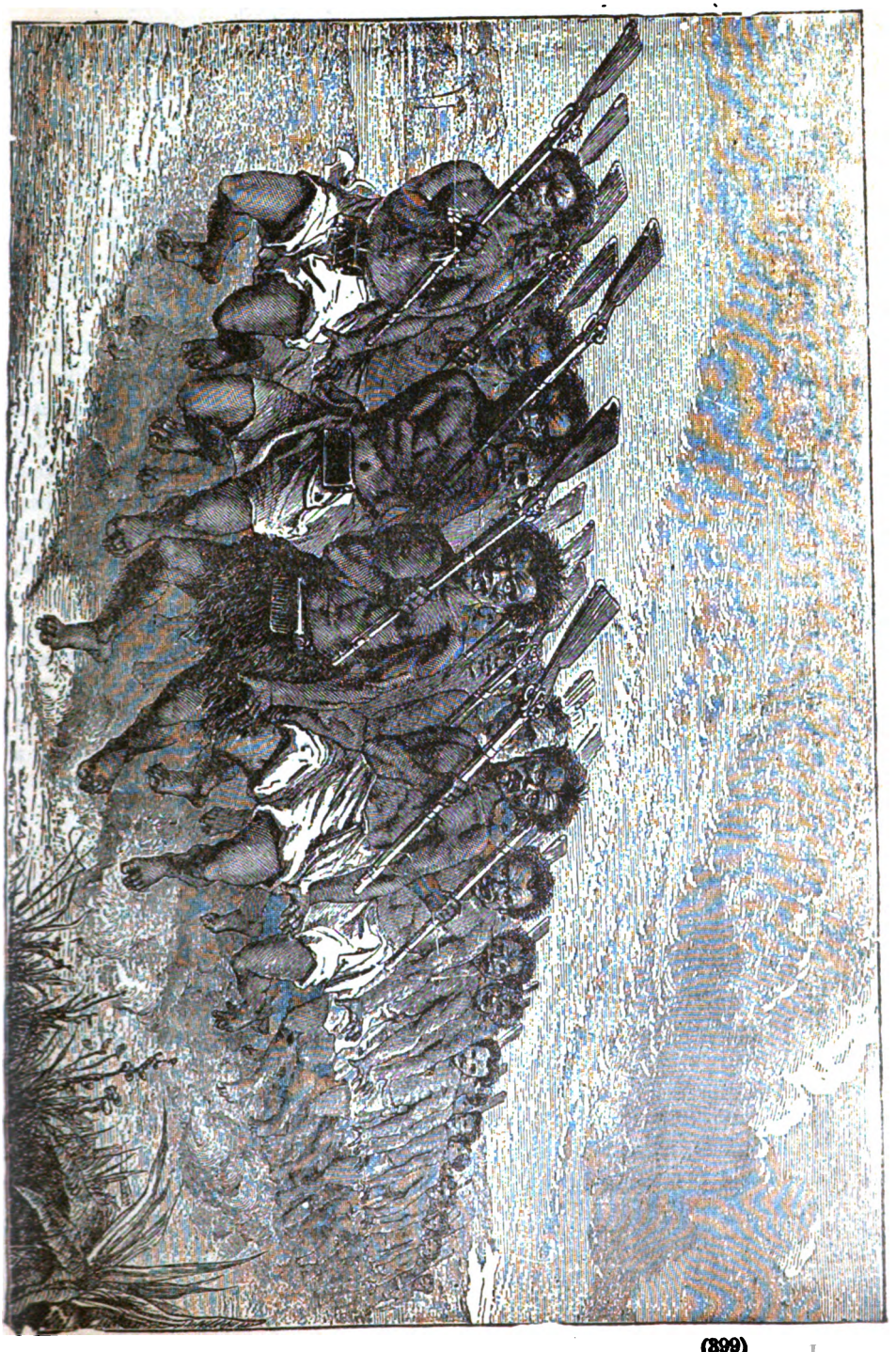

WILD WAR-DANCE OF SAVAGE BRAVES.

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Next came a rush of about 2,000 chosen warriors, all tall men, expert with spear and shield, lithe of body and nimble of foot, shouting as they trotted past their war-cry of "Kavya, kavya" (the two last syllables of Mtesa's title when young—Mukavya, "king"), and rattling their spears. Behind them, at a quick march, came the musket-armed body-guard of the emperor, about two hundred in front, a hundred on either side of the road, enclosing Mtesa and his Katekiro, and two hundred bringing up the rear, with their drums beating, pipes playing, and standards flying, and forming quite an imposing and warlike procession.

Mtesa marched on foot, bare-headed, and clad in a dress of blue check cloth, with a black belt of English make round his waist, and—like the Roman emperors, who, when returning in triumph, painted their faces a deep vermillion—his face dyed a bright red. The Katekiro preceded him, and wore a dark-grey cashmere coat. I think this arrangement was made to deceive any assassin who might be lurking in the bushes. If this was the case, the precaution seemed wholly unnecessary, as the march was so quick that nothing but a gun would have been effective, and the Wavuma and Wasoga have no such weapons.

After Mtesa's body-guard had passed by, chief after chief, legion after legion, followed, each distinguished to the native ear by its different and peculiar drum-beat. They came on at an extraordinary pace, more like warriors hurrying up into action than on the march, and it is their custom, I am told, to move always at a trot when on an enterprise of a warlike nature.

Stanley's Terrible War-boat.

In the ensuing conflict King Mtesa's army was repulsed. Stanley finally asked of him 2,000 men, telling him that with this number he would construct a monster war-boat that would drive the enemy from their stronghold.

This proposition gave Mtesa intense delight, for he had begun to entertain grave doubts of being able to subjugate the brave rebels. The 2,000 men being furnished, Stanley set them to cutting trees and poles, which were peeled and the bark used for ropes. He lashed three canoes, of seventy feet length and six-and-a-half feet breadth, four feet from each other. Around the edge of these he caused a stockade to be made of strong poles, set in upright and then intertwined with smaller poles and rope bark. This made the floating stockade seventy feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, and so strong that spears could not penetrate it. This novel craft floated with much grace, and as the men paddled in the spaces between the boats they could not be perceived by the enemy, who

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thought it must be propelled by some supernatural agency. It was manned by two hundred and fourteen persons, and moved across the channel like a thing of life.

As this terrible monster of the deep approached the enemy, Stanley caused a proclamation to be made to them, in deep and awful tones, that if they did not surrender at once their whole island would be blown to pieces. The stratagem had the desired effect; the Wavuma were terror-stricken and surrendered unconditionally. Two hours later they sent a canoe and fifty men with the tribute demanded. Thus ended the war and preparations were at once made to advance.

The Celebrated Tipo-tipo.

Stanley turned toward Lake Tanganyika, and camped at Ujiji, where he had met David Livingstone. Thence he journeyed to Nyangwe, the farthest northern place attained by Cameron. Cameron had gone south to Benguela.

While in the vicinity of Nyangwe, Stanley chanced to meet Tipo-tipo, who had befriended Cameron while on his journey, having conducted him as far as Kasongo's country. From him he learned that Cameron had been unable to explore the Lualaba, and thus the work which Livingstone had not been able to complete was as yet unfinished.

Not believing, as Livingstone did, that the Lualaba was the remote southern branch of the Nile, but having the same conviction as Cameron that it was connected with the Congo, and was the eastern part of that river, and having, what Livingstone and Cameron had not, an ample force and sufficient supplies, he determined to follow the Lualaba, and ascertain whither it led. He met with the same difficulty that Livingstone and Cameron had encountered in the unwillingness of the people to supply canoes.

They informed him, as they had the two previous explorers, that the tribes dwelling to the north on the Lualaba were fierce and warlike cannibals, who would suffer no one to enter their territories, as the Arab traders had frequently found to their cost. That between Nyangwe and the cannibal region the natives were treacherous, and that the river ran through dreadful forests, through which he would have to make his way —information which afterward proved to be true.

Cannibals and Poisoned Arrows.

He nevertheless resolved to go; but it was not easily accomplished, as the people of Nyangwe filled his followers with terror by the accounts they gave of the ferocious cannibals, the dwarfs with poisoned arrows who dwelt near the river, and the terrible character of the country

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through which they would have to pass; which had such a disheartening effect upon them that difficulties arose which would have been insurmountable to any one but a man of Stanley's indomitable perseverance, sagacity and tact. He overcame all obstacles; succeeded in getting canoes, and in engaging an Arab chief and his followers to accompany him a certain distance; an increase of his force which gave confidence to his own people.

Of course there was a good deal of palavering before the Arab could be induced to join the expedition and brave the inevitable perils that would attend it.

Tipo-tipo listened respectfully to Stanley's proposition, and then called in one of his officers who had been to the far north along the river, requesting him to impart such information as he possessed in regard to the people inhabiting that country. This man told a marvellous tale, almost rivalling the wonderful creations of the Arabian Nights; and Stanley subsequently learned by his own experience that much of the story was true.

Those Wonderful Dwarfs.

"The great river," said he, "goes always toward the north, until it empties into the sea. We first reached Uregga, a forest land, where there is nothing but woods, and woods, and woods, for days and weeks and months. There was no end to the woods. In a month we reached Usongora Meno, and here we fought day after day. They are fearful fellows and desperate. We lost many men, and all who were slain were eaten. But we were brave, and pushed on. When we came to Kima-Kima we heard of the land of the little men, where a tusk of ivory could be purchased for a single cowrie (bead). Nothing now could hold us back. We crossed the Lumami, and came to the land of the Wakuma. The Wakuma are big men themselves, but among them we saw some of the dwarfs, the queerest little creatures alive, just a yard high, with long beards and large heads. The dwarfs seemed to be plucky little devils, and asked us many questions about where we were going and what we wanted. They told us that in their country was so much ivory we had not enough men to carry it; 'but what do you want with it, do you eat it?' said they. 'No, we make charms of it, and will give you beads to show us the way.' 'Good, come along.'

"We followed the little devils six days, when we came to their country, and they stopped and said we could go no further until they had seen their king. Then they left us, and after three days they came back and took us to their village, and gave us a house to live in. Then the dwarfs

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came from all parts. Oh! it is a big country! and everybody brought ivory, until we had about four hundred tusks, big and little, as much as we could carry. We bought it with copper, beads, and cowries No cloths, for the dwarfs were all naked, king and all. We did not starve in the dwarf land the first ten days. Bananas as long as my arm, and plantains as long as the dwarfs were tall. One plantain was sufficient for a man for one day.

"When we had sufficient ivory and wanted to go, the little king said no; 'this is my country, and you shall not go until I say. You must buy all I have got; I want more cowries;' and he ground his teeth and looked just like a wild monkey. We laughed at him, for he was very funny, but he would not let us go. Presently we heard a woman scream, and rushing out of our house, we saw a woman running with a dwarf's arrow in her bosom. Some of our men shouted, 'The dwarfs are coming from all the villages in great numbers; it is war—prepare!' We had scarcely got our guns before the little wretches were upon us, shooting their arrows in clouds. They screamed and yelled like monkeys. Their arrows were poisoned, and many of our men who were hit, died.

Arabian Nights Outdone.

"Our captain brandished his two-handed sword, and cleaved them as you would cleave a banana. The arrows passed through his shirt in many places. We had many good fellows, and they fought well; but it was of no use. The dwarfs were firing from the tops of the trees; they crept through the tall grass close up to us, and shot their arrows in our faces. Then some hundred of us cut down banana-trees, tore doors out, and houses down, and formed a boma at each end of the street, and then we were a little better off, for it was not such rapid, random shooting; we fired more deliberately, and after several hours drove them off.

"But they soon came back and fought us all that night, so that we could get no water, until our captain—oh! he was a brave man, he was a lion!—held up a shield before him, and looking around, he just ran straight where the crowd was thickest; and he seized two of the dwarfs and we who followed him caught several more, for they would not run away until they saw what our design was, and then they left the water clear. We filled our pots and carried the little Shaitans (devils) into the boma; and there we found that we had caught the king. We wanted to kill him, but our captain said no, kill the others and toss their heads over the wall; but the king was not touched.

"Then the dwarfs wanted to make peace, but they were on us again in the middle of the night, and their arrows sounded 'twit,' 'twit' in all direc-

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EXPLORERS ATTACKED BY A MONSTROUS BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

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tions. At last we ran away, throwing down everything but our guns and swords. But many of our men were so weak by hunger and thirst that they burst their hearts running, and died. Others lying down to rest found the little devils close to them when too late, and were killed. Out of our great number of people only thirty returned alive, and I am one of them."

Stanley listened with rapt attention to the recital of this wonderful story, and at its conclusion he said: "Ah! good. Did you see anything else very wonderful on your journey?"

"Oh yes! There are monstrous boa-constrictors in the forest of Uregga, suspended by their tails to the branches, waiting for the passer-by or for a stray antelope. The ants in that forest are not to be despised. You cannot travel without your body being covered with them, when they sting you like wasps. The leopards are so numerous that you cannot go very far without seeing one. Almost every native wears a leopard-skin cap. The sokos (gorillas) are in the woods, and woe befall the man or woman met alone by them; for they run to you and seize your hands, and bite the fingers off one by one, and as fast as they bite one off, they spit it out. The Wasongora Meno and Waregga are cannibals, and unless the force is very strong, they never let strangers pass. It is nothing but constant fighting. Only two years ago a party armed with three hundred guns started north of Usongora Meno; they only brought sixty guns back, and no ivory. If one tries to go by the river, there are falls after falls, which carry the people over and down them."

Making a Contract with an Arab.

It required no little heroism on the part of Stanley to face the dangers which he knew must lie between him and that point one thousand eight hundred miles distant, where the Congo, ten miles wide, rolls into the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Notwithstanding all the dangers which lay before them, Tipo-tipo agreed to accompany Stanley with his soldiers, the distance of sixty marches, for $5,000. One would naturally suppose that he, of all others, would shrink from such a task, seeing that in his last effort to reach the unexplored territory beyond, he had lost five hundred men.

The conditions under which he agreed to escort Stanley were, that the sixty marches should not consume more than three months' time, and if, when they had gone that distance, he should come to the conclusion that he could not reach the mouth of the Congo, then he would return to Nyangwe; or, if he chanced to fall in with any Portuguese traders, and desired to accompany them to the coast, he should give him (Tipo-

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tipo) two-thirds of his force, as a guard to protect him while on his return to Nyangwe. But Stanley did not propose to have all the conditions on the side of the chief, and after refusing to grant the chief two-thirds of his force to protect him on his return, he made the following condition: Should Tipo-tipo fail to perform faithfully his part, and should he through fear return before the sixty marches had been made, he should forfeit the $5,000, and not be allowed a single man of Stanley's force to accompany him on his return. After some delay the chief assented to the contract as written by Stanley, and both men signed it.

Before it had been signed, however, Stanley went to Pocock and told him just how matters stood, and showed him the dangers which must attend any attempt to proceed, but could they do so, it would draw upon the expedition the comments of the entire world. It was a fearful risk to run, but Pocock resolved to stand by him, and before he had finished, the latter replied, "Go on." Ah, they little knew when they made that agreement, what fate awaited them in the near future. The men were next informed of the determination to push on to the coast, and were told that if at the end of sixty marches they fell in with traders going eastward, and they wished to return to Nyangwe, they could do so. The men promised to remain with him, and he hastened to complete his arrangements. To do this he entered the village of Nyangwe.

A Renowned Market.

The most interesting feature connected with the village is its market, which has become a great institution in the district. Every fourth day is market-day, and on that day every one having anything to sell, or wishing to purchase anything, repairs to Nyangwe, to "buy and sell and get gain." "Every one," says Dr. Livingstone, "is there in dead earnest; little time is lost in friendly greetings. Vendors of fish run about with little potsherds full of snails or small fishes—smoke-dried and spitted on twigs—or other relishes, to exchange for cassava roots, dried after being steeped about three days in water; potatoes, vegetables, or grain, bananas, flour, palm-oil, fowls, salt, pepper, all are bartered back and forth in the same manner. Each individual is intensely anxious to trade; those who have other articles are particularly eager to barter them for relishes, and are positive in their assertions of the goodness or badness of each article as market-people seem to be in conscience bound to be everywhere.

"The sweat may be seen standing in great beads on their faces. Cocks, hanging with their heads down across their shoulders, contribute their bravest crowing, and pigs squeal their loudest. Iron knobs, drawn out

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at each end to show the goodness of the metal, are exchanged for cloth of the Muabe palm. They have a large funnel of basket-work below the vessel holding the wares, and slip the goods down if they are not to be seen. They dealt fairly, and when differences arose they were easily settled by the men interfering or pointing to me; they appeal to each other, and have a strong sense of natural justice.

Gay Men and Hard-working Women.

"With so much food changing hands amongst the three thousand attendants, much benefit is derived: some come from twenty to twenty-five miles. The men flaunt about in gaudy-colored lambas of many folded kilts—the women work the hardest—the potters slap and ring their earthenware all around, to show that there is not a single flaw in them. I bought two finely-shaped earthen bottles of porous earthenware, to hold a gallon each, for one string of beads; the women carry whole loads of them in their funnels above the baskets, strapped to the shoulders and forehead, and their bands are full besides; the roundness of these vessels is wonderful, seeing no machine is used: no slaves could be induced to carry half as much as they do willingly. It is a scene of the finest natural acting imaginable.

"The eagerness with which all sorts of assertions are made—the eager earnestness with which apparently all creation, above, around, and beneath, is called on to attest the truth of what they allege—and then the intense surprise and withering scorn cast on those who despise their goods; but they show no concern when the buyers turn up their noses at them. Little girls run about selling cups of water for a few small fishes to the half-exhausted wordy combatants. To me it was an amusing scene. I could not understand the words that flowed off their glib tongues, but the gestures were too expressive to need interpretation."

The village itself is ruled by two chiefs from neighboring districts. Sheikh Abed, who is represented as being a tall, thin old man, having a white beard, rules the lower or southern section of the town, while Muini Dugumbi, an Arab trader, is chief over the upper or northern portion. The latter was the first to settle in the place, having done so in 1868 when he drove out the original inhabitants of the place, and established his harem, which was composed of more than three hundred slave women.

Stanley remained here until the 5th of November, when, having been joined by Tipo-tipo with seven hundred men, he set out upon his journey.

Stanley now carried the "Lady Alice" across the 350 miles which intervened between Ujiji and Nyangwe, which is situated on the Lualaba

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PERILOUS DESCENT OF THE RAPIDS.

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(of Livingstone), which Stanley as well as Cameron believed was a branch of the Congo. We shall now follow Stanley briefly in his discovery along that river, which he had determined to explore.

On the 5th November he set out. He reinforced his following, and took supplies for six months. He had with him 140 rifles and seventy spearmen and could defy the warlike tribes of which he had heard so much, and he made up his mind to "stick to the Lualaba fair or foul!" For three weeks he pushed his way along the banks, meeting with tremendous difficulties, till all became disheartened. Stanley said he would try the river. The "Lady Alice" was put together and launched, and then the leader declared he would never quit it until he reached the sea. "All I ask," said he to his men, "is that you follow me in the name of God."

"In the name of God, master, we will follow you," they replied. They did, bravely.

Ferocious Attacks by Hostile Natives.

A skirmish occurred at the outset, by the Ruiki river, and then the Ukassa rapids were reached. These were passed in safety, one portion of the expedition on the bank, the remainder in canoes. So the journey continued, but under very depressing circumstances, for the natives, when not hostile, openly left their villages, and would hold no communication with the strangers. Sickness was universal. Small-pox, dysentery, and other diseases raged, and every day a body or two was tossed into the river. A canoe was found, repaired, and constituted the hospital, and so was towed down stream. On the 8th December a skirmish occurred, but speedily ended in the defeat of the savages, who had used poisoned arrows. At Vinya-Njara again, another serious fight ensued, the savages rushing against the stockades which surrounded the camp, and displaying great determination. The attack was resumed at night. At daybreak, a part of the native town was occupied, and there again the fighting was continued. The village was held, but the natives were still determined, and again attacked; the arrows fell in clusters, and it was a very critical time for the voyagers.

Fortunately the land division arrived and settled the matter; the savages disappeared, and the marching detachment united with Stanley's crews. That night Pocock was sent out to cut away the enemy's canoes, and that danger was over. But now the Arab escort which had joined Stanley at Nyangwe became rebellious, and infected the rest. Stanley feared that all his people would mutiny, but he managed them with a firm and friendly hand. So that danger passed. All this time the peo-

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ple had been dying of fever, small-pox, and poisoned arrows, and the constant attacks of the enemy prevented burial of the dead or attendance on the sick and wounded.

On the 26th of December, after a merry Christmas, considering the circumstances, the expedition embarked, 149 in all, and not one deserted To-morrow would echo the cry "Victory or Death." The explorers passed into the portals of the Unknown, and on 4th January they reached a series of cataracts, now named Stanley Falls. This was a cannibal country, and the man-eaters hunted the voyagers "like game." For four and twenty days the conflict continued, fighting, foot by foot, the forty miles or so which were covered by the cataracts, and which the expedition had to follow by land, foraging, fighting, encamping, dragging the fleet of canoes, all the time with their lives in their hands, cutting their way through the forest and their deadly enemies.

Attack of War-vessels Repulsed by Stanley's Men.

Yet as soon as he had avoided the cannibals on land, they came after him on the water. A flotilla of fifty-four canoes, some enormous vessels, with a total of nearly two thousand warriors, were formidable obstacles in the way. But gun-powder won the day, and the natives were dispersed with great loss, the village plundered of its ivory, which was very plentiful, and the expedition in all this lost only one man, making the sixteenth since the expedition had left Nyangwe.

Some of the cataracts Stanley describes as magnificent, the current boiling and leaping in brown waves six feet high. The width in places is 2,000 and 1,300 feet, narrowing at the falls. After the great naval battle, Stanley found friendly tribes who informed him the river, the Lualaba, which he had named the Livingstone, was surely the Congo, or the River of Congo. Here was a great geographical secret now disclosed, and success seemed certain. It was attained, but at a great price, as we shall see. More battles followed the peaceful days; then the friendly tribes were again met with, and so on, until the warfare with man ceased, and the struggle with the Congo began in earnest.

There are fifty-seven cataracts and rapids in the course of the river from Nyangwe to the ocean, a distance of eighteen hundred miles. One portion of one hundred and eighty miles took the explorers five months. The high cliffs and the dangerous banks required the greatest caution to pass, and had Stanley not determined to cling to the river; had he led his men by land past the cataract region, he would have done better, as the events prove. During that terrible passage he lost precious lives, including the brave Pocock and Kalulu—the black boy.

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BATTLE BETWEEN STANLEY'S EXPEDITION AND A FLOTILLA OF FIFTY-FOUR CANOES.

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March 12th found them in a wide reach of the river, named Stanley Pool, and below that they "for the first time heard the low and sullen thunder of the Livingstone Falls." From this date the river was the chief enemy, and at the cataracts the stream flows "at the rate of *thirty miles* an hour!" The canoes suffered or were lost in the "cauldron," and portages became necessary. The men were hurt also; even Stanley had a fall, and was half stunned. There were sundry workers, and seventeen canoes remaining on 27th of March. The descent was made along shore below Rocky Island Falls, and in gaining the camping-place Kalulu, in the "Crocodile" canoe, was lost. This boat got into mid-stream, and went gliding over the smooth, swift river to destruction. Nothing could save it or its occupants. It whirled round three or four times, plunged into the depths, and Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more. Nine men, including others in other canoes, were lost that day.

"A Groan of Horror Burst From Us."

Says Stanley: "I led the way down the river, and in five minutes was in a new camp in a charming cove, with the cataract roaring loudly about 500 yards below us. A canoe came in soon after with a gleeful crew, and a second one also arrived safe, and I was about congratulating myself for having done a good day's work, when the long canoe which Kalulu had ventured in was seen in mid-river, rushing with the speed of a flying spear towards destruction. A groan of horror burst from us as we rushed to the rocky point which shut the cove from view of the river. When we had reached the point, the canoe was half-way over the first break of the cataract, and was then just beginning that fatal circling in the whirlpool below. We saw them signalling to us for help; but alas! what could we do there, with a cataract between us? We never saw them more. A paddle was picked up about forty miles below, which we identified as belonging to the unfortunate coxswain, and that was all."

Stanley felt this loss keenly, for he loved Kalulu almost like a younger brother. The boy had been presented to him by the Arabs of Unyanyembe on the occasion of his first visit there in search of Livingstone. He was then a mere child, but very bright and quick for one of his race and age. Stanley took him to the United States where he attended school eighteen months, and rapidly developed into an intelligent and quick-witted youth. When Stanley was preparing for his second expedition Kalulu begged to be allowed to accompany him, and he cheerfully granted his request. His untimely death made so deep an impression upon Stanley that he named the fatal cataract Kalulu Falls in honor of his memory.

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Three out of the four men contained in the boat were especial favorites of Stanley. They had been deceived by the smooth, glassy appearance of the river, and had pulled out boldly into the middle of it, only to meet a dreadful fate. Even while they gazed upon the spot where the frail craft was last seen upon the edge of the brink, another canoe came into sight, and was hurried on by the swift current towards the yawning abyss. As good fortune would have it, they struck the falls at a point less dangerous than that struck by the unfortunate Kalulu, and passed them in safety. Then they worked the canoe closer to the shore, and springing overboard, swam to the land. If those yet to come were to be deceived by the appearance of the river, Stanley saw that he was destined to lose the greater part of his men. In order to prevent so sad a calamity, he sent messengers up the river to tell those yet to come down to keep close to the shore. Before they had time to reach those above, another canoe shot into sight, and was hurried on to the edge of the precipice. It contained but one person—the lad Soudi, who, as he shot by them, cried out: "There is but one God—I am lost, master." The next instant he passed over the falls. The canoe, after having passed the falls, did not sink, but was whirled round and round by the swift current, and was at last swept out of sight behind a neighboring island. The remainder of the canoes succeeded in reaching the camp in safety.

Miraculous Rescue of Soudi.

The natives at this point proved very friendly, and exchanged provisions for beads and wire. Having obtained all the provisions that they could conveniently carry, they prepared to start, and on the first of April succeeded in passing round the dangerous falls, when they again went into camp. A great surprise awaited them here. They had scarcely pitched their tents, when to their great surprise Soudi suddenly walked into the camp. It was as though one had indeed risen from the dead, and for a few minutes they could scarcely realize that it was the real Soudi that they beheld, and not his ghost. Great was their joy when the lad assured them that it was himself and not his spirit that they saw.

Seated around their camp they listened to the strange tale that the boy had to tell him. He had been carried over the falls, and when he reached the bottom he was somewhat stunned by the shock, and did not fully recover his senses until the boat struck against a large rock; he then jumped out and swam ashore. He had hardly placed his foot upon the land before he was seized by two men, who bound him hand and foot, and carried him to the top of a large mountain near by. They then stripped him, and examined him with great curiosity. On the day fol-

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lowing, a large number of the tribe who dwelt upon the mountain came to see him, and among them was one who had previously visited Stanley's camp, and knew that Soudi was attached to his force.

He told them great stories about Stanley, how terrible he was, and what strange arms he carried, which were so arranged that they could be fired all day without stopping, and ended by telling them that if they wished to escape his fury, they had better return the boy to the place from which they had taken him. Terrified by such tales, these men at once carried Soudi to the place where they had found him, and after having told him to speak a good word for them to his master, departed. He at once swam across the stream, stopping occasionally upon the rocks to rest, and succeeded at last in reaching the camp soon after it had been established. His captors, however, did not return to their people as he had supposed, but crossing the river at a point lower down, they soon after arrived at the camp and attached themselves to Stanley's force.

A Native's Thrilling Adventure.

The dangers attending Stanley constantly in this great journey from sea to sea are strikingly illustrated by a mishap which befell one of his men in that part of the tour we are now describing.

At one point there were many islands in the river, which often afforded Stanley refuge when attacked by the murderous natives. They appeared very beautiful, but the travellers could not enjoy their beauty, so frequent were the attacks made upon them. Stanley visited several villages, in which he says he found human bones scattered about, just as we would throw away oyster shells after we had removed the bivalves. Such sights as this did not tend to place the men in the most agreeable state of mind, for it seemed to them just as if they were doomed to a similar fate.

On the following day they began to make preparations for passing the rapids which lay below them. In order to do this, he must first drive back the savages which lined the shore. Landing with thirty-six men, he succeeded in doing so, after which he was able to cut a passage three miles long around the falls. Stations were established at different points along the route, and before daylight the canoes were safely carried to the first of these. The savages then made an attack upon them, but were beaten off. At night the boats were carried to the next station, and the one following to the next, and so on, until at the end of seventy-eight hours of constant labor, and almost unceasing fighting, they reached the river. But they had gone but a short distance, when they found that just before them were a series of rapids extending two miles. These

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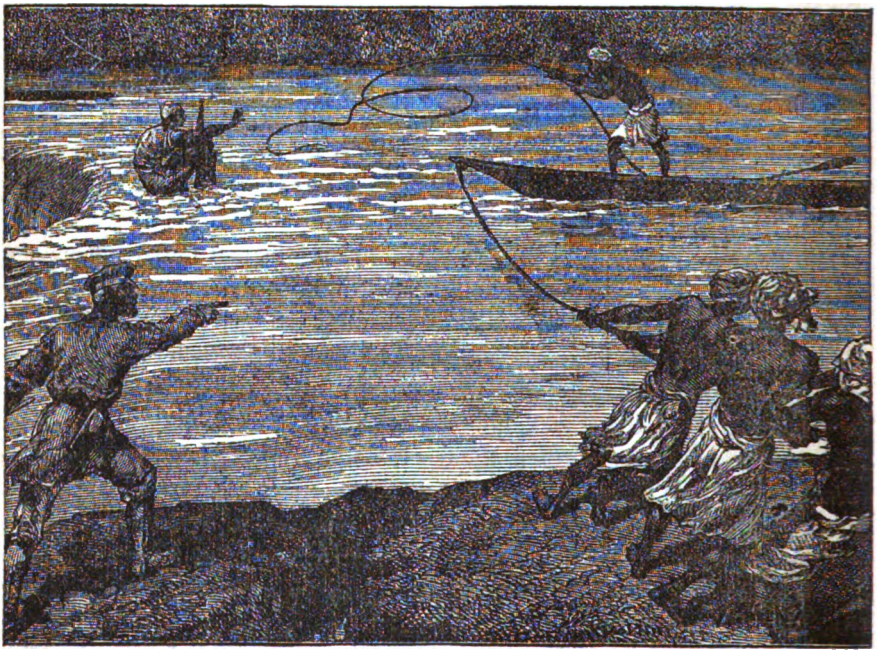
being much smaller than those they had passed before, an attempt was made to float the boats down them.

Six canoes passed the falls in safety, but the seventh was upset. One of the persons in it was a Negro named Zaidi, who, instead of swimming to the shore as the others did, clung to the boat and was hurried on to the cataract below him. The canoe did not, however, pass immediately over, but striking a rock which stood upon the very edge of the falls, it was split, one part passing over, while the other was jammed against the rock. To this Zaidi clung in terror, while the waves dashed angrily



HEROIC RESCUE OF ZAIDI.

around him. Instead of attempting to render assistance to the endangered man, the natives stood upon the shore and howled most unmercifully, and at last sent for Stanley. The latter at once set them at work making a rattan rope, by which he proposed to let a boat down to the man, into which he could get and be pulled ashore.

But the rope proved too weak, and was soon snapped in twain and the boat carried over the falls. Other and stouter ropes were then laid up, three pieces of which were fastened to a canoe. But it was useless to send the boat out without some one to guide it to the place where Zaidi was, and Stanley looked about for volunteers. No one seemed inclined

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to undertake the dangerous job, until the brave Uledi quietly said, "I will go." And he did. Two of the cables attached to the boat were held by men on the shore, while the third was to be used to enable the poor wretch upon the rock to reach the boat. Several efforts were made to place it within his reach, but each in turn failed.

Man Over the Falls.

At last, however, he grasped it, and orders were given for the boat to be pulled ashore. No sooner were the cables tightened than they snapped like small cords, and Zaidi was carried over the falls; but holding on to the rope, he pulled the boat against the rock, in which position it became wedged. Uledi pulled him up and assisted him into the boat, when they both scrambled upon the rock. A rope was thrown to them, but failed to reach the spot where they were. This was repeated several times, until at last they succeeded in catching it. A heavy rope was then tied to it, which the men drew towards them and fastened to the rock, and thus communication was established between those upon the rock and those upon the shore. By this time darkness shut in upon them, and they were forced to leave the men upon their wild perch, and wait for another day before attempting to get them off. The next day they succeeded in drawing them both to the shore.

On June 3d another accident occurred at Masassa whirlpool, which was more deplorable than all the others. Frank Pocock, who had been Stanley's mainstay and next in command to himself, attempted to shoot the rapids against the advice of his experienced boatman, Uledi, who was the bravest native connected with the expedition, though a Zanzibar freedman.

Frank Pocock Drowned.

Pocock was warned of the danger of such an undertaking, but with a rashness quite unlike himself he ordered the canoe pushed out into the stream. As they approached nearer and nearer the mad breakers Frank realized his peril, but it was too late. They were soon caught in the dreadful whirl of waters and sucked under with a mighty force sufficient to swallow up a ship. Pocock was an expert swimmer, but his art did not now avail him, for he was swept away to his death, though his eight companions saved themselves.

The dreadful news was borne to Stanley by the brave Uledi. This last and greatest calamity, coming in the midst of his already heavy weight of woe, so overcame the great explorer that he wept bitter tears of anguish.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank," he exclaimed, "have you

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left me so? Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

Of the three brave boys who sailed away from England with Stanley to win the laurels of discovery in the unknown wilds of Africa, not one was left, but all were now slumbering for eternity, in that strange land, where the tears of sorrowing friends and relatives could never moisten their rude beds of earth.

Frank was gone; and as Stanley mourned for him he could but feel with Burns, that

"Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave,
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave."

In their home, how dreadful must the news of Frank's death have been to his father and mother! They had bade those darling boys farewell, hoping that they would return in safety, but both had died in a strange land, and lay amid strange scenes, and they were left in loneliness to mourn. In his letter to them, Stanley says that Frank had so won a place in his heart, that his death took away all joy and pleasure which otherwise he would have felt in being able to accomplish so great and arduous a task.

Nearing the End of the Great Journey.

We must now hurry on. The descent by river had cost Stanley Pocock, many of the natives, 18,000 dollars worth of ivory, twelve canoes, and a mutiny, not to mention grave anxiety and incessant cares and conflicts. After a weary time, nearly starved, the remainder of the expedition, reduced to 115 persons, sent on to Embomma a message for help and food. The letter was as follows:

"VILLAGE NSANDA, August 4th, 1877.

"*To any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma.*

"DEAR SIR:—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased except on market-days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I therefore have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Ferugi, of the English mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you, but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a

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gentleman, I beg of you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert, will be better able to describe our condition than I can tell you in a letter. We are in a state of great distress, but, if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma in four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths, it would require time to purchase food, and starving men cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you, on my own behalf, that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of supplies for my people. Until that time, I beg you to believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. M. STANLEY,

"*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition for*

"*Exploration of Africa.*

"P. S.—You may not know my name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone.

"H. M. S."

"O, Master, I am Ready!"

When the letter was finished, Stanley gathered his men around him, and told them that he intended to send to Embomma for food, and desired to know who among them would go with the guides and carry the letter. No sooner had he asked the question, than Uledi sprang forward, exclaiming, "O, master, I am ready!" Other men also volunteered, and on the next day they set out with the guides.

Before they had got half way, the guides left them, and they had to find their way as best they could. Passing along the banks of the Congo, they reached the village soon after sunset, and delivered the letter into the hands of a kindly disposed person. For thirty hours the messengers had not tasted food, but they were now abundantly supplied. On the following morning—it was the 6th of August—they started to return, accompanied by carriers who bore provisions for the half-starving men, women, and children, with Stanley.

Meanwhile, he and his weary party were pushing on as fast as their

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tired and wasted forms would let them. At nine o'clock in the morning, they stopped to rest. While in this situation, an Arab boy suddenly sprang from his seat upon the grass, and shouted:

"I see Uledi coming down the hill!"

Such was indeed the fact, and as the jaded men wearily turned their eyes to the hill, half expecting to be deceived, they beheld Uledi and Kacheche running down the hill, followed by carriers loaded with provisions. It was a glad sight to them, and with one accord they shouted: "*La il Allah, il Allah!*" ("We are saved, thank God!") Uledi was the first to reach the camp, and at once delivered a letter to his master. By the time Stanley had finished reading it, the carriers arrived with the provisions, and need we say that those half-starved people did them justice? Deeply grateful for the substantial answer to his letter, he immediately penned another, acknowledging their safe arrival. The letter ran as follows:

"DEAR SIRS:—Though strangers I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, 'Master, we are saved—food is coming!' The old and the young men, the women and the children lifted their wearied and worn-out frames and began lustily to chant an extemporaneous song in honor of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic), who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would come, despite all my attempts at composure.

"Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps, whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Great Problems Solved.

It was a daring undertaking—that of marching from one ocean to the other through the wilds of Africa—but it was done. The great feat was accomplished. The magnificent miracle was performed. Heroism and self-sacrifice had their sublime triumph. Perils and hardships beset the expedition from first to last. Mr. Stanley's own words can best describe them.

"On all sides," he says, "death stared us in the face; cruel eyes watched us by day and by night, and a thousand bloody hands were ready to take advantage of the least opportunity. We defended ourselves like men who knew that pusillanimity would be our ruin among savages to whom mercy is a thing unknown. I wished, naturally, that it might

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have been otherwise, and looked anxiously and keenly for any sign of forbearance or peace. My anxiety throughout was so constant, and the effects of it, physically and otherwise, have been such, that I now find myself an old man at thirty-five."

As if to give force to this last statement, the President of the American Geographical Society says: "It will be remembered that, when we saw Mr. Stanley here in the Society, his hair was black; it is now said to be *nearly white*. Of the 350 men with whom he left Zanzibar in 1874, but 115 reached the Atlantic coast, and 60 of those, when at the journey's end, were suffering from dysentery, scurvy and dropsy. He was on the Congo from November 1st, 1876, to August 11th, 1877—a period of over nine months; so that his promise to the native followers was fulfilled, that he would reach the sea before the close of the year."

The historic Nile has given up the mystery of its spurce, and the Congo is no longer a puzzle, baffling the exploits of modern exploration.

Stanley showed that the Lualaba is the Congo, and has opened up a splendid water-way into the interior of the Dark Continent, which the International Association has already fixed upon, and which rival explorers have already discussed with more or less acrimony. Stanley has put together the puzzle of which Burton, Speke, Livingstone, Baker, Du Chaillu, and Cameron provided pieces, and made the greatest geographical discovery of the century—and of many centuries. We cannot limit the results which will accrue from this feat of Henry M. Stanley in crossing the Dark Continent, over which he has shed the light of civilization.

Stanley was received with great ceremony in England, and almost every nation hastened to bestow its honors upon him. But among them all he singles out one, concerning which he says: "For another honor I have to express my thanks—one which I may be pardoned for regarding as more precious than all the rest. The Government of the United States has crowned my success with its official approval, and the unanimous vote of thanks passed in both houses of legislature, has made me proud for life of the expedition and its success."

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CHAPTER XIX.

TRAVELS OF SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.

Stanley and Emin Pasha—Other Famous African Travellers—Achievements Almost Superhuman—Fascination of Tropical Explorations—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker—Lady Baker Determined to Accompany Her Husband—Discomforts of Travelling in Africa—Intense Heat in the Nile Region—Barren Rocks and Sandy Wastes—Blue Sky Over a Blighted Land—The Wretched Town of Korosko—Searching for One of the Sources of the Nile—Arrival at Berber—Courtesies of an Ex-Governor—The Travellers Pitch Their Tents in a Garden—A Charming Oasis—Fine Looking Slaves From the White Nile—Slaves Well Cared for by Their Master—Description of a Beautiful Slave Girl—Guard of Turkish Soldiers—Fine River and Forest Game—Sudden Rise of the Nile—A Clew to One Part of the Nile Mystery—The Rainy Season Arrives—Interview With a Great Sheik—Venerable Arab on a Beautiful Snow-white Dromedary—Perfect Picture of a Desert Patriarch—Cordial Welcome to Baker and His Party—A Performance to Show the Sheik's Hospitality—Arrival at the Village of Sofi—On the Banks of the Atbara—The Travellers Living in Huts—A German in the Wilds of Africa—Man Killed by a Lion—Baker's Adventure With a River-horse—Savage Old Hippopotamus—Famous Arab Hunters—Wonderful Weapons—Story of the Old Arab and His Trap for the Hippopotamus—Capture of an Enormous Beast—Aggageers Hunting the Elephant—Thrilling Adventure of a Renowned Arab Hunter—An Elephant Dashing Upon His Foes Like an Avalanche—Fatal Blow of the Sharp Sword—Baker's Heroic Wife—Reason Why the Nile Overflows—An Ivory Trader—Baker Arrives at Khartoum—Romatic Beauty Destroyed by the Filth of a Miserable Town.

BEFORE following Stanley in his last great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, an undertaking which has again drawn toward him the eyes of the whole civilized world, we will turn our attention to the extraordinary achievements and daring feats of other African travellers, whose renown is scarcely less than that of Stanley himself. A brilliant galaxy of explorers shine resplendent in the firmament of modern discovery, and we come now to fresh tales of heroism and adventure worthy to rank with those already related. We are dealing with almost superhuman achievements, and the historic pages on which they are written have a fascination for every lover of brave deeds, heroic sacrifices, and deathless devotion to a great cause.

Sir Samuel, then untitled Mr. Baker, was already an experienced traveller and a practiced sportsman, when in March, 1861, having resolved to devote his energies to the discovery of one of the sources of the Nile, he set forth from England to proceed up the mysterious river from its

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mouth, inwardly determined to accomplish the difficult task or to die in the attempt. He had, however, shortly before married a young wife. She, with a devoted love and heroism seldom surpassed, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties she knew she must encounter, entreated to accompany her husband.

Leaving Cairo on the 15th of April, they sailed up the Nile. Soon the discomforts of travel became almost unbearable, as will be seen from the following entry, early in May, in Baker's journal:

"No air. The thermometer 104 degrees; a stifling heat. Becalmed, we have been lying the entire day below the ruins of Philæ. These are the most imposing monuments of the Nile, owing to their peculiar situation upon a rocky island that commands the passage of the river above the cataract. The banks of the stream are here hemmed in by ranges of hills from 100 to 250 feet high; these are entirely destitute of soil, being composed of enormous masses of red granite, piled block upon block, the rude masonry of Nature that has walled in the river.

Barren Rocks and Sandy Wastes.

"The hollows between the hills are choked with a yellow sand, which, drifted by the wind, has, in many instances, completely filled the narrow valleys. Upon either side of the Nile are vestiges of ancient forts. The land appears as though it bore the curse of Heaven; misery, barrenness, and the heat of a furnace, are its features. The glowing rocks, devoid of a trace of vegetation, reflect the sun with an intensity that must be felt to be understood. The miserable people who dwell in villages upon the river's banks snatch every sandbank from the retiring stream, and immediately plant their scanty garden with melons, gourds, and lentils, this being their only resource for cultivation. Not an inch of available soil is lost; but day by day, as the river decreases, fresh rows of vegetables are sown upon the newly-acquired land. At Assouan, the sandbanks are purely sand brought down by the cataracts, therefore soil must be added to enable the people to cultivate. They dig earth from the ruins of the ancient town; this they boat across the river and spread upon the sandbank, by which excessive labor they secure sufficient mold to support their crops.

"In the vicinity of Philaæ the very barrenness of the scenery possesses a charm. The iron-like sterility of the granite rocks, naked except in spots where the wind has sheeted them with sand; the groves of palms springing unexpectedly into view in this desert wilderness, as a sudden bend of the river discovers a village; the ever blue and never clouded sky above, and, the only blessing of this blighted land, the Nile, silently

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flowing between its stern walls of rocks towards the distant land of Lower Egypt, form a total that produces a scene to be met with nowhere but upon the Nile. In this miserable spot the unfortunate inhabitants are taxed equally with those of the richer districts—about ten cents annually for each date palm."

When the party had been twenty-six days on the river they reached Korosko. At this wretched spot the Nile is dreary beyond description, as a vast desert, unenlivened by cultivation, forms its borders, through which the melancholy river rolls towards Lower Egypt in the cloudless glare of a Tropical sun. Whence came this extraordinary stream that could flow through these burning sandy deserts, unaided by tributary channels? That was the mysterious question as they stepped upon the shore now, to commence a land journey in search of the distant sources. They climbed the steep sandy bank, and sat down beneath a solitary sycamore.

A Wretched Place.

Korosko is not rich in supplies. A few miserable Arab huts, with the usual fringe of dusty date palms, compose the village; the muddy river is the frontier on the west, the burning desert on the east. Thus hemmed in, Korosko is a narrow strip of a few yards width on the margin of the Nile, with only one redeeming feature in its wretchedness—the green shade of the old sycamore beneath which they sat.

Baker says: "I had a firman from the Viceroy, a cook, and a dragoman. Thus, my outfit was small. The firman was an order to all Egyptian officials for assistance; the cook was dirty and incapable; and the interpreter was nearly ignorant of English, although a professed polyglot. With this small beginning, Africa was before me, and thus I commenced the search for one of the sources of the Nile."

From Korosko the travellers crossed the Nubian Desert on camels with the simoon in full force and the heat intense, to Berber. Here Mr. Baker, finding his want of Arabic a great drawback, resolved to devote a year to the study of that language, and to spend the time in the comparatively known regions to the north of Abyssinia, while he explored the various confluences of the Blue Nile.

Berber is a large town, and in appearance is similar to the Nile towns of Lower Egypt, consisting of the usual dusty, unpaved streets, and flat-roofed houses of sun-baked bricks. It is the seat of a Governor or Mudir, and is generally the quarters for about 1,500 troops. Says Baker: "We were very kindly received by Halleem Effendi, the ex-Governor, who at once gave us permission to pitch the tents in his garden, close to

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A BERBER FAMILY, WITH DOMESTIC ANIMALS, CROSSING A FORD.

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the Nile, on the southern outskirt of the town. After fifteen days of desert marching, the sight of a well-cultivated garden was an Eden in our eyes. About eight acres of land, on the margin of the river, were thickly planted with lofty date groves, and shaded citron and lemon trees, beneath which we reveled in luxury on our Persian rugs, and enjoyed complete rest after the fatigue of our long journey.

Beautiful Garden.

"Countless birds were chirping and singing in the trees above us; innumerable ring-doves were cooing in the shady palms; and the sudden change from the deadly sterility of the desert to the scene of verdure and of life produced an extraordinary effect upon the spirits. What caused this curious transition? Why should this charming oasis, teeming with vegetation and with life, be found in the yellow, sandy desert? Water had worked this change; the spirit of the Nile, more potent than any genii of the Arabian fables, had transformed the desert into a fruitful garden. Halleem Effendi, the former Governor, had, many years ago, planted this garden, irrigated by numerous water-wheels; and we now enjoyed the fruits, and thanked Heaven for its greatest blessings in that burning land, shade and cool water."

The garden of Halleem Effendi was attended by a number of fine, powerful slaves from the White Nile, whose stout frames and glossy skins were undeniable witness of their master's care. Here Baker and his party received visits from their host and the governor, as well as from other officers, who expressed their astonishment when they announced their intention of proceeding to the head of the Nile.

"Do not go on such an absurd errand," exclaimed Halleem Effendi. "Nobody knows anything about the Nile. We do not even know the source of the Atbara. While you remain within the territory of the Pacha of Egypt you will be safe; but the moment you cross the frontier you will be in the hands of savages."

Their host sent them daily presents of fruit by a charmingly pretty slave girl, whose numerous mistresses requested permission to pay the travellers a visit.

In the cool hour of evening a bevy of ladies approached through the dark groves of citron trees, so gaily dressed in silks of the brightest dyes of yellow, blue and scarlet, that no bouquet of flowers could have been more gaudy. They were attended by numerous slaves, and the head servant politely requested Baker to withdraw during the interview. Some of these ladies were very young and pretty, and of course exercised a certain influence over their husbands; thus, on the following morning

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THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE GIRL AT BERBER.

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the travellers were inundated with visitors, as the male members of the family came to thank them for the manner in which their ladies had been received; and fruit, flowers, and the general produce of the garden were presented them in profusion. However pleasant, there were drawbacks to their Garden of Eden; there was dust in their Paradise—sudden clouds raised by whirlwinds in the desert, which fairly choked the ears and nostrils when thus attacked. June is the season when these phenomena are most prevalent. At that time the rains have commenced in the south, and are extending toward the north; the cold and heavier air of the southern rain-clouds sweeps down upon the overheated atmosphere of the desert, and produces sudden, violent squalls and whirlwinds when least expected, as at that time the sky is cloudless.

Guard of Turkish Soldiers.

After a week spent at this pleasant spot, they commenced their journey, attended by a guard of Turkish soldiers, who were to act in the double capacity of escort and servants. Their dragoman was called Mahomet, and the principal guide Achmet. The former, though almost black, declared that his color was of a light brown. As already stated, he spoke very bad English, was excessively conceited, and irascible to a degree. Accustomed to the easy-going expeditions on the Nile, he had no taste for the rough sort of work his new master had undertaken. The journey across the desert tract was performed on donkeys, the luggage as well as some of the travellers, being carried on camels or dromedaries.

In two days they reached the junction of the Atbara river with the Nile. Here, crossing a broad surface of white sand, which at that season formed the dry bed of the river, they encamped near a plantation of water-melons, with which they refreshed themselves and their tired donkeys. The river was here never less than four hundred yards in width, with banks nearly thirty feet deep. Not only was it partially dry, but so clear was the sand-bed that the reflection of the sun was almost unbearable.

Fine River and Forest Game.

They traveled along the banks of the river for some days, stopping by the side of the pools which still remained. Many of these pools were full of crocodiles and hippopotami. One of these river-horses had lately killed the proprietor of a melon-garden, who had attempted to drive the creature from his plantation. Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of killing one of the monsters in shallow water. It was quickly surrounded by Arabs, who hauled it on shore, and, on receiving his permission to take the meat, in an instant a hundred knives were at work, the men fighting

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to obtain the most delicate morsels. He and his wife breakfasted that morning on hippopotamus flesh, which was destined to be their general food during their journey among the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile. Game abounded, and he shot gazelles and hippopotami sufficient to keep the whole camp well supplied with meat.

One day in June they were nearly suffocated by a whirlwind that buried everything in the tents several inches in dust. The heat was intense; the night, however, was cool and pleasant. About half-past eight, as Mr. Baker lay asleep, he fancied that he heard a rumbling like distant thunder. The low uninterrupted roll increasing in volume, presently a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, his men shouting as they rushed through the darkness: "The river! the river!"

Mahomet exclaimed that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant roar was the approach of water. Many of the people, who had been sleeping on the clean sand of the river's bed, were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of two hippopotami which were exposed to dry.

Sudden Rise of the Nile.

The sound of the torrent, as it rushed by amid the darkness, and the men, dripping with wet, dragging their heavy burdens up the bank, told that the great event had occurred. The river had arrived like a thief in the night. The next morning, instead of the barren sheet of clear white sand with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, cutting the yellow expanse of desert, a magnificent stream, the noble Atbàra river flowed by, some five hundred yards in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. Not a drop of rain, however, had fallen; but the current gave the traveller a clue to one portion of the Nile mystery. The rains were pouring down in Abyssinia—these were the sources of the Nile.

The rainy season, however, at length began, during which it was impossible to travel. The Arabs during that period migrate to the drier regions in the north. On their way they arrived in the neighborhood of the camp of the great Sheikh Achmet Abou Sinn, to whom Mr. Baker had a letter of introduction. Having sent it forward by Mahomet, in a short time the sheikh appeared, attended by several of his principal people. He was mounted on a beautiful snow-white dromedary, his appearance being remarkably dignified and venerable. Although upwards of eighty years old, he was as erect as a lance, and of herculean stature; a remarkably arched nose, eyes like an eagle's, beneath large, shaggy, but perfectly white eyebrows, while a snow-white beard of great

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thickness descended below the middle of his breast. He wore a large white turban, and a white cashmere robe reaching from the throat to the ankles. He was indeed the perfect picture of a desert patriarch. He insisted on the travellers accompanying him to his camp, and would hear of no excuses. Ordering Mahomet to have their baggage repacked, he requested them to mount two superb dromedaries with saddle-cloths of blue and purple sheep-skins, and they set out with their venerable host, followed by his wild and splendidly-mounted attendants.

Cordial Welcome of a Great Sheikh.

As they approached the camp they were suddenly met by a crowd of mounted men, armed with swords and shields, some on horses, others on dromedaries. These were Abou Sinn's people, who had assembled to do honor to their chief's guests. Having formed in lines parallel with the approach of their guests, they galloped singly at full speed across the line of march, flourishing their swords over their heads, and reining in their horses so as to bring them on their haunches by the sudden halt. This performance being concluded, they fell into line behind the party.

Declining the sheikh's invitation to spend two or three months at his camp, Mr. and Mrs. Baker travelled on to the village of Sofi, where they proposed remaining during the rainy season. It was situated near the banks of the Atbara, on a plateau of about twenty acres, bordered on either side by two deep ravines, while below the steep cliff in front of the village flowed the river Atbara. Their tents were pitched on a level piece of ground just outside the village, where the grass, closely nibbled by the goats, formed a natural lawn. Here huts were built and some weeks were pleasantly spent. Mr. Baker found an abundance of sport, sometimes catching enormous fish, at others shooting birds to supply his larder, but more frequently hunting elephants, rhinoceros, giraffes, and other large game.

He here found a German named Florian, a stone-mason by trade, who had come out attached to the Austrian mission at Khartoum, but preferring a freer life than that city afforded, had become a great hunter. Mr Baker, thinking that he would prove useful, engaged him as a hunter, and he afterwards took into his service Florian's black servant Richarn, who became his faithful attendant. A former companion of Florian's, Johann Schmidt, soon afterwards arrived, and was also engaged by Mr. Baker to act as his lieutenant in his proposed White Nile expedition. Poor Florian, however, was killed by a lion, and Schmidt and Richarn alone accompanied him.

Mr. Baker's skill as a sportsman was frequently called into play by the

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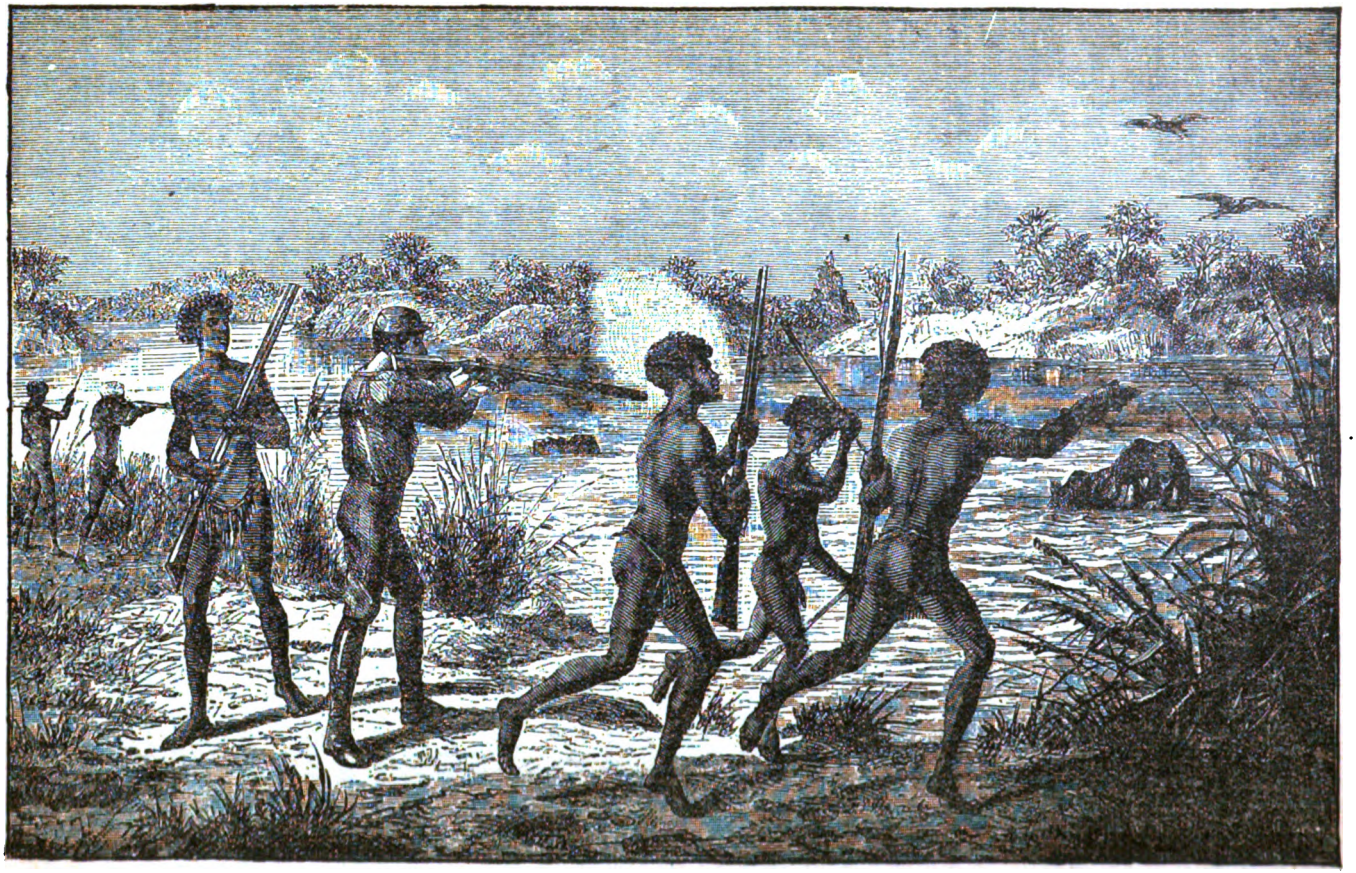

EXCITING COMBAT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE ATBARA.

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natives, to drive off the elephants and hippopotami which infested their plantations. One afternoon he was requested to shoot a savage old bull hippopotamus which had given chase to several people. He rode to the spot, about two miles off, where the hippopotamus lived in a deep and broad portion of the river. The old hippopotamus was at home.

The river, about two hundred and fifty yards wide, had formed by an acute bend a deep hole. In the centre of this was a sandbank just below the surface. Upon this shallow bed the hippotamus was reposing. On perceiving the party he began to snort and behave himself in a most absurd manner, by shaking his head and leaping half way out of the water. Mr. Baker had given Bacheet and other attendants rifles, and had ordered them to follow on the bank. He now directed one to fire several shots at the hippopotamus, in order if possible, to drive the animal towards him. The hippo, a wicked, solitary, old bull, returned the insult by charging towards Bacheet with a tremendous snorting, which sent him scrambling up the steep bank in a panic. This gave the brute confidence; and the sportsman, who had hitherto remained concealed, called out according to Arabic custom: "*Hasinth! hasinth!*" the Arabic for hippopotamus. The brute, thinking no doubt that he might as well drive the intruder away, gave a loud snort, sank, and quickly reappeared about a hundred yards from him. On this Mr. Baker ordered Bacheet to shoot to attract the animal's attention. As the hippopotamus turned his head, Mr. Baker took a steady shot, aiming behind the ear, and immediately the saucy old hippo turned upon his back and rolled about, lashing the still pool into waves, until at length he disappeared.

Famous Arab Hunters.

His intention of engaging a party of the Hamran Arabs, celebrated as hunters, to accompany him in his explorations of the Abyssinian rivers having become known, several of these men made their appearance at Sofi. They are distinguished from the other tribes of Arabs by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre and arranged in long curls. They are armed with swords and shields, the former having long, straight, two-edged blades, with a small cross for the handle, similar to the long, straight, cross-handled blades of the crusaders. Their shields, formed of rhinoceros, giraffe, or elephant-hide, are either round or oval. Their swords, which they prize highly, are kept as sharp as razors. The length of the blade is about three feet, and the handle six inches long. It is secured to the wrist by a leathern strap, so that the hunter cannot by any accident be disarmed.

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These men go in chase of all wild animals of the desert; some are noted as expert hippopotamus slayers, but the most celebrated are the Aggageers, or elephant hunters. The latter attack the huge animal either on horseback, or on foot when they cannot afford to purchase steeds. In the latter case, two men alone hunt together. They follow the tracks of an elephant which they contrive to overtake about noon, when the animal is either asleep or extremely listless and easy to approach. Should the elephant be asleep, one of the hunters will creep towards its head, and with a single blow sever the trunk stretched on the ground, the result being its death within an hour from bleeding. Should the animal be awake, they will creep up from behind, and give a tremendous cut at the back sinew of the hind leg, immediately disabling the monster. It is followed up by a second cut on the remaining leg, when the creature becomes their easy prey.

When hunting on horseback, generally four men form a party, and they often follow the tracks of a herd from their drinking-place for upwards of twenty miles. Mr. Baker accompanied them on numerous hunting expeditions, and witnessed the wonderful courage and dexterity they displayed.

After spending three months at Sofi, he set out for the Settite River, he and his wife crossing the Atbara River on a raft formed of his large circular sponging bath supported by eight inflated skins secured to his bedstead.

An Old Arab's Trap for the River-horse.

A party of the Aggageers now joined him. Among them was Abou-Do, a celebrated old hippopotamus hunter, who, with his spear of trident shape in hand, might have served as a representative of Neptune. The old Arab was equally great at elephant hunting, and had on the previous day exhibited his skill, having assisted to kill several elephants. He now divested himself of all his clothing, and set out, taking his harpoon in hand, in search of hippopotami.

This weapon consisted of a steel blade about eleven inches long and three-qarters of an inch in width, with a single barb. To it was attached a strong rope twenty feet long, with a float as large as a child's head at the extremity. Into the harpoon was fixed a piece of bamboo ten feet long, around which the rope was twisted, while the buoy was carried on the hunter's left hand.

After proceeding a couple of miles, a herd of hippopotami were seen in a pool below a rapid surrounded by rocks. He, however, remarking that they were too wide-awake to be attacked, continued his course down the

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stream till a smaller pool was reached. Here the immense head of a hippopotamus was seen, close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river. The old hunter, motioning the travellers to remain quiet, immediately plunged into the stream and crossed to the opposite bank, whence, keeping himself under shelter, he made his way directly towards the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. Stealthily

THE OLD ARAB ATTACKING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

he approached, his long thin arm raised, with the harpoon ready to strike.

The hippopotamus, however, had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the veteran hunter remaining standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude. No figure of bronze could be more rigid than that of the old river king, as he thus stood, his left foot advanced, his right

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hand grasping the harpoon above his head, and his left the loose coil of rope attached to the buoy.

Three minutes thus passed, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of a furious hippopotamus, who, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam as he charged straight up the violent rapids. With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream, gaining a footing in the rapids where they were about five feet deep, thus making his way, till, landing from the river, he started at a full gallop along the shingly bed, and disappeared in the thorny jungle. No one would have supposed that so unwieldly an animal could have exhibited such speed, and it was fortunate for old Neptune that he was secure on the high ledge of rock, for had he been on the path of the infuriated beast, there would have been an end of Abou Do.

Tremendous Snorting and Roaring.

The old man rejoined his companions, when Mr. Baker proposed going in search of the animal. The hunter, however, explained that het hippopotamus would certainly return after a short time to the water. In a few minutes the animal emerged from the jungle and descended at full trot into the pool where the other hippopotami had been seen, about half a mile off. Upon reaching it, the party were immediately greeted by the hippopotamus, who snorted and roared and quickly dived, and the float was seen running along the surface, showing his course as the cork of a trimmer does that of a pike when hooked.

Several times the hippo appeared, but invariably faced them, and, as Mr. Baker could not obtain a favorable shot, he sent the old hunter across the stream to attract the animal's attention. The hippo, turning towards the hunter, afforded Mr. Baker a good chance, and he fired a steady shot behind the ear. The crack of the ball, in the absence of any splash from the bullet, showed him that the hippopotamus was hit, while the float remained stationary upon the surface, marking the spot where the grand old bull lay dead beneath. The hunter obtaining assistance from the camp, the hippopotamus, as well as another which had been shot, were hauled on shore. The old bull measured fourteen feet two inches, and the head was three feet one inch from the front of the ear to the edge of the lip in a straight line.

Though hippopotami are generally harmless, solitary old bulls are

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sometimes extremely vicious, and frequently attack canoes without provocation.

Many of the elephant hunts in which Mr. Baker engaged were exciting in the highest degree, and fraught with great danger.

Among the Aggageers was a hunter, Rodur Sherrif, who, though his arm had been withered in consequence of an accident, was as daring as any of his companions.

Furious Combat.

The banks of the Royan had been reached, where, a camp having been formed, Mr. Baker and his companions set out in search of elephants. A large bull elephant was discovered drinking. The country around was partly woody, and the ground strewed with fragments of rocks, ill adapted for riding. The elephant had made a desperate charge, scattering the hunters in all directions, and very nearly overtaking Mr. Baker. He then retreated into a stronghold composed of rocks and uneven ground, with a few small leafless trees growing in it. The scene must be described in the traveller's own words:

"Here the elephant stood facing the party like a statue, not moving a muscle beyond the quick and restless action of the eyes, which were watching on all sides. Two of the Aggageers getting into its rear by a wide circuit, two others, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sherrif, mounted on a thoroughly-trained bay mare, rode slowly toward the animal. Coolly the mare advanced towards her wary antagonist until within about nine yards of its head. The elephant never moved. Not a word was spoken. The perfect stillness was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack. Rodur coolly sat with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant.

"With a shrill scream the enormous creature then suddenly dashed on him like an avalanche. Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle, with the monkey-like form of Rodur Sherrif leaning forward and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him. For a moment it appeared as if the mare must be caught. Had she stumbled, all would have been lost but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance, so close, however, to the creature, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

"The two Aggageers who had kept in the rear now dashed forward close to the hind quarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with

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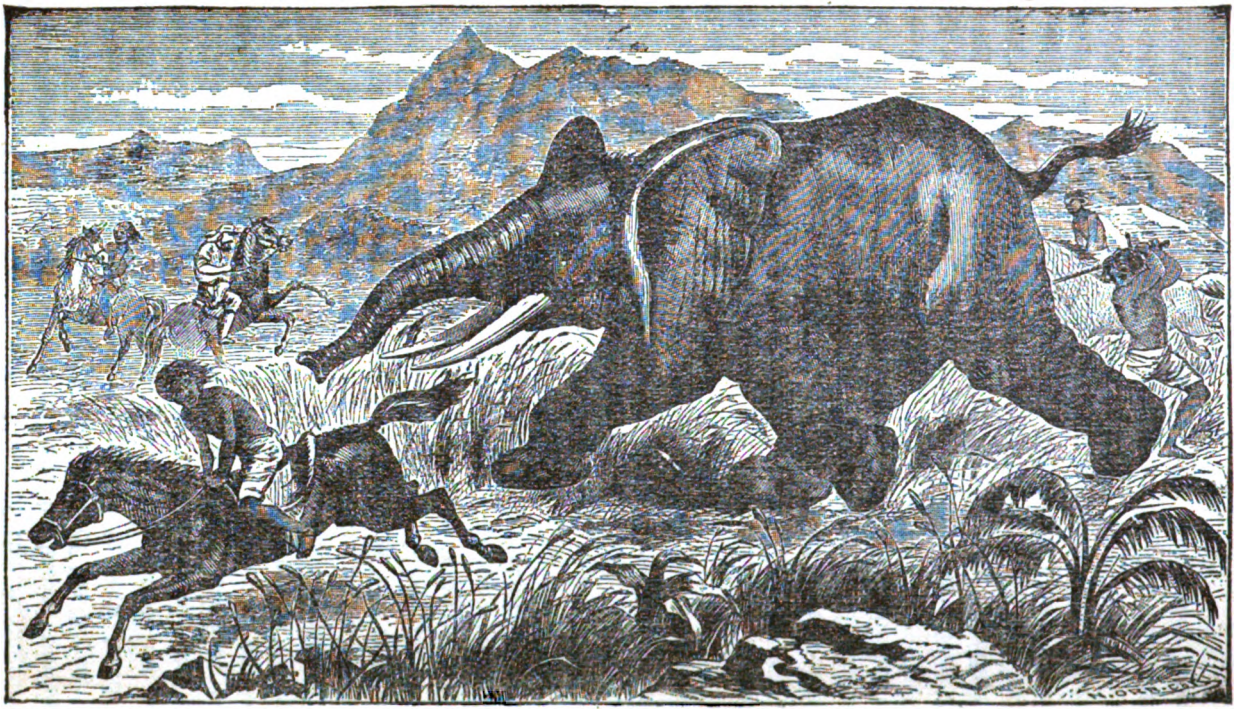

AN ELEPHANT'S FURIOUS CHARGE UPON HIS FOES.

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the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare. When close to the tail of the elephant, the sword of one of the Aggageers flashed from its sheath as, grasping his trusty blade, he leaped nimbly to the ground, while his companion caught the reins of his horse. Two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant. A bright glance shone like lightning as the sun struck on the descending steel. This was followed by a dull crack, the sword cutting through skin and sinew, and sinking deep into the bone about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride the elephant halted dead short in the midst of his tremendous charge. The Aggageer who had struck the blow vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment Rodur turned sharp round and, again facing the elephant, stooped quickly from the saddle to pick up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible; the foot was dislocated and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant the other Aggageer leaped to the ground, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg."

Nothing could be more perfect than the way in which these daring hunters attack their prey. "It is difficult to decide which to admire more—whether the coolness and courage of him who led the elephant, or the extraordinary skill and activity of the Aggageer who dealt the fatal blow."

Thus, hunting and exploring, Mr. Baker, accompanied by his heroic wife, visited the numerous river-beds which carry the rains of the mountainous regions of Abyssinia into the Blue Nile, and are the cause of the periodical overflowing of the mighty stream, while its ordinary current is fed from other far-distant sources, towards one of which the traveller now prepared to direct his steps.

Speke and Grant were at this time making their way from Zanzibar, across untrodden ground, towards Gondokoro. An expedition under Petherick, the ivory-trader, sent to assist them, had met with misfortune and been greatly delayed, and Mr. Baker therefore hoped to reach the equator, and perhaps to meet the Zanzibar explorers somewhere about the sources of the Nile.

Proceeding along the banks of the Blue Nile, Mr. and Mrs. Baker reached Khartoum on the 11th of June, 1862, which they found to be a filthy and miserable town.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE FAMOUS VALLEY OF THE NILE.

The Immense Region of the Soudan—Remarkable Character of "Chinese" Gordon—A Man Made of Damascus Steel—A Warrior and Not an Explorer—Mr. and Mrs. Baker Crossing the Nubian Desert—Hardships of a Long Camel Journey—The Romance of a Desert Journey Destroyed—Travelling Through a Furnace—A Nubian Thunder Storm—Baker's Description of a Camel Ride—A Humorous Experience—"Warranted to Ride Easy"—Extraordinary Freak of Nature—Thorns Like Fish-hooks—Camel Plunging Into the Thorn Bushes—An African Scorpion—Water Six Inches Deep in the Tents—The Explorers Pressing Forward—The Party That Left Khartoum—The Carpenter Johann—Sickness and Death of Poor Johann—Celebrated Tribe of Blacks—Very Cheap Style of Dress—Traits of the Neuhr Tribe—Ludicrous Attempt to Get Into Shoes—Mode of Salutation—Mosquitoes in Africa—Visit from a Chief and His Daughter—Leopard Skin and Skull Cap of White Beads—Men Tall and Slender—Puny Children—An Indolent and Starving People—Herds of Cattle—Sacred Bull With Ornamented Horns—How a Prussian Baron Lost His Life—Termination of the Voyage—Appearance of the Country—The Explorers Looked Upon With Suspicion—Native Dwellings—The Perfection of Cleanliness—Huts With Projecting Roofs and Low Entrances—The Famous Bari Tribe—Warlike and Dangerous Savages—Story of an Umbrella—Systematic Extortion—Stories of Two Brave Boys.

MR. AND MRS. BAKER were now in the eastern part of that large desert region in Northern Africa which goes by the name of the Soudan. This immense tract has lately been brought into prominence by the wonderful exploits and extraordinary heroism of General Gordon—"Chinese" Gordon, as he was called by reason of achievements in China, which have given him remarkable fame. He was a bold, strong character, a man of uncommon nerve and endurance, one who took a high moral view of the work in which he was engaged, whose conscientiousness could not be doubted, whose tact and perseverance were conspicuous—a man who was a kind of religious hero, raised up for a certain great work, and who fell before it was fully accomplished. His name will go down to all generations. He was a silent man, very much wrapped up within himself, somewhat stern in his disposition, whose nature was apparently made of Damascus steel, and who, although possessed of gentle qualities and much beloved by those who knew him best, was yet a man to be dreaded when not obeyed.

"Chinese" Gordon was not an explorer. He did not partake of the

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character of Stanley, Baker, Livingstone, and others. Yet he succeeded in gaining a very strong hold upon the sympathies and the admiration of not only the English people, but of all civilized nations. He was a man to awaken enthusiasm and admiration, and the heroic sacrifice which he finally made of himself places a fitting climax upon his marvellous career. It is true that geographical discovery has had its great heroes; it is also true that the attempts of European nations to carry their commerce, their arms, their modes of government, into the benighted Continent of Africa have had heroes none the less brilliant.

It will be interesting to the reader to continue the journey through the wilds of Abyssinia which lie upon the borders of the Soudan; in fact, the Soudan may be said to include this vast region, which in itself is a Tropical wonder.

We have already seen that Mr. and Mrs. Baker crossed the Nubian desert. This in itself was a formidable undertaking, for the dreary desert is the greatest obstacle to exploration southward into the region of Central Africa.

This dreary tract we must cross, otherwise we can have no adequate idea of the hardships of the explorer's life, the difficulties and discouragements he meets with at the very outset, and the surprising contrast between his experiences in the earlier and in the later stages of his progress. His voyage up the Nile, under the ever clear and brilliant sky of Egypt, past the silent shapes of the temples, the sphinxes, the pyramids, and other gigantic monuments of a great past, and surrounded by the sights and sounds of Oriental life, has been a holiday trip to the traveller bound lakewards.

Hardships of a Long Camel Ride.

When he places his foot on the desert sand, and transfers his guns, his tent, and other appurtenances of travel from the river-boat to the back of the "ship of the desert" which is to convey him across the Great Bend of the Nile from Korosko to Abu Hammed, the stern reality of his task begins. The first day's sun, reflected with overpowering force from the fantastic cliffs and flinty sand of the Korosko Desert, probably burns out of him any romance that he may have entertained in connection with Nubian travel; before the nearest halting-place is reached, the early delightful sense of the novelty of riding on camel-back has given place to a hearty detestation of the uneasy motion, the slow progress, and the abominable temper of that overlauded brute.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was once the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of a some-

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what sentimental temperament, said, among other things, that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetic indeed. "My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel on the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it in a wagon without any springs, then seat yourself on the stool, and have it drawn over rocky and uneven ground, during the hottest weather of July or August, after you have not had anything to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

Travelling Through a Furnace.

Soon you are glad to abandon travel in the full blaze of day, with its blistering glare from rock and sand, the pitiless sun overhead, and the furnace-like breath of the desert air, and you march at night, when the earth is growing cool again, under the great stars. Here and there, as you descend into the bed of a "wady," or dry-water course, the eye is relieved for an instant by a patch of green verdure, a frightened gazelle dashes away to the shelter of the nearest sand-hills, or a glimpse is caught of a naked Arab youth tending his flock of goats; for even the desert is not entirely void of plant and animal life, though every living thing seems to partake of the arid nature and to bear the dusty colors of the surrounding waste. Even rain is not altogether unknown, and it is looked for at least once every winter season, although sometimes four years will pass without a fall.

At these times the clouds that have drifted up from the distant Indian Ocean may be seen pitching their black tents about the summits of the mountain ridges that divide the Nile Valley from the Red Sea. The nomad Arab tribes, the only inhabitants of these thirsty hills, watch them with breathless hope. A north wind may blow during the night and drift them back whence they came. More likely they burst in thunder-storm—the whole of the storms of a season compressed into one furious onslaught of lightning and rain. The dry water-courses of yesterday are roaring torrents by morning, bearing down to the Nile a tribute of water for one day in the year at least.

For one day also, or perhaps for some weeks, the earth and air are swept of their impurities, and the face of the desert begins to look fresh and verdant, as grass and plants spring up rapidly on every hand; but then again the drought and the heat return, and nature withers more rapidly than it sprang to life. There are spots, however, well known to

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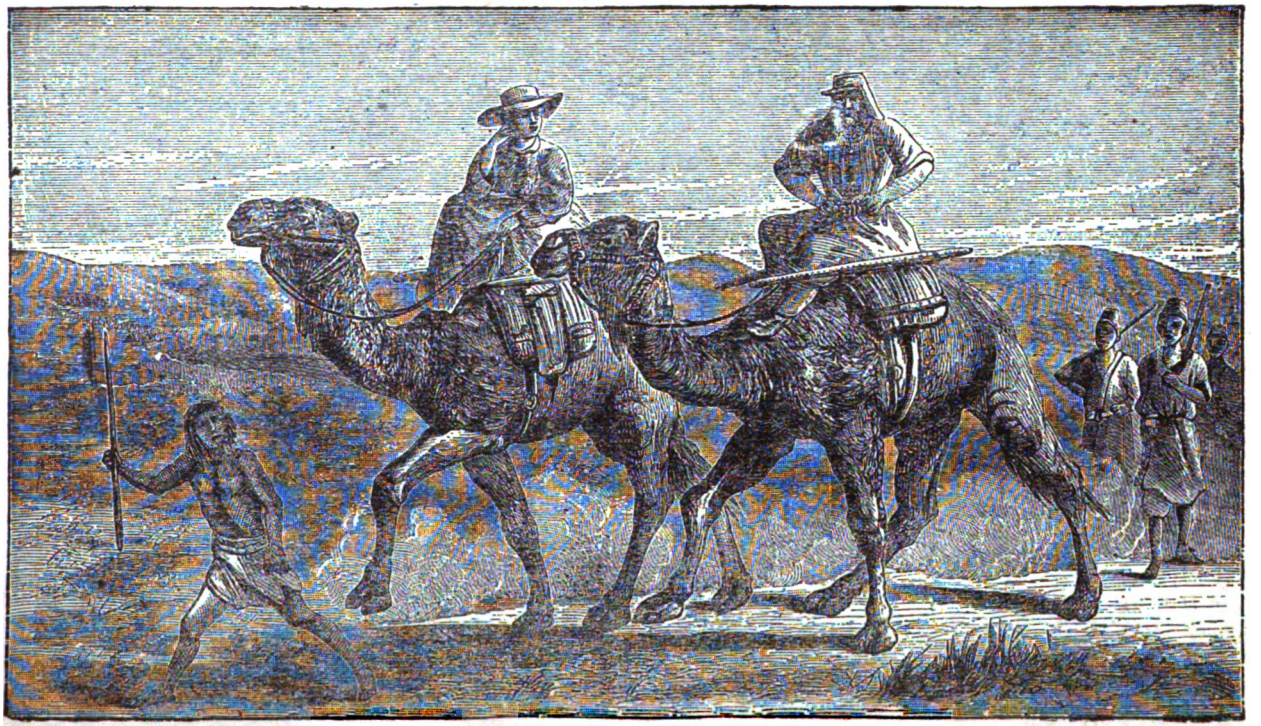

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER CROSSING THE DESERT.

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the Arab shepherd and camel-driver, where there are running water and green turf all the year round, or where, sheltered perhaps by the naked rocks of some deep ravine, a little oasis of palm and tamarisk trees is to be found. These are the halting-places on the march—the stepping-stones by means of which alone this howling wilderness may be crossed. Sometimes the wells fail, or are poisoned, or a predatory band occupies the springs; and then the unfortunate traveller has to face the peril of death from thirst or exhaustion as the fainting caravan is hurried forward to the next halting-place. In any case he is fervently thankful when the shining waters of the Nile come again into sight at Abu Hammed, and this doleful stage of his desert wandering is at a close.

Baker's Description of a Camel Ride.

Our hero gives an interesting and withal humorous account of the experiences of himself and wife voyaging on the "ships of the desert." He says: When a sharp cut from the stick of the guide induces the camel to break into a trot, the torture of the rack is a pleasant tickling compared to the sensation of having your spine driven by a sledge-hammer from below, half a foot deeper into the skull. The human frame may be inured to almost anything; thus the Arabs, who have always been accustomed to this kind of exercise, hardly feel the motion, and the portion of the body most subject to pain in riding a rough camel upon two bare pieces of wood for a saddle, becomes naturally adapted for such rough service, as monkeys become hardened from constantly sitting upon rough surfaces.

The children commence almost as soon as they are born, as they must accompany their mothers in their annual migrations; and no sooner can the young Arab sit astride and hold on, than he is placed behind his father's saddle, to which he clings, while he bumps upon the bare back of the jolting camel. Nature quickly arranges a horny protection to the nerves by the thickening of the skin; therefore an Arab's opinion of the action of a riding camel should never be accepted without a personal trial. What appears delightful to him may be torture to you, as a strong breeze and a rough sea may be charming to a sailor, but worse than death to a landsman.

"Warranted to Ride Easy."

I was determined not to accept the camels now offered until I had seen them tried; I accordingly ordered our black soldier, El Baggar, to saddle the most easy-actioned animal for my wife; but I wished to see him put it through a variety of paces before she should accept it. The delighted El Baggar, who from long practice was as hard as the heel of a boot,

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disdained a saddle; the animal knelt, was mounted, and off he started at full trot, performing a circle of about fifty yards diameter, as though in a circus. I never saw such an exhibition! "Warranted quiet to ride, of easy action, and fit for a lady!" This had been the character received with the rampant brute, which now, with head and tail erect, went tearing round the circle, screaming and roaring like a wild beast, throwing his forelegs forward, and stepping at least three feet high in his trot. Where was El Baggar?

A disjointed-looking black figure was sometimes on the back of this *easy*-going camel, sometimes a foot high in the air: arms, head, legs, hands appeared like a confused mass of dislocations; the woolly hair of this unearthly individual, that had been carefully trained in long, stiff, narrow curls, precisely similar to the tobacco known as "negro-head," alternately started upright *en masse* as though under the influence of electricity, and then fell as suddenly upon his shoulders; had the dark individual been a "black dose," he or it could not have been more thoroughly shaken.

This object, so thoroughly disguised by rapidity of movement, was El Baggar; happy, delighted El Baggar! As he came rapidly round towards us, flourishing his stick, I called to him, "Is that a nice dromedary for the Sit (lady), El Baggar? Is it *very* easy?" He was almost incapable of a reply. "V-e-r-y e-e-a-a-s-y," replied the trustworthy authority, "j-j-j-just the thin-n-n-n-g for the S-i i-i-t-t-t." "All right, that will do," I answered, and the jockey pulled up his steed. "Are the other camels better or worse than that?" I asked. "Much worse," replied El Baggar; "the others are rather tough, but this is an easy-goer, and will suit the lady well."

An Extraordinary Freak of Nature.

It was impossible to hire a good dromedary; an Arab prizes his riding animal too much, and invariably refuses to let it to a stranger, but generally imposes upon him by substituting some lightly-built camel, that he thinks will pass muster; I accordingly chose for my wife a steady-going animal from among the baggage-camels, trusting to be able to obtain a better one from the great sheikh, Abou Sinn, who was encamped upon the road we were about to take along the valley of the Atbara.

Upon arriving at the highest point of the valley, we found ourselves upon the vast table-land that stretches from the Atbara to the Nile. At this season the entire surface had a faint tint of green, as the young shoots of grass had replied to the late showers of rain; so perfect a level was this great tract of fertile country, that within a mile of the valley of the

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WILD ARAB'S SWIFT RIDE.

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Atbara there was neither furrow nor water-course, but the escape of the rainfall was by simple soakage. As usual, the land was dotted with mimosas, all of which were now bursting into leaf.

The thorns of the different varieties of these trees are an extraordinary freak of Nature, as she appears to have exhausted all her art in producing an apparently useless arrangement of defence. The mimosas that are most common in the Soudan provinces are mere bushes, seldom exceeding sixteen feet in height; these spread out toward the top like mushrooms, but the branches commence within two feet of the ground; they are armed with thorns in the shape of fish-hooks, which they resemble in sharpness and strength. A thick jungle composed of such bushes is perfectly impenetrable to any animals but elephants, rhinoceroses and buffaloes, and should the clothes of a man become entangled in such thorns, either they must give way or he must remain a prisoner. The mimosa that is known among the Arabs as the kittar, is one of the worst species, and is probably similar to that which caught Absalom by the hair; this differs from the well-known "wait-a-bit" of South Africa, as no milder nickname could be applied than "dead-stop." Were the clothes of strong material, it would be impossible to break through a kittar-bush.

Camel Plunging Into Thorn Bushes.

A magnificent specimen of a kittar, with a wide-spreading head in the young glory of green leaf, tempted my hungry camel during our march; it was determined to procure a mouthful, and I was equally determined that it should keep to the straight path, and avoid the attraction of the green food. After some strong remonstrance upon my part, the perverse beast shook its ugly head, gave a roar, and started off in full trot straight at the thorny bush. I had not the slightest control over the animal, and in a few seconds it charged the bush, with the mad intention of rushing either through or beneath it. To my disgust, I perceived that the wide-spreading branches were only just sufficiently high to permit the back of the camel to pass underneath.

There was no time for further consideration; we charged the bush; I held my head doubled up between my arms, and the next moment I was on my back, half stunned by the fall. The camel-saddle lay upon the ground, my rifle, that had been slung behind, my coffee-pot, the burst water-skin, and a host of other appurtenances, lay around me in all directions; worst of all, my beautiful gold repeater lay at some distance from me, rendered entirely useless. I was as nearly naked as I could be; a few rags held together, but my shirt was gone, with the exception of some shreds that adhered to my arms. I was, of course, streaming with

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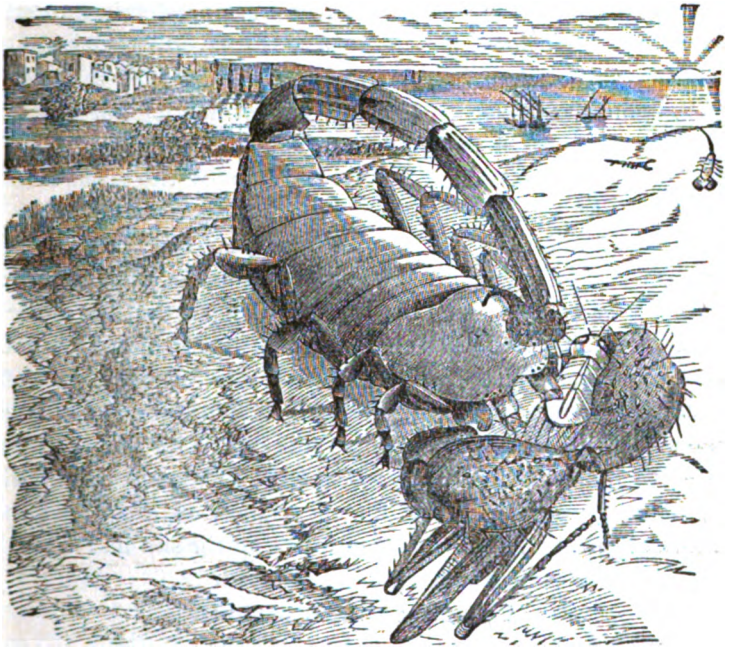
blood, and looked much more as though I had been clawed by a leopard than as having simply charged a bush. The camel had fallen down with the shock, after I had been swept off by the thorny branches. To this day I have the marks of the scratching.

Unless a riding-camel is perfectly trained, it is the most tiresome animal to ride, after the first green leaves appear; every bush tempts it from the path, and it is a perpetual fight between the rider and his beast throughout the journey. The Arab soldier who mounts his beast and darts away over the desert of sand does not encounter the obstacles that beset our path.



VENOMOUS SCORPION.

We shortly halted for the night, as I had noticed unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. We quickly pitched the tents, grubbed up the root and stem of a decayed mimosa, and lighted a fire, by the side of which our people sat in a circle. Hardly had the pile begun to blaze, when a cry from Mahomet's new relative, Achmet, informed us that he had been bitten by a scorpion. Mahomet appeared to think this highly entertaining, until suddenly he screamed out likewise, and springing from the ground, he began to stamp and wring his hands in great agony; he had himself been bitten, and we found that a whole nest of scorpions

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were in the rotten wood lately thrown upon the fire: in their flight from the heat they stung all whom they met.

There was no time to prepare food; the thunder already roared above us, and in a few minutes the sky, lately so clear, was as black as ink. I had already prepared for the storm, and the baggage was piled within the tent; the ropes of the tents had been left slack to allow for the contraction, and we were ready for the rain. It was fortunate that we were in order; a rain descended with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning, of a volume unknown to the inhabitants of cooler climates; for several hours there was almost an uninterrupted roar of the most deafening peals, with lightning so vivid that our tent was completely lighted up in the darkness of the night, and its misery displayed. Not only was the rain pouring through the roof, so that we were wet through as we crouched upon our angareps (stretchers), but the legs of our bedstead stood in more than six inches of water.

Being as wet as I could be, I resolved to enjoy the scene outside the tent; it was curious in the extreme. Flash after flash of sharp forked lightning played upon the surface of a boundless lake; there was not a foot of land visible, but the numerous dark bushes, projecting from the surface of the water, destroyed the illusion of depth that the scene would otherwise have suggested. The rain ceased; but the entire country was flooded several inches deep, and when the more distant lightning flashed, as the storm rolled away, I saw the camels lying like statues built into the lake. On the following morning the whole of this great mass of water had been absorbed by the soil, which had become so adhesive and slippery that it was impossible for the camels to move; we therefore waited for some hours, until the intense heat of the sun had dried the surface sufficiently to allow the animals to proceed.

A Regiment of Scorpions.

Upon striking the tent, we found beneath the volance, between the crown and the walls, a regiment of scorpions; the flood had doubtless destroyed great numbers within their holes, but these, having been disturbed by the deluge, had found an asylum by crawling up the tent walls: with great difficulty we lighted a fire, and committed them all to the flames. Mahomet made a great fuss about his hand, which was certainly much swollen, but not worse than that of Achmet, who did not complain, although during the night he had been again bitten on the leg by one of these venomous insects, that had crawled from the water upon his clothes.

Our last chapter left Mr. and Mrs. Baker at Khartoum. As the gov-

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ernment of Soudan refused to supply Baker with properly-trained soldiers, the only men he could get for an escort were the barbarous ruffians of Khartoum, who had been accustomed all their lives to plunder in the White Nile trade; yet, such as they were, he was compelled to put up with them, though he would undoubtedly have done better had he gone without such an escort. The voyage alone to Gondokoro, the navigable limit of the Nile, was likely to occupy about fifty days, so that a large supply of provisions was necessary.

Says Baker: To organize an enterprise so difficult that it had hitherto defeated the whole world required a careful selection of attendants, and I looked with despair at the prospect before me. The only men procurable for escort were the miserable cut-throats of Khartoum, accustomed to murder and pillage in the White Nile trade, and excited not by the love of adventure but by the desire for plunder: to start with such men appeared mere insanity. An exploration to the Nile sources was a march through an enemy's country, and required a powerful force of well-armed men. For the traders there was no great difficulty, as they took the initiative in hositilities and had fixed camps as supply stations, but for an explorer there was no alternative but a direct forward march without any communications with the rear.

The preparations for such a voyage are no trifles. I required forty-five armed men as escort, forty men as sailors, which, with servants, etc., raised my party to ninety-six. In the hope of meeting Speke and Grant's party, I loaded the boats with an extra quantity of corn.

The Carpenter Johann.

In all the detail, I was much assisted by a most excellent man whom I had engaged to accompany me as my head-man, a German carpenter, Johann Schmidt. I had formerly met him hunting on the banks of the Settite river, in the Basé country, where he was purchasing living animals from the Arabs, for a contractor to a menagerie in Europe; he was an excellent sportsman, and an energetic and courageous fellow; perfectly sober and honest. Alas! "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," and a hollow cough, and emaciation, attended with hurried respiration, suggested disease of the lungs.

Day after day he faded gradually, and I endeavored to persuade him not to venture upon such a perilous journey as that before me: nothing would persuade him that he was in danger, and he had an idea that the climate of Khartoum was more injurious than the White Nile, and that the voyage would improve his health. Full of good feeling, and a wish to please, he persisted in working and perfecting the various arrange-

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ments, when he should have been saving his strength for a severer trial.

Soon afterward the German carpenter breathed his last. Baker gives an affecting account of his last moments: Johann is in a dying state, but sensible; all his hopes, poor fellow, of saving money in my service and returning to Bavaria are past. I sat by his bed for some hours; there was not a ray of hope; he could speak with difficulty, and the flies walked across his glazed eyeballs without his knowledge. Gently bathing his face and hands, I asked him if I could deliver any message to his relatives. He faintly uttered, "I am prepared to die; I have neither parents nor relations; but there is one—she—" he faltered. He could not finish his sentence, but his dying thoughts were with one he loved; far, far away from this wild and miserable land, his spirit was transported to his native village, and to the object that made life dear to him. Did not a shudder pass over her, a chill warning at that sad moment when all was passing away? I pressed his cold hand, and asked her name. Gathering his remaining strength he murmured, "Krombach." Krombach was merely the name of his native village in Bavaria.

"Es bleibt nur zu sterben." "Ich bin sehr dankbar." These were the last words he spoke, "I am very grateful." I gazed sorrowfully at his attenuated figure, and at the now powerless hand that had laid low many an elephant and lion, in its day of strength; and the cold sweat of death lay thick upon his forehead. Although the pulse was not yet still, Johann was gone.

I made a huge cross with my own hands from the trunk of a tamarind tree, and by moonlight we laid him in his grave in this lonely spot.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a pilgrim taking his rest,
With his mantle drawn around him."

This is a mournful commencement of the voyage. Poor fellow, I did all I could for him although that was but little; and hands far more tender than mine ministered to his last necessities.

Celebrated Tribe of Blacks.

Soon the expedition was sailing past the country inhabited by the Shillooks, the largest and most powerful black tribe on the banks of the White Nile. They are very wealthy, and possess immense herds of cattle; are also agriculturists, fishermen, and warriors. Their huts are regularly built, looking at a distance like rows of button mushrooms. They embark boldly on the river in their raft-like canoes, formed of the

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excessively light ambatch-wood. The tree is of no great thickness, and tapers gradually to a point. It is thus easily cut down, and, several trunks being lashed together, a canoe is quickly formed. A war party on several occasions, embarking in a fleet of these rafts, have descended the river, and made raids on other tribes, carrying off women and children as captives, and large herds of cattle.

Nothing can be more melancholy and uninteresting than the general

NATIVES OF THE NILE REGION.

appearance of the banks of the river. At times vast marshes alone could be seen, at others an immense expanse of sandy desert, with huge ant-hills ten feet high rising above them.

While stopping at a village on the right bank, Baker received a visit from the chief of the Nuehr tribe and a number of his followers.

Contrary to the usual custom, this tribe possesses land on both sides of the Nile, which in the midst of their territory spreads itself into a lake.

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The Nuehr are a fine-looking race of savages, and very like savages they look. The men are tall, powerful, and well-formed, but their features approach the negro type, and are heavier and coarser than those of the tribes which have been previously mentioned. The women are not nearly so good-looking as the men, and are rather clumsily built.

Very Cheap Style of Dress.

Neither sex is much troubled with clothes. The males never wear any clothes at all; nor do the females, until they are married, when they tie a fringe of grass round their waists, some of the wealthier women being able to use a leathern fringe, of which they are very proud. Their ornaments really seem to serve no other purpose but to disfigure the wearers as much as possible. Beginning with the head, the men stain their woolly hair of a dusty red by a mixture of which ashes form the chief part. They then take a sort of pipe-clay, and plaster it thickly into the hair at the back part of the head, dressing it up and shaping it until it is formed into a cone, the shape of the ornament varying according to the caprice of the individual. By means of this clay head-dress the hair is thrown back from the face, the expression of which is not improved by the horizontal lines that are tattooed across it.

The natural glossy black of the skin, which has so pleasing an appearance, is utterly destroyed by a coating of wood ashes, which gives to the surface a kind of grayish look. On the upper arm they generally wear a large armlet of ivory, and have heavy coils of beads round their necks. The wrists are adorned with rings of copper and other ornaments, and on the right wrist they carry an iron ring armed with projecting blades, very similar to that which is worn by the Latookas.

Joctian, the chief of the Nuehr tribe, was asked by Baker what was the use of this weapon, and by way of answer he simply pointed to his wife's arms and back, which were covered with scars produced by this primitive wife-tamer. He seemed quite proud of these marks, and evidently considered them merely as ocular proofs that his wife was properly subservient to her husband. In common with the rest of his tribe, he had a small bag slung round his neck by way of a pocket, which held bits of wood, beads, and all kinds of trifles. He asked for everything he saw, and, when anything of small size was given him, it straightway went into the bag.

Traits of the Nuehr Tribe.

Still, putting aside these two traits of cruelty and covetousness, Joctian seems to have been a tolerably agreeable savage, and went away delighted with the presents he had received, instead of grumbling that he could

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not get more, as is the usual way among savage chiefs. It was rather strange that, although he was so charmed with beads and bracelets, he declined to accept a knife, saying that it was useless to him. He had in his hands a huge pipe, holding nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco. Every Nuehr man has one of these pipes, which he always carries with him, and, should his supply of tobacco be exhausted, he lights a piece of charcoal, puts it into his pipe, and inhales the vapor that it draws from the tobacco-saturated bowl.

The women are not so much adorned as the men, probably because the stronger sex prefer to use the ornaments themselves. At a little distance the women all look as if they were smoking cigarettes. This odd appearance is caused by a strange ornament which they wear in their upper lip. They take a piece of iron wire, about four inches in length, and cover it with small beads. A hole is then pierced in the upper lip, and the ornament inserted, so as to project forward and rather upward.

The Nuehr are very fond of beads, and are glad to exchange articles of food for them. One kind of bead, about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, is greatly valued by them; and, when Mr. Petherick was travelling through their country, he purchased an ox for eight such beads. The chief came on board the boat, and, as usual, asked for everything he saw.

Ludicrous Attempt to Get Into Shoes.

Among other odd things he set his affections on Mr. Petherick's shoes, which, as they were nearly worn out, were presented to him. Of course they were much too small for him, and the attempts which he made to put them on were very amusing. After many failures, he determined on taking them home, where he thought he might be able to get them on by greasing his feet well.

When the chief entered the cabin, and saw the wonders of civilized life, he was quite overcome with the novel grandeur, and proceeded to kneel on one knee, in order to give the salutation due to a great chief. "Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat into it, and then, looking into my face, he deliberately repeated the process Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down, but, his features expressing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed his conviction that I must be a great chief. Similar salutes followed with each of his attendants, and friendship was established." This strange salutation extends through many of the tribes that surround the Nuehr.

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Sailing on day after day, with marshes and dead flats alone in sight, mosquitoes preventing rest even in the day, Baker and his party at length arrived at the station of a White Nile trader, where large herds of cattle were seen on the banks.

Visit From a Chief and His Daughter.

They were here visited by the chief of the Kytch tribe and his daughter, a girl of about sixteen, better looking than most of her race. The father wore a leopard-skin across his shoulder, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of white ostrich feathers. But this mantle was the only garment he had on. His daughter's clothing consisted only of a piece of dressed hide hanging over one shoulder, more for ornament than use, as the rest of her body was entirely destitute of covering. The men, though tall, were wretchedly thin, and the children mere skeletons.

While the travellers remained here, they were beset by starving crowds, bringing small gourd shells to receive the expected corn. The natives, indeed, seem to trust entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence, and are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined, their long thin legs and arms giving them a peculiar gnat-like appearance. They devour both the skin and bones of dead animals. The bones are pounded between stones, and, when reduced to powder, boiled to form a kind of porridge.

It is remarkable that in every herd they have a sacred bull, who is supposed to have an influence over the prosperity of the rest. His horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture.

A short visit was paid to the Austrian mission stationed at St. Croix, which has proved a perfect failure—indeed, that very morning it was sold to an Egytian for $150. It was here the unfortunate Baron Harnier, a Prussian nobleman, was killed by a buffalo which he had attacked in the hopes of saving the life of a native whom the buffalo had struck down.

Termination of the Voyage.

The voyage terminated at Gondokoro on the 2d of February. The country is a great improvement to the interminable marshes at the lower part of the river, being raised about twenty feet above the water, while distant mountains relieve the eye, and evergreen trees, scattered in all directions, shading the native villages, form an inviting landscape. A few miserable grass huts alone, however, form the town, if it deserves that name.

A large number of men belonging to the various traders were assembled here, who looked upon the travellers with anything but friendly

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eyes. As Mr. Baker heard that a party were expected at Gondokoro from the interior with ivory in a few days, he determined to await their arrival, in hopes that their porters would be ready to carry his baggage. In the meantime he rode about the neighborhood, studying the place and people.

The native dwellings are the perfection of cleanliness. The domicile of each family is surrounded by a hedge of euphorbia, and the interior of the enclosure generally consists of a yard neatly plastered. Upon this cleanly-swept surface are one or more huts, surrounded by granaries of neat wicker-work, thatched, and resting upon raised platforms. The huts have projecting roofs, in order to afford a shade, and the entrance is usually about two feet high.

The natives are of the Bari tribe. They are a warlike and dangerous tribe, being well armed and capable of using their weapons, so that a traveller who wishes to pass safely through their land must be able to show an armed front. When Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, an umbrella was accidentally left behind, and some of the men sent to fetch it. The Bari, however, drew up in battle array, evidenty knowing that without their leaders the men might be safely bullied, so that the umbrella was left to the mercies of the Bari chief.

Owing to their position on the Nile, they do a great business in the slave trade, for as far as Gondokoro, the capital of the Bari country, steamers have been able to ascend the river. Consequently, every party of strangers is supposed—and mostly with truth—to be a slaving expedition, and is dreaded by one part of the population, while it is courted by the other. The quarrelsome disposition of the Bari has often brought them into collision with the traders, and, as might be imagined, the superior arms and discipline of the latter have given them such a superiority, that the Bari are not as troublesome as they used to be. Still, they are always on the watch for an opportunity of extortion, and, if a traveller even sits under a tree, they will demand payment for its shade.

Unpleasant as these Bari are in their ordinary state, they can be trained into good and faithful attendants, and are excellent material for soldiers. On one occasion, when a large party had attacked a body of traders, killed the standard-bearer, and nearly carried off the standard itself, a young Bari boy came to the rescue, shot with his pistol the man who was carrying off the standard, snatched it from him, and took it safely to his master.

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CHAPTER XXI.

IN A WILD COUNTRY.

Attempts to Shoot Baker—Desperate Mutiny in Camp—Notable Arrival—Meeting Grant and Speke—The Little Black Boy from Khartoum—Fresh Plot Among Baker's Men—Disarming the Conspirators—Heroism in the Face of Danger—Mutinous Turks Driven Over a Precipice—Horrible Fate of Deserters—Exciting Elephant Hunt—March Through Beautiful Hunting Grounds—Thrilling Encounter—The Huge Beast Turning on His Foes—Cowardly Followers—Elephant Nearly Caught—Wild Beasts Screaming Like a Steam Whistle—Tales of Narrow Escapes—African and Indian Elephants—Elephants in War—The Explorers at Obbo—Crafty Old Chief—Trouble to Get Rain—Spirited Dance of Obbos—Trying to Trade Wives—Satanic Escort—Grotesque Parade—Serious Illness of Mrs. Baker—Beautiful Landscape—Travelling in Canoes—Storm on the Lake—Tropical Hurricane—Dangers of the Lake Tour—The Explorers Advancing Under Difficulties—Continued Attacks of Fever—Life Endangered by Travelling in the Tropics.

OUR traveller was looked upon at Gondokoro with suspicion. Several attempts were made to shoot him, and a boy was killed by a shot from the shore, on board his vessel. His men were immediately tampered with by the traders, and signs of discontent soon appeared among them. They declared that they had not sufficient meat, and that they must be allowed to make a razzia upon the cattle of the natives to procure oxen. This demand being refused, they became more insolent, and accordingly Mr. Baker ordered the ringleader, an Arab, to be seized and to receive twenty-five lashes.

Upon approaching to capture the fellow, most of the men laid down their guns and, seizing sticks, rushed to his rescue. Mr. Baker, on this, sprang forward, sent their leader by a blow of his fist into their midst, and then, seizing him by the throat, called for a rope to bind him. The men, still intent on their object, surrounded Mr. Baker, when Mrs. Baker, landing from the vessel, made her way to the spot. Her sudden appearance caused the mutineers to hesitate, when Mr. Baker shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum, and then ordered the men to fall in. Two-thirds obeyed him, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with their ringleader.

At this critical moment Mrs. Baker implored her husband to forgive the mutineer, if he would kiss his hand and beg his pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who now called upon their ringleader

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to apologize, and all would be right. This he did, and Mr. Baker made them rather a bitter speech and dismissed them. This, unhappily, was only the first exhibition of their mutinuous disposition, which nearly ruined the expedition, and might have led to the destruction of the travellers.

Notable Arrival.

A few days afterwards guns were heard in the distance, and news came that two white men had arrived from "the sea"! They proved to be Grant and Speke, who had just come from the Victoria Nyanza. Both looked travel-worn. Speke, who had walked the whole distance from Zanzibar, was excessively lean, but in reality in good tough condition. Grant's garments were well-nigh worn out, but both of them had that fire in the eye which showed the spirit that had led them through many dangers.

They had heard of another lake to the westward of the Nyanza, known as the Luta Nzige, which Speke felt convinced was a second source of the Nile. Accordingly, he and Grant having generously furnished him with as perfect a map as they could produce, Baker determined to explore the lake, while his friends, embarking in his boats, sailed down the Nile on their voyage homeward.

His men, notwithstanding the lesson they had received, still exhibited a determined mutinous disposition, and in every way neglected their duties. Happily for him, he had among his attendants a little black boy, Saati, who, having been brought as a slave from the interior, had been for a time in the Austrian mission, from which, with many other slaves, he was turned out. Wandering about the streets of Khartoum, he heard of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and, making his way to their house, threw himself at the lady's feet, and implored to be allowed to follow them. Hearing at the mission that he was superior to his juvenile companions, they accepted his services, and, being thoroughly washed, and attired in trousers, blouse, and belt, he appeared a different creature. From that time he considered himself as belonging entirely to Mrs. Baker, and to serve her was his greatest pride. She in return endeavored to instruct him, and gave him anecdotes from the Bible, combined with the first principles of Christianity.

"Down With Your Guns This Moment!"

Through the means of young Saati, Mr. Baker heard of a plot among the Khartoum escort, to desert him with their arms and ammunition, and to fire at him should he attempt to disarm them. The locks of their guns had, by his orders, been covered with pieces of mackintosh. Direct-

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ing Mrs. Baker to stand behind him, he placed outside his tent, on his travelling bedstead, five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck-shot, a revolver, and a naked sabre. A sixth rifle he kept in his own hands, while Richarn and Saati stood behind him with double-barrelled guns.

He then ordered the drum to beat, and all the men to form in line of marching order while he requested Mrs. Baker to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his lock when he gave the order to lay down their arms. In the event of the attempt being made, he intended to shoot the man immediately. At the sound of the drum only fifteen assembled. He then ordered them to lay down their arms, This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do.

"Down with your guns this moment!" he shouted.

At the sharp click of the locks, as he quickly capped the rifle in his hand, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered; some retreated a few paces, others sat down and laid their guns on the ground, while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos or singly under the various trees about eighty paces distant. On advancing they capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition on receiving a written discharge. They were immediately disarmed. The discharge was made out, when upon each paper Mr. Baker wrote the word "mutineer" above his signature. Finally, nearly the whole of the escort deserted, taking service with the traders.

Heroism in the Face of Danger.

Not to be defeated, Baker obtained a Bari boy as interpreter, determined at all hazards to start from Gondokoro. A party of traders under one Koorshid, who had lately arrived from Latooka and were about to return, not only refused to allow the travellers to accompany them, but declared their intention of forcibly driving them back, should they attempt to advance by their route. This served as an excuse to the remainder of his escort for not proceeding. Saati discovered another plot, his men having been won over by Mahomet Her, another trader.

Notwithstanding the danger he was running, Mr. Baker compelled his men to march, and by a clever manœuvre got ahead of the party led by Ibrahim, Koorshid's guide. Finally, by wonderful tact, assisted by Mrs. Baker, he won over Ibrahim, and induced him to render him all the assistance in his power.

Aided by his new friend, he arrived at Tarrangolle, one of the principal places in the Latooka country, a hundred miles from Gondokoro, which, though out of his direct route, would, he hoped, enable him with great ease finally to reach Unyoro, the territory of Kamrasi. In

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the meantime, however, several of his men had deserted and joined Mahomet Her. He had warned them that they would repent of their folly. His warnings were curiously fulfilled.

News soon arrived that Mahomet Her, with a party of a hundred and ten armed men, in addition to three hundred natives, had made a raid upon a certain village among the mountains for slaves and cattle. Having succeeded in burning the village and capturing a number of slaves, as they were re-ascending the mountain to obtain a herd of cattle they had heard of, they were attacked by a large body of Latookas, lying in ambush among the rocks on the mountain side.

Driven Over a Precipice.

In vain the Turks fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, while rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above. Compelled to retreat, they were seized with a panic, and took to flight. Hemmed in by their foes, who showered lances and stones on their heads, they fled down the rocky and perpendicular ravines. Mistaking their road, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat.

The screaming and yelling savages closed round them. All was useless; not an enemy could they shoot, while the savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of a precipice five hundred feet high. Over it they were driven, hurled to destruction by the mass of Latookas pressing onward. A few fought to the last; but all were at length forced over the edge of the cliff, and met the just reward of their atrocities. No quarter had been given, and upwards of two hundred of the natives who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had fallen with them.

Mahomet Her had not accompanied his party, and escaped, though utterly ruined. The result of this catastrophe was highly beneficial to Mr. Baker.

"Where are the men who deserted me?" he asked of those who still remained with him.

Without speaking, they brought two of his guns covered with clotted blood mixed with sand. Their owners' names were known to him by the marks on the stocks. He mentioned them.

"Are they all dead?" he asked.

"All dead," the men replied.

"Food for the vultures," he observed. "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty." He had before told his men that the vultures would pick the bones of the deserters.

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Notwithstanding the dangers of his position, Mr. Baker frequently went out shooting, and, among other animals, he killed an enormous elephant. He was among the well-known Latooka tribe, whose fantastic funeral dance has been described in a previous chapter.

Baker gives the following graphic account of his adventures in pursuit of the game in which this part of Africa abounds:

I started at 5 A. M. with my three horses and two camels, the latter carrying water and food. After a march of two or three hours through the beautiful hunting-grounds formed by the valley of Latooka, with its alternate prairies and jungles, I came upon the tracks of rhinoceros, giraffes, and elephants, and shortly moved a rhinoceros, but could get no shot, owing to the thick bush in which he started and disappeared quicker than I could dismount. After a short circuit in search of the rhinoceros, we came upon a large herd of buffaloes, but at the same moment we heard elephants trumpeting at the foot of the mountains. Not wishing to fire, lest the great game should be disturbed, I contented myself with riding after the buffaloes, wonderfully followed on foot by Adda, one of my men, who ran like a deer, and almost kept up to my horse, hurling his three lances successively at the buffaloes, but without success.

Thrilling Encounter.

I had left the camels in an open plain, and returning from the gallop after the buffaloes, I saw the men on the camels beckoning to me in great excitement. Cantering towards them, they explained that a herd of bull elephants had just crossed an open space, and had passed into the jungle beyond. There was evidently abundance of game; and calling my men together, I told them to keep close to me with the spare horses and rifles, while I sent the Latookas ahead to look out for the elephants: we followed at a short distance.

In about ten minutes we saw the Latookas hurrying towards us, and almost immediately after, I saw two enormous bull elephants with splendid tusks about a hundred yards from us, apparently the leaders of an approaching herd. The ground was exceedingly favorable, being tolerably open, and yet with sufficient bush to afford a slight cover. Presently, several elephants appeared and joined the two leaders—there was evidently a considerable number in the herd, and I was on the point of dismounting to take the first shot on foot, when the Latookas, too eager, approached the herd; their red and blue helmets at once attracted the attention of the elephants, and a tremendous rush took place, the whole herd closing together and tearing off at full speed. "Follow me!" I

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hallooed to my men, and touching my horse with the spur, I intended to dash into the midst of the herd.

NATIVES OF AFRICA CAPTURING AN ELEPHANT.

Just at that instant, in his start, my horse slipped and fell suddenly upon his side, falling upon my right leg and thus pinning me to the

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ground. He was not up to my weight, and releasing myself, I immediately mounted my old Abyssinian hunter, "Tetel," and followed the tracks of the elephants at full speed, accompanied by two of the Latookas, who ran like hounds. Galloping through the green but thornless bush I soon came in sight of a grand bull elephant, steaming along like a locomotive engine straight before me. Digging in the spurs, I was soon within twenty yards of him; but the ground was so unfavorable, being full of buffalo holes, that I could not pass him. In about a quarter of an hour, after a careful chase over deep ruts and gullies concealed in high grass, I arrived at a level space, and shooting ahead, I gave him a shoulder shot. I saw the wound in a good place, but the bull rushed along all the quicker, and again we came into bad ground that made it unwise to close. However, on the first opportunity I made a dash by him, and fired my left-hand barrel at full gallop. He slackened his speed, but I could not halt to reload, lest I should lose sight of him in the high grass and bush.

The Huge Beast Faces His Foes.

Not a man was with me to hand a spare rifle. My cowardly fellows, although light-weights and well mounted, were nowhere; the natives were outrun, as of course was Richarn, who, not being a good rider, had preferred to hunt on foot. In vain I shouted for the men; and I followed the elephant with an empty rifle for about ten minutes, until he suddenly turned round, and stood facing me in an open spot in grass about nine or ten feet high. "Tetel" was a grand horse for elephants, not having the slightest fear, and standing fire like a rock, not even starting under the discharge of the heaviest charge of powder. I now commenced reloading, when presently one of my men, Yaseen, came up upon my horse "Filfil." Taking a spare gun from him, I rode rapidly past the elephant, and suddenly reining up, I made a good shot exactly behind the bladebone. With a shrill scream the elephant charged down upon me like a steam-engine. In went the spurs. "Tetel" knew his work, and away he went over the ruts and gullies, the high dry grass whistling in my ears as we shot along at full speed, closely followed by the enraged bull for about two hundred yards.

The elephant then halted; and turning the horse's head, I again faced him and reloaded. Just at this moment I heard the rush of elephants advancing through the green bush upon the rising ground above the hollow formed by the open space of high withered grass in which we were standing facing each other. My man Yaseen had bolted with his fleet horse at the first charge, and was not to be seen.

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Presently, the rushing sound increased, and the heads of a closely-packed herd of about eighteen elephants showed above the low bushes, and they broke cover, bearing down directly upon me, both I and my horse being unobserved in the high grass. I never saw a more lovely sight; they were all bulls with immense tusks. Waiting until they were within twenty yards of me I galloped straight at them, giving a yell that turned them. Away they rushed up the hill, but at so great a pace, that upon the rutty and broken ground I could not overtake them, and they completely distanced me. "Tetel," although a wonderfully steady hunter, was an uncommonly slow horse, but upon this day he appeared to be slower than usual, and I was not at the time aware that he was seriously ill.

Cowardly Followers.

By following three elephants separated from the herd I came up to them by a short cut, and singling out a fellow with enormous tusks, I rode straight at him. Finding himself overhauled, he charged me with such qickness and followed me up so far, that it was with the greatest difficulty that I cleared him. When he turned, I at once returned to the attack; but he entered a thick thorny jungle through which no horse could follow, and I failed to obtain a shot.

I was looking for a path through which I could penetrate the bush, when I suddenly heard natives shouting in the direction where I had left the wounded bull. Galloping towards the spot, I met a few scattered natives; among others, Adda. After shouting for some time, at length Yaseen appeared upon my horse "Filfil;" he had fled as usual when he saw the troop of elephants advancing, and no one knows how far he had ridden before he thought it safe to look behind him. With two mounted gun-bearers and five others on foot I had been entirely deserted through the cowardice of my men.

The elephant that I had left as dying, was gone. One of the Latookas had followed upon his tracks, and we heard this fellow shouting in the distance. I soon overtook him, and he led rapidly upon the track through thick bushes and high grass. In about a quarter of an hour we came up with the elephant; he was standing in bush, facing us at about fifty yards' distance, and immediately perceiving us, he gave a saucy jerk with his head, and charged most determinedly. It was exceedingly difficult to escape, owing to the bushes which impeded the horse, while the elephant crushed them like cobwebs: however, by turning my horse sharp round a tree, I managed to evade him after a chase of about a hundred and fifty yards.

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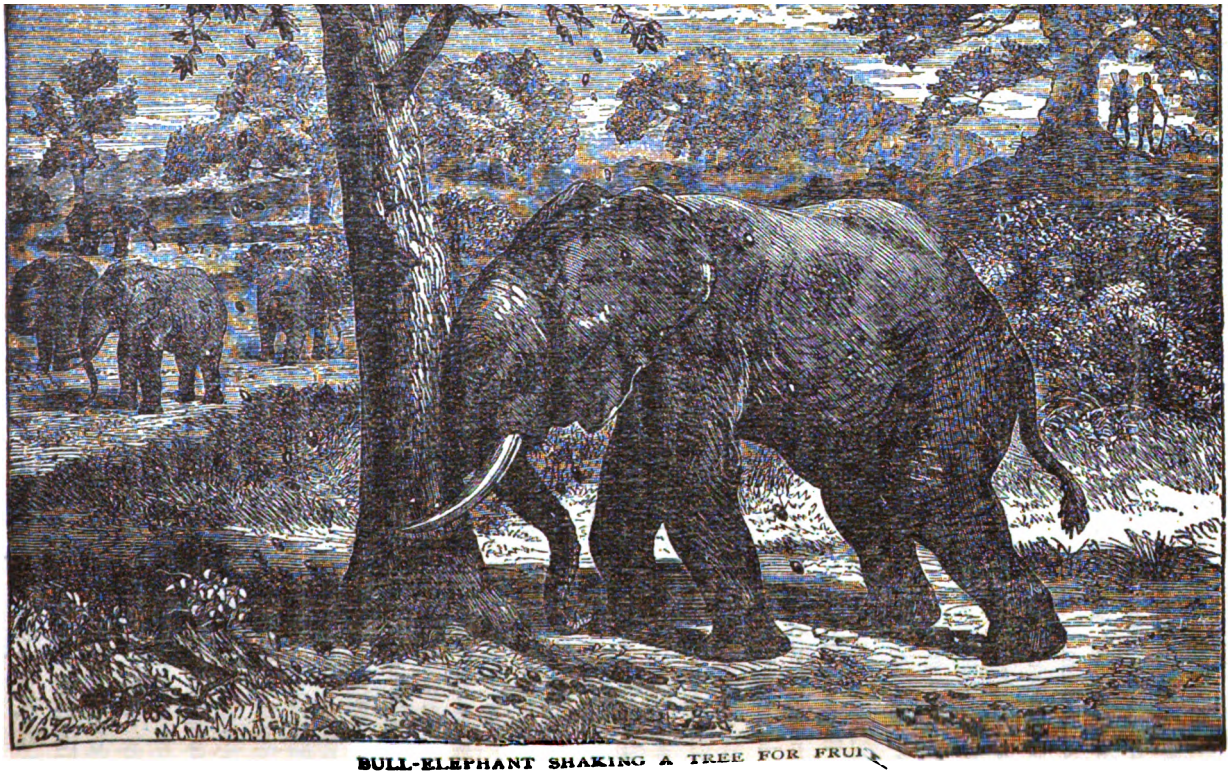

BULL-ELEPHANT SHAKING A TREE FOR FRUIT.

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Disappearing in the jungle after his charge, I immediately followed him. The ground was hard, and so trodden by elephants that it was difficult to single out the track. There was no blood upon the ground, but only on the trees every now and then, where he had rubbed past them in his retreat. After nearly two hours passed in slowly following upon his path, we suddenly broke cover and saw him travelling very quietly through an extensive plain of high grass. The ground was gently inclining upwards on either side the plain, but the level was a mass of deep, hardened ruts, over which no horse could gallop. Knowing my friend's character, I rode up the rising ground to reconnoitre: I found it tolerably clear of holes, and far superior to the rutty bottom. My two mounted gun-bearers had now joined me, and far from enjoying the sport, they were almost green with fright, when I ordered them to keep close to me and to advance. I wanted them to attract the elephant's attention, so as to enable me to obtain a good shoulder shot.

Elephant Screaming Like a Steam Whistle.

Riding along the open plain, I at length arrived within about fifty yards of the bull, when he slowly turned. Reining "Tetel" up, I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder. For a moment he fell upon his knees, but, recovering with wonderful quickness, he was in full charge upon me. Fortunately I had inspected my ground previous to the attack, and away I went up the inclination to my right, the spurs hard at work, and the elephant screaming with rage, gaining on me.

My horse felt as though made of wood, and clumsily rolled along in a sort of cow-gallop;—in vain I dug the spurs into his flanks, and urged him by rein and voice; not an extra stride could I get out of him, and he reeled along as though thoroughly exhausted, plunging in and out of the buffalo holes instead of jumping them. Hamed was on my horse "Mouse," who went three to "Tetel's" one, and instead of endeavoring to divert the elephant's attention, he shot ahead, and thought of nothing but getting out of the way. Yaseen, on "Filfil," had fled in another direction; thus I had the pleasure of being hunted down upon a sick and disabled horse.

I kept looking round, thinking that the elephant would give in:—we had been running for nearly half a mile, and the brute was overhauling me so fast that he was within ten or twelve yards of the horse's tail, with his trunk stretched out to catch him. Screaming like the whistle of an engine, he fortunately so frightened the horse that he went his best, although badly, and I turned him suddenly down the hill and doubled back like a hare. The elephant turned up the hill, and entering the

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jungle he relinquished the chase, when another hundred yards' run would have bagged me.

In a life's experience in elephant-hunting, I never was hunted for such a distance. Great as were "Tetel's" good qualities for pluck and steadiness, he had exhibited such distress and want of speed, that I was sure he failed through some sudden malady. I immediately dismounted, and the horse laid down, as I thought, to die.

Whistling loudly, I at length recalled Hamed, who had still continued his rapid flight without once looking back, although the elephant was out of sight. Yaseen was, of course, nowhere; but after a quarter of an hour's shouting and whistling, he reappeared, and I mounted "Filfil," ordering "Tetel" to be led home.

The sun had just sunk, and the two Latookas who now joined me refused to go farther on the tracks, saying, that the elephant must die during the night, and that they would find him in the morning. We were at least ten miles from camp; I therefore fired a shot to collect my scattered men, and in about half an hour we all joined together, except the camels and their drivers, that we had left miles behind.

Tales of Narrow Escapes.

No one had tasted food since the previous day, nor had I drunk water, although the sun had been burning hot; I now obtained some muddy rain water from a puddle, and we went towards home, where we arrived at half-past eight, everyone tired with the day's work. The camels came into camp about an hour later.

My men were all now wonderfully brave; each had some story of a narrow escape, and several declared that the elephants had run over them, but fortunately without putting their feet upon them.

The news spread through the town that the elephant was killed; and, long before daybreak on the following morning, masses of natives had started for the jungles, where they found him lying dead. Accordingly, they stole his magnificent tusks, which they carried to the town of Wakkala, and confessed to taking all the flesh, but laid the blame of the ivory theft upon the Wakkala tribe.

There was no redress. The questions of a right of game are ever prolific of bad blood, and it was necessary in this instance to treat the matter lightly. Accordingly, the natives requested me to go out and shoot them another elephant; on the condition of obtaining the meat, they were ready to join in any hunting expedition.

The elephants in Central Africa have very superior tusks to those of Abyssinia. I had shot a considerable number in the Base country on

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ELEPHANTS IN MILITARY SERVICE.

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the frontier of Abyssinia, and few tusks were 30 lbs. weight; those in the neighborhood of the White Nile average about 50 lbs. for each tusk of a bull elephant, while those of the females are about 10 lbs. I have seen monster tusks of 160 lbs., and one was in the possession of a trader that weighed 172 lbs.

It is seldom that a pair of tusks are fac-simile. As a man uses the right hand in preference to the left, so the elephant works with a particular tusk, which is termed by the traders "el Hadam" (the servant); this is naturally more worn than the other, and is usually about ten pounds lighter; frequently it is broken, as the elephant uses it as a lever to uproot trees and to tear up the roots of various bushes upon which he feeds.

Elephants in War.

The African elephant is not only entirely different from the Indian species in his habits, but he also differs in form.

There are three distinguishing peculiarities. The back of the African elephant is concave, that of the Indian is convex; the ear of the African is enormous, entirely covering the shoulder when thrown back, while the ear of the Indian variety is comparatively small. The head of the African has a convex front, the top of the skull sloping back at a rapid inclination, while the head of the Indian elephant exposes a flat surface a little above the trunk. The average size of the African elephant is larger than those of Ceylon, although I have occasionally shot monster rogues in the latter country, equal to anything that I have seen in Africa.

The English forces in India were not slow in discovering the practical aid to be derived from this enormous beast. Its vast strength, its uncommon intelligence, its spirit of obedience, its ability to swim the deepest rivers and push through the thickest jungles, rendered it available for service where no other animal would have answered the purpose.

Frequently, in India, guns have been transported on the backs of elephants, and have thus been carried where no gun-carriage could have made its way on account of the obstructions to travel. The cannon is strapped on the back of the huge beast, and might even be fired from that high perch, except for the difficulty the gunner finds in taking sure aim.

The Explorers at Obbo.

It became dangerous for Baker to remain longer in the country, in consequence of the abominable conduct of the Turks in his party, which so irritated the natives that an attack from them was daily expected. They were therefore compelled to return to Obbo, the chief of which, old

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Katchiba, had before received them in a friendly manner. Here, in consequence of their exposure to wet, Mr. and Mrs. Baker were attacked with fever. By this time all their baggage animals as well as their horses had died.

Katchiba laid claim to intercourse with the unseen world, and to authority over the elements; rain and drought, calm and tempest, being supposed by his subjects to be equally under his command. Sometimes, if the country had been afflicted with drought beyond the usual time of rain, Katchiba would assemble his people, and deliver a long harangue, inveighing against their evil doings, which had kept off the rain. These evil doings, on being analyzed, generally proved to be little more than a want of liberality toward himself. He explained to them that he sincerely regretted their conduct, which "has compelled him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to think of their interests? No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends," says Katchiba. "Do as you like: *I* can wait; I hope you can." Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them forever, unless they bring him so many baskets of corn. Thus he holds his sway.

Crafty Old Chief.

No man would think of starting on a journey without the blessing of the old chief, and a peculiar "hocus-pocus" is considered necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba, that shall charm the traveller, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M. D. in our acceptation, but as Doctor of Magic, and he charms both the hut and patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend professionals, even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and so great is his reputation, that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. In this manner does old Katchiba hold his sway over his savage but credulous people; and so long has he imposed upon the public, that I believe he has at length imposed upon himself, and that he really believes that he has the power of sorcery, notwithstanding repeated failures.

Once, while Baker was in the country, Katchiba, like other rain-makers, fell into a dilemma. There had been no rain for a long time, and the people had become so angry at the continued drought, that they assembled round his house, blowing horns, and shouting execrations against their chief, because he had not sent them a shower which would

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allow them to sow their seed. True to his policy, the crafty old man made light of their threats, telling them that they might kill him if they liked, but that, if they did so, no more rain would ever fall. Rain in the country was the necessary result of goats and provisions given to the chief, and, as soon as he got the proper fees, the rain should come. The rest of the story is so good, that it must be told in the author's own words.

"With all this bluster," says Baker, "I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rain-maker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had every now and then. 'How do you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?' I told him that no one believed in rain-makers in our country, but that we knew how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a house full of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied; 'but if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rain-making. What do you think of the weather to-day?'

Trouble to Get Rain.

"I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba; he wanted professional advice. I replied that he must know all about it, as he was a regular rain-maker. 'Of course I do,' he answered; 'but I want to know what *you* think of it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days' (I said this, as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon); 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted. 'In four, or perhaps in five, days I intend to give them one shower—just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to them, and tell the rascals that if they will give me some goats by this evening, and some corn by to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.'

"To give effect to his declaration, he gave several toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers, that Katchiba stopped his ears, and, relapsing into a smile of admiration he took a glance at the sky from the doorway, to see if any effect had been produced. 'Whistle again,' he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. 'That will do; we shall have it,' said the cunning old rain-maker; and, proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' in his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects.

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In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower horns were blowing and nogaras beating in honor of their chief. Between ourselves, my whistle was considered infallible."

When his guests were lying ill in their huts, struck down with the fever which is prevalent in hot and moist climates such as that of Obbo, Katchiba came to visit them in his character of magician, and performed a curious ceremony. He took a small leafy branch, filled his mouth with water, and squirted it on the branch, which was then waved about the hut, and lastly stuck over the door. He assured his sick guests that their recovery was now certain; and, as they did recover, his opinion of his magical powers was doubtless confirmed.

After their recovery they paid a visit to the chief, by his special desire, and were entertained in princely style.

Spirited Dance of Obbos.

Among other things the natives held a great consultation, and ended with a war-dance; they were all painted in various patterns, with red ochre and white pipe-clay; their heads adorned with very tasteful ornaments of cowrie-shells, surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers, which drooped over the back of the neck. After the dance, the old chief addressed them in a long and vehement speech; he was followed by several other speakers, all of whom were remarkably fluent, and expressed their exceeding gratification on account of the visit of the curious foreigners.

Mr. Baker purchased from the Turks some good riding oxen for himself and his wife, and, having placed his goods under the care of old Katchiba and two of his own men, he set out in January, 1864, with a small number of attendants, to proceed to Karuma, the northern end of Kamrasi's territory, which Speke and Grant had visited.

The Shooa country, through which he passed, is very beautiful, consisting of mountains covered with fine forests trees, and picturesquely dotted over with villages. Several portions presented the appearance of a park watered by numerous rivulets and ornamented with fine timber, while it was interspersed with rocks of granite, which at a distance looked like ruined castles. Here they found an abundance of food: fowls, butter, and goats were brought for sale.

They had obtained the services of a slave woman called Bacheeta, belonging to Unyoro, and who, having learned Arabic, was likely to prove useful as an interpreter and guide. She, however, had no desire to return to her own country, and endeavored to mislead them, by taking

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CURIOUS OBBO WAR-DANCE.

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them to the country of Rionga, an enemy of Kamrasi. Fortunately, Mr. Baker detected her treachery, and he and his Turkish allies reached the Karuma Falls, close to the village of Atada.

A number of Kamrasi's people soon crossed the river to within parleying distance, when Bacheeta, as directed, explained that Speke's brother had arrived to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents. Kamrasi's people, however, showed considerable suspicion on seeing so many people, till Baker appeared dressed in a suit similar to that worn by Speke, when they at once exhibited their welcome, by dancing and gesticulating with their lances and shields in the most extravagant manner. The party, however, were not allowed to cross till permission was obtained from Kamrasi.

Trying to Trade Wives.

That very cautious and cowardly monarch sent his brother, who pretended to be Kamrasi himself, and for some time Baker was deceived, fully believing that he was negotiating with the king. Notwithstanding his regal pretensions, he very nearly got knocked down, on proposing that he and his guest should exchange wives, and even Bacheeta, understanding the insult which had been offered, fiercely abused the supposed king.

Baker's Obbo porters had before this deserted him, and he was now dependent on Kamrasi for others to supply their places. The king, however, ultimately became more friendly, and gave orders to his people to assist the stranger, granting him also permission to proceed westward to the lake he was so anxious to visit.

A few women having been supplied to carry his luggage, he and his wife, with their small party of attendants, at length set out.

Says Baker: The country was a vast flat of grass land interspersed with small villages and patches of sweet potatoes; these were very inferior, owing to the want of drainage. For about two miles we continued on the bank of the Kafoor river; the women who carried the luggage were straggling in disorder, and my few men were much scattered in their endeavors to collect them. We approached a considerable village; but just as we were nearing it, out rushed about six hundred men with lances and shields, screaming and yelling like so many demons. For the moment, I thought it was an attack, but almost immediately I noticed that women and children were mingled with the men. My men had not taken so cool a view of the excited throng that was now approaching us at full speed, brandishing their spears, and engaging with each other in mock combat. "There's a fight! there's a fight!" my men exclaimed; "we are attacked! fire at them, Hawaga."

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However, in a few seconds, I persuaded them that it was a mere parade, and that there was no danger. With a rush, like a cloud of locusts, the na-

KAMRASI'S PEOPLE WELCOMING MR. AND MRS. BAKER.

tives closed around us, dancing, gesticulating, and yelling before us, feinting to attack us with spears and shields, then engaging in sham fights with each other, and behaving like so many madmen. A very tall chief

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accompanied them; and one of their men was suddenly knocked down, and attacked by the crowd with sticks and lances, and lay on the ground covered with blood: what his offence had been I did not hear. The entire crowd were most grotesquely got up, being dressed in either leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, and antelopes' horns fitted upon some of their heads, and carrying large shields and savage-looking spears.

Altogether, I never saw a more unearthly set of creatures; they were perfect illustrations of my childish ideas of devils—horns, tails, and all, excepting the hoofs; they were our escort! furnished by Kamrasi to accompany us to the lake. Fortunately for all parties the Turks were not with us on that occasion, or the satanic escort would certainly have been received with a volley when they so rashly advanced to compliment us by their absurd performances.

We marched till 7 P.M. over flat, uninteresting country, and then halted at a miserable village which the people had deserted, as they expected our arrival. The following morning I found much difficulty in getting our escort together, as they had been foraging throughout the neighborhood; these "devil's own" were a portion of Kamrasi's troops, who considered themselves entitled to plunder *ad libitum* throughout the march; however, after some delay, they collected, and their tall chief approached me, and begged that a gun might be fired as a curiosity. The escort had crowded around us, and as the boy Saat was close to me, I ordered him to fire his gun. This was Saat's greatest delight, and bang went one barrel unexpectedly close to the tall chief's ear. The effect was charming. The tall chief, thinking himself injured, clasped his head with both hands, and bolted through the crowd, which, struck with a sudden panic, rushed away in all directions, the "devil's own" tumbling over each other, and utterly scattered by the second barrel which Saat exultingly fired in derision as Kamrasi's warlike regiment dissolved before a sound.

Serious Illness of Mrs. Baker.

Mr. Baker, however, soon got rid of his satanic escort. Poor Mrs. Baker was naturally alarmed, fearing that it was the intention of the king to waylay them and perhaps carry her off.

Soon after this, while crossing the Kafue river, the heat being excessive, what was Mr. Baker's horror to see his wife sink from her ox as though shot dead. He, with his attendants, carried her through the yielding vegetation, up to their waists in water, above which they could just keep her head, till they reached the banks. He then laid her under a tree, and now discovered that she had received a sunstroke. As there

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THE START FROM M'ROOLI FOR THE LAKE WITH KAMRASI'S SATANIC ESCORT

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was nothing to eat on the spot, it was absolutely necessary to move on. A litter was procured, on which Mrs. Baker was carried, her husband mechanically following by its side. For seven days continuously he thus proceeded on his journey. Her eyes at length opened, but, to his infinite grief, he found that she was attacked by brain fever.

One evening they reached a village. She was in violent convulsions. He believed all was over, and, while he sank down insensible by her side, his men went out to seek for a spot to dig her grave. On awakening, all hope having abandoned him, as he gazed at her countenance her chest gently heaved; she was asleep. When at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear; she was saved.

Having rested for a couple of days, they continued their course, Mrs. Baker being carried on her litter. At length they reached the village of Parkani. To his joy, as he gazed at some lofty mountains, he was told that they formed the western side of the Luta Nzige, and that the lake was actually within a march of the village. Their guide announced that if they started early in the morning, they might wash in the lake by noon. That night Baker hardly slept.

Beautiful Landscape.

The following morning, the 14th of March, starting before sunrise, on ox-back, he and his wife, with their attendants, following his guide, in a few hours reached a hill from the summit of which "he beheld beneath him a grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun, while on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distant, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level."

Hence they descended on foot, supported by stout bamboos, for two hours, to the white pebbly beach on which the waves of the lake were rolling. Baker, in the enthusiasm of the moment, rushed into the lake, and, thristy with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, drank deeply from what he supposed to be one of the sources of the Nile, not dreaming of the wonderful discoveries Livingstone was making at that very time many degrees to the southward. He now bestowed upon this lake the name of the Albert Nyanza.

The dwellers on the borders of the lake are expert fishermen, and in one of their villages, named Vakovia, the travellers now established themselves.

His followers, two of whom had seen the sea at Alexandria, and who believed that they should never reach the lake, were astonished at its appearance, unhesitatingly declaring that though it was not salt, it must be the sea.

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Salt, however, is the chief product of the country, numerous salt-pits existing in the neighborhood, and in its manufacture the inhabitants are chiefly employed. Vakovia is a miserable place, and, in consequence of its damp and hot position, the whole party suffered from fever.

Travelling in Canoes.

Here they were detained eight days waiting for canoes, which Kamrasi had ordered his people to supply. At length several were brought, but they were merely hollowed-out trunks of trees, the largest being thirty-two feet long. Baker selected another, twenty-six feet long, but wider and deeper, for himself and his wife and their personal attendants, while the luggage and the remainder of the people embarked in the former. He raised the sides of the canoe, and fitted up a cabin for his wife, which was both rain and sun-proof.

Having purchased some provisions, he started on a voyage to survey the lake. Vakovia is about a third of the way from the northern end of the lake. His time would not allow him to proceed further south. He directed his course northward, towards the part out of which the Nile was supposed to flow.

The difficulties of the journey were not yet over. The first day's voyage was delightful, the lake calm, the scenery lovely. At times the mountains on the west coast were not discernible, and the lake appeared of indefinite width. Sometimes they passed directly under precipitous cliffs of fifteen hundred feet in height, rising abruptly out of the water, while from the deep clefts in the rocks evergreens of every tint appeared, and wherever a rivulet burst forth it was shaded by the graceful and feathery wild date. Numbers of hippopotami were sporting in the water, and crocodiles were numerous on every sandy beach.

Storm on the Lake.

Next night, however, the boatmen deserted, but, not to be defeated, Baker induced his own people to take to the paddles. He fitted a paddle to his own boat, to act as a rudder, but the men in the larger boat neglected to do as he directed them.

A tremendous storm of rain came down while he was at work. His own canoe, however, being ready, he started. He was about to cross from one headland to another, when he saw the larger canoe spinning round and round, the crew having no notion of guiding her. Fortunately, it was calm, and, on reaching the shore, he induced several natives to serve as his crew, while others went off in their own boats to assist the large canoe.

He now commenced crossing a deep bay, fully four miles wide. He

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HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMI IN THE ALBERT NYANZA LAKE.

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had gained the centre when a tremendous storm came on, and enormous waves rolled in over the lake. The canoe labored heavily and occasionally shipped water, which was quickly bailed out. Had this not been done, the canoe would inevitably have been swamped. Down came the rain in torrents, while the wind swept over the surface with terrific force, nothing being discernible except the high cliffs looming in the distance. The boatmen paddled energetically, and at last a beach was seen ahead. A wave struck the canoe washing over her. Just then the men jumped out, and though they were rolled over, they succeeded in hauling the boat up the beach.

Delays and Difficulties.

The shore of the lake, as they paddled along it, was thinly inhabited, and the people very inhospitable, till they reached the town of Eppigoya. Even here the inhabitants refused to sell any of their goats, though they willingly parted with fowls at a small price. At each village the voyagers changed their boatmen, none being willing to go beyond the village next them. This was provoking, as delays constantly occurred.

Such delays, however, are incident to all travelling in Africa. One of the great advantages of old countries is that there are means of transportation which never fail. Possibly once in a great while the traveller is detained by floods, by washouts, by railway accidents, or from some other cause, yet considering the number of railways and the multitudes of people who journey from one place to another, it is surprising that there are so few delays and accidents. This, however, does not apply to Africa. There a journey of ten or fifteen miles a day for a caravan is considered very good progress, and we have already seen that some of the explorers were detained in various localities for weeks, months, and, in one or two instances, for even years. Mr. and Mrs. Baker bore their hindrances with becoming fortitude and downright Anglo-Saxon pluck.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE NIAGARA OF AFRICA.

A Wilderness of Vegetation—Hearty Welcome From a Chief and Natives—"Blind Leading the Blind"—Voyage Up the Victoria Nile—Severe Attack of Fever—Sufferings of Lady Baker—A Remarkable River—End of Canoe Voyage—Beginning of a Toilsome March—Rumors Concerning a Great Waterfall—Thunder of the Cataract—Rocky Cliffs and Precipitous Banks—Magnificent View—Splendid Fall of Snow-white Water—Murchison Falls—The Niagara of the Tropics—Hippopotamus Charges the Canoe—Startling Shock—Scrawny Travelling Beasts—Curious Refreshments—Arrival at a Chief's Island—Crossing Ravines and Torrents—Sickness on the March—Taking Shelter in a Wretched Hut—On the Verge of Starvation—Baker Arrayed in Highland Costume—Stirring Events—Meeting Between a Slave and Her Former Mistress—Adventurous Journey—Pushing on for Shooa—Hunting Game for Dinner—Travellers Hungry as Wolves—Frolicsome Reception of the Explorers—March Through the Bari Country—Arrows Whizzing Overhead—Savage Fatally Wounded—Night in a Hostile Country—Lively Skirmish with the Natives—Arrival at Gondokoro—Excitement and Hurrahs—Terrible Ravages of the Plague—An Arab Gets His Deserts—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker Arrive at Cairo—Baker Receives the Award of the Victoria Gold Medal—The Hero Again in Africa.

AT length the explorers reached Magungo, situated inside an immense bed of reeds, at the top of a hill, above the mouth of a large river. Passing up a channel amidst a perfect wilderness of vegetation, they reached the shore below the town. Here they were met by their guide, who had brought their riding oxen from Vakovia, and reported them all well.

The chief of Magungo and a large number of natives were also on the shore waiting for them, and brought them down a plentiful supply of goats, fowls, eggs, and fresh butter. Proceeding on foot to the height on which Magungo stands, they thence enjoyed a magnificent view, not only over the lake, but to the north, towards the point where its waters flow into the Nile.

Baker's great desire was to descend the Nile in canoes, from its exit om the lake to the cataracts in the Madi country, and thence to march irect, with only guns and ammunition, to Gondokoro. This plan he ound impossible to carry out.

We will let Baker continue the thrilling narrative in his own words:

The boats being ready, we took leave of the chief, leaving him an acceptable present of beads, and we descended the hill to the river, thank-

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ful at having so far successfully terminated the expedition as to have traced the lake to that important point, Magungo, which had been our clue to the discovery even so far away in time and place as the distant country of Latooka. We were both very weak and ill, and my knees trembled beneath me as I walked down the easy descent. I, in my enervated state, endeavoring to assist my wife, we were the "blind leading the blind;" but had life closed on that day we could have died most happily, for the hard fight through sickness and misery had ended in victory; and, although I looked to home as a paradise never to be regained, I could have laid down to sleep in contentment on this spot, with the consolation that, if the body had been vanquished, we died with the prize in our grasp.

Voyage Up the Victoria Nile.

On arrival at the canoes we found everything in readiness, and the boatmen already in their places. A crowd of natives pushed us over the shallows, and once in deep water we passed through a broad canal which led us into the open channel without the labor of towing through the narrow inlet by which we had arrived. Once in the broad channel of dead water we steered due east, and made rapid way until the evening. The river as it now appeared, although devoid of current, was an average of about 500 yards in width.

Before we halted for the night I was subjected to a most severe attack of fever, and upon the boat reaching a certain spot I was carried on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village, attended carefully by my poor sick wife, who, herself half dead, followed me on foot through the marshes in pitch darkness, and watched over me until the morning. At daybreak I was too weak to stand, and we were both carried down to the canoes, and, crawling helplessly within our grass awning, we lay down like logs while the canoes continued their voyage. Many of our men were also suffering from fever. The malaria of the dense masses of floating vegetation was most poisonous; and, upon looking back to the canoe that followed our wake, I observed all my men sitting crouched together sick and dispirited, looking like departed spirits being ferried across the melancholy Styx.

The river now contracted rapidly to about two hundred and fifty yards in width about ten miles from Magungo. We had left the vast flats of rush banks, and entered a channel between high ground, forming steep forest-covered hills, about 200 feet on either side, north and south: nevertheless there was no perceptible stream, although there was no doubt that we were actually in the channel of a river. The water was clear and

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MURCHISON FALLS—THE NIAGARA OF AFRICA.

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exceedingly deep. In the evening we halted, and slept on a mud bank close to the water. The grass in the forest was very high and rank: thus we were glad to find an open space for a bivouac, although a nest of mosquitoes and malaria.

Off in the Early Morning.

On waking the next morning, I observed that a thick fog covered the surface of the river; and as I lay upon my back, I amused myself before I woke my men by watching the fog slowly lifting from the river. While thus employed I was struck by the fact, that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages, were certainly, although very slowly, moving to the west. I immediately jumped up and watched them most attentively; there was no doubt about it; they were travelling towards the Albert Lake. We were now about eighteen miles in a direct line from Magungo, and there was a current in the river, which, however slight, was nevertheless perceptible.

Our toilette did not take long to arrange, as we had thrown ourselves down at night with our clothes on; accordingly we entered the canoe at once, and gave the order to start.

The woman Bacheeta knew the country, as she had formerly been to Magungo when in the service of Sali, who had been subsequently murdered by Kamrasi; she now informed me that we should terminate our canoe voyage on that day, as we should arrive at the great waterfall of which she had often spoken. As we proceeded, the river gradually narrowed to about 180 yards, and when the paddles ceased working we could distinctly hear the roar of water. I had heard this on waking in the morning, but at the time I had imagined it to proceed from distant thunder.

Thunder of the Cataract.

By ten o'clock the current had so increased as we proceeded, that it was distinctly perceptible, although weak. The roar of the waterfall was extremely loud, and after sharp pulling for a couple of hours, during which time the stream increased, we arrived at a few deserted fishing-huts, at a point where the river made a slight turn. I never saw such an extraordinary show of crocodiles as were exposed on every sandbank on the sides of the river; they lay like logs of timber close together, and upon one bank we counted twenty-seven, of large size; every basking place was crowded in a similar manner. From the time we had fairly entered the river, it had been confined by heights somewhat precipitous on either side, rising to about 180 feet. At this point the cliffs were still higher, and exceedingly abrupt. From the roar of the water, I was

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sure that the fall would be in sight if we turned the corner at the bend of the river; accordingly I ordered the boatmen to row as far as they could: to this they at first objected, as they wished to stop at the deserted fishing village, which they explained was to be the limit of the journey, further progress being impossible.

A Magnificent View.

However, I explained that I merely wished to see the fall, and they rowed immediately up the stream, which was now strong against us. Upon rounding the corner, a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side of the river were beautifully wooded cliffs rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage: and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the Tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and, in honor of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river.

The boatmen, having been promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as close as possible, succeeded in bringing the canoe within about 300 yards of the base, but the power of the current and the whirpools in the river rendered it impossible to proceed farther. There was a sand-bank on our left which was literally covered with crocodiles lying parallel to each other like trunks of trees prepared for shipment; they had no fear of the canoe until we approached within about twenty yards of them, when they slowly crept into the water; all excepting one, an immense fellow who lazily lagged behind, and immediately dropped dead as a bullet struck him in the brain.

Startling Shock.

So alarmed were the boatmen at the unexpected report of the rifle that they immediately dropped into the body of the canoe, one of them losing his paddle. Nothing would induce them to attend to the boat, as I had fired a second shot at the crocodile as a "quietus," and the natives did not know how often the alarming noise would be repeated. Accordingly we were at the mercy of the powerful stream, and the canoe was whisked

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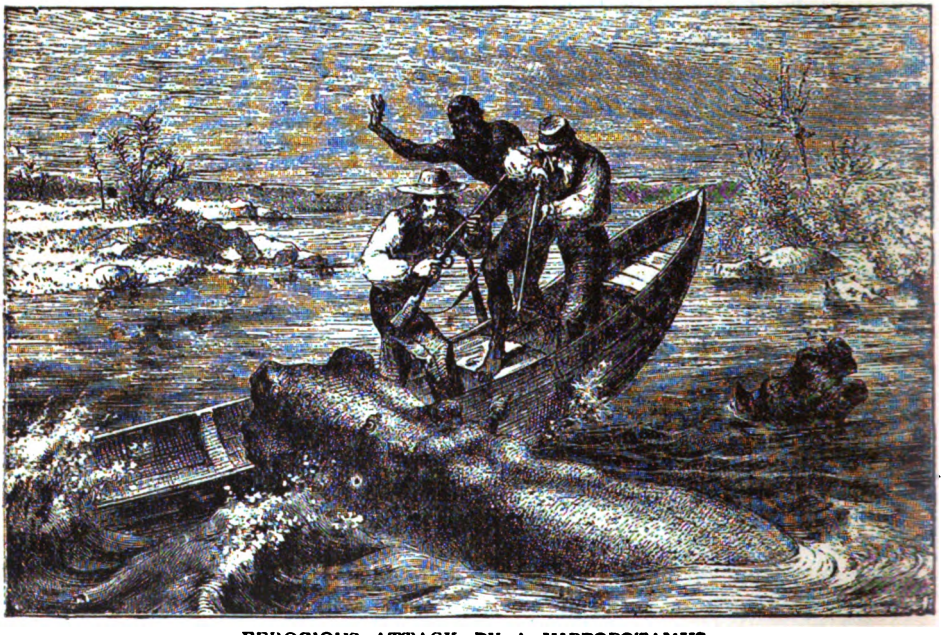
round by the eddy; hardly had we realized our peril when a tremendous commotion took place, and in an instant a great bull hippopotamus charged the canoe, and with a severe shock striking the bottom he lifted us half out of the water. The natives in the party positively yelled with terror, not knowing whether the shock was in any way connected with the dreaded report of the rifle; the black women screamed; and we began to make use of our rifles.

The hippopotamus, proud of having disturbed us, but doubtless thinking us rather hard of texture, raised his head to take a last view of his enemy, and then sank rapidly. Hippopotamus heads of enormous size



FEROCIOUS ATTACK BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

were on all sides, appearing and vanishing rapidly as they rose to survey us; at one time we counted eighteen upon the surface. Having recovered the lost paddle, I prevailed upon the boatmen to keep the canoe steady while I made a sketch of the Murchison Falls, which being completed, we drifted rapidly down to the landing-place at the deserted fishing-village, and bade adieu to the navigation of the lake and river of Central Africa.

The few huts that existed in this spot were mere ruins. Clouds had portended rain, and down it came, as it usually did once in every twenty-four hours. However, that passed away by the next morning, and the day broke, discovering us about as wet and wretched as we were accus-

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tomed to be. I now started off four of my men with the boatmen and the interpreter Bacheeta to the nearest village, to inquire whether our guide, Rabonga, had arrived with our riding oxen, as our future travelling was to be on land, and the limit of our navigation must have been well known to him. After some hours the people returned, minus the boatmen, with a message from the head-man of a village they had visited, that the oxen were there, but not the guide Rabonga, who had remained at Magungo, but that the animals should be brought to us that evening, together with porters to convey the luggage.

In the evening a number of people arrived, bringing some plantain cider and plantains as a present from the head-man; and promising that, upon the following morning, we should be conducted to his village.

The next day we started, but not until the afternoon, as we had to await the arrival of the head-man, who was to escort us. Our oxen were brought, and if we looked wretched, the anamals were a match. They had been bitten by the fly, thousands of which were at this spot. Their coats were staring, ears drooping, noses running, and heads hanging down; all the symptoms of fly-bite, together with extreme looseness of the bowels. I saw that it was all up with our animals.

Weak as I was myself, I was obliged to walk, as my ox could not carry me up the steep inclination, and I toiled languidly to the summit of the cliff. It poured with rain. Upon arrival at the summit we were in precisely the same park-like land that characterizes Chopi and Unyoro, but the grass was about seven feet high; and from the constant rain, and the extreme fertility of the soil, the country was choked with vegetation.

Arrival at a Chief's Island.

We were now above the Murchison Falls, and we heard the roaring of the water beneath us to our left. We continued our route parallel to the river above the Falls, stearing east; and a little before evening we arrived at a small village belonging to the head-man who accompanied us. I was chilled and wet; my wife had fortunately been carried in her litter, which was protected by a hide roofing. Feverish and exhausted, I procured from the natives some good acid plums, and refreshed by these I was able to boil my thermometer and take the altitude.

On the following morning we started, the route, as before, parallel to the river, and so close that the roar of the rapids was extremely loud. The river flowed in a deep ravine upon our left. We continued for a day's march along the Somerset, crossing many ravines and torrents, until we turned suddenly down to the left, and arriving at the bank, we were to be transported to an island called Patooan, that was the residence

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of a chief. It was about an hour after sunset, and being dark, my riding ox, who was being driven as too weak to carry me, fell into an elephant pitfall. After much hallooing, a canoe was brought from the island, which was not more than fifty yards from the mainland, and we were ferried across. We were both very ill with a sudden attack of fever; and my wife, not being able to stand, was, on arrival on the island, carried in a litter I knew not whither, escorted by some of my men, while I lay down on the wet ground quite exhausted with the annihilating disease. At length the remainder of my men crossed over, and those who had carried my wife to the village returning with firebrands, I managed to creep after them with the aid of a long stick, upon which I rested with both hands.

In a Wretched Hut for Shelter.

After a walk, through a forest of high trees, for about a quarter of a mile, I arrived at a village where I was shown a wretched hut, the stars being visible through the roof. In this my wife lay dreadfully ill, and I fell down upon some straw. About an hour later, a violent thunderstorm broke over us, and our hut was perfectly flooded, we, being far too ill and helpless to move from our positions, remained dripping wet and shivering with fever until the morning. Our servants and people had, like all natives, made themselves much more comfortable than their employers; nor did they attempt to interfere with our misery in any way until summoned to appear at sunrise.

The foregoing is Baker's narrative. Within a few days the boats in which they had hoped to return down the Nile would leave Gondokoro. It was, therefore, of the greatest importance that they should set out at once, and take a direct route through the Shooa country.

The natives, not to be tempted even by bribes, positively refused to carry them. Their own men were also ill, and there was a great scarcity of provisions. War, indeed, was going on in the country to the east, Patooan being in the hands of Kamrasi's enemies. It was on this account that no Unyoro porters could be found.

On the Verge of Starvation.

They might have starved had not an underground granary of seed been discovered, by the means of Bacheeta, in one of the villages burned down by the enemy. This, with several varieties of wild plants, enabled them to support existence. The last of their oxen, after lingering for some time, lay down to die, affording the men a supply of beef, and Saati and Bacheeta occasionally obtained a fowl from one of the neighboring islands, which they visited in a canoe.

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At length both Mr. and Mrs. Baker fully believed that their last hour was come, and he wrote various instructions in his journal, directing his head-man to deliver his maps and observations to the British Consul at Khartoum.

The object, it appeared, of Kamrasi in thus leaving them, was to obtain their assistance against his enemies, and at length their guide, Rehonga, made his appearance, having been ordered to carry them to Kamrasi's camp. The journey was performed, in spite of their weak state; and on their arrival they found ten of the Turks left as hostages with Kamrasi by Ibrahim, who had returned to Gondokoro. The Turks received them with respect and manifestations of delight and wonder at their having performed so difficult a journey. A hut was built for their reception, and an ox, killed by the Turks, was prepared as a feast for their people.

The next day the king announced his readiness to receive the traveller, who, attiring himself in a Highland costume, was carried on the shoulders of a number of men into the presence of the monarch. The king informed him that he had made arrangements for his remaining at Kisoona.

Stirring Events.

As now all hope of reaching Gondokoro in time for the boats had gone, Mr. Baker, yielding to necessity, prepared to make himself at home. He had a comfortable hut built, surrounded by a court-yard with an open shed in which he and his wife could spend the hot hours of the day. Kamrasi sent him a cow which gave an abundance of milk, also amply supplying him with food.

Here the travellers were compelled to spend many months. Their stay was cut short, in consequence of the invasion of the country by Fowooka's people, accompanied by a large band of Turks under the trader Debono. Kamrasi proposed at once taking to flight; but Baker promised to hoist the flag of England, and to place the country under British protection. He then sent a message to Mahomet, Debono's guide, warning him that should a shot be fired by any of his people, he would be hung, and ordering them at once to quit the country; informing them, besides, that he had already promised all the ivory to Ibrahim, so that; contrary to the rules of the traders, they were trespassing in the territory.

This letter had its due effect. Mahomet deserted his allies, who were immediately attacked by Kamrasi's troops, and cut to pieces, while the women and children were brought away as captives. Among them,

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Becheeta, who had once been a slave in the country, recognized her former mistress, who had been captured with the wives and daughters of their chief, Rionga.

After this Ibrahim returned, bringing a variety of presents for Kamrasi, which, in addition to the defeat of his enemies, put him in excellent humor. Mr. Baker was able to save the life of an old chief, Kalloe, who had been captured; but some days afterwards the treacherous Kamrasi shot him with his own hand.

Adventurous March.

At length the Turkish traders, having collected a large supply of ivory, were ready to return to Shooa; and Mr. Baker, thankful to leave the territory of the brutal Kamrasi, took his leave, and commenced the journey with his allies, who, including porters, women, and children, amounted to a thousand people.

At the break of day, says Baker, we started. It would be tedious to describe the journey, as, although by a diffrent route, it was through the same country that we had traversed before. After the first day's march we quitted the forest and entered upon the great prairies. I was astonished to find after several days' journey a great difference in the dryness of the climate. In Unyoro we had left the grass an intense green, the rain having been frequent: here it was nearly dry, and in many places it had been burnt by the native hunting parties. From some elevated points in the route I could distinctly make out the outline of the mountains running from the Albert Lake to the north, on the west bank of the Nile; these would hardly have been observed by a person who was ignorant of their existence, as the grass was so high that I had to ascend a white ant-hill to look for them; they were about sixty miles distant, and my men, who knew them well, pointed them out to their companions.

The entire party, including women and children, had to be provided for daily. Although they had abundance of flour, there was no meat, and the grass being high there was no chance of game. On the fourth day only I saw a herd of about twenty tetel (hartebeest) in an open space that had been recently burnt. We were both riding upon oxen that I had purchased of Ibrahim, and we were about a mile ahead of the flag in the hope of getting a shot; dismounting from my animal I stalked the game down a ravine, but upon reaching the point that I had resolved upon for the shot, I found the herd had moved their position to about 250 paces from me.

They were all looking at me, as they had been disturbed by the oxen

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and the boy Saat in the distance. Dinner depended on the shot. There was a leafless bush singed by the recent fire; upon a branch of this I took a rest, but just as I was going to fire they moved off—a clean miss!—whizz went the bullet over them, but so close to the ears of one that it shook its head as though stung by a wasp, and capered round and round; the others stood perfectly still, gazing at the oxen in the distance.

Hungry as Wolves.

Crack went the left-hand barrel of the little rifle, and down went a tetel like a lump of lead, before the satisfactory sound of the bullet returned from the distance. Off went the herd, leaving a fine beast kicking on the ground. It was shot through the spine, and some of the native porters having witnessed the sport from a great distance, threw down their loads and came racing towards the meat like a pack of wolves scenting blood. In a few minutes the prize was divided, while a good portion was carried by Saat for our own use: the tetel, weighing about 500 lbs. vanished among the crowd in a few minutes.

On the fifth day's march from the Victoria Nile we arrived at Shooa; the change was delightful after the wet and dense vegetation of Unyoro; the country was dry, and the grass low and of fine quality. We took possession of our camp, that had already been prepared for us in a large court-yard well cemented with manure and clay, and fenced with a strong row of palisades. A large tree grew in the centre. Several huts were erected for interpreters and servants, and a tolerably commodious hut, the roof overgrown with pumpkins, was arranged for our mansion.

That evening the native women crowded to our camp to welcome my wife home, and to dance in honor of our return; for which exhibition they expected a present of a cow.

Much to my satisfaction I found that my first rate riding ox that had been lamed during the previous year by falling into a pitfall, and had been returned to Shooa, was perfectly recovered; thus I had a good mount for my journey to Gondokoro.

Some months were passed at Shooa, during which I occupied my time by rambling about the neighborhood, ascending the mountain, making duplicates of my maps, and gathering information, all of which was simply a corroboration of what I had heard before, excepting from the East.

Death in the Air.

As they were marching thence through the country inhabited by the Bari tribe, they were attacked in a gorge by the natives. We continue the interesting narrative in Baker's own words:

The level of the country being about 200 feet above the Nile, deep

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GRAND DANCE OF WELCOME TO MR. AND MRS. BAKER ON THEIR RETURN.

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gullies cut the route at right angles, forming the natural drains to the river. In these ravines grew dense thickets of bamboos. Having no native guide, but trusting solely to the traders' people, who had travelled frequently by this route, we lost the path, and shortly became entangled amongst the numerous ravines.

At length we passed a village, around which were assembled a number of natives. Having regained the route, we observed the natives appearing in various directions, and as quickly disappearing only to gather in our front in increased numbers. Their movements exciting suspicion, in a country where every man was an enemy, our party closed together;—we threw out an advance guard—ten men on either flank—the porters, ammunition, and effects in the centre; while about ten men brought up the rear. Before us lay two low rocky hills covered with trees, high grass and brushwood, in which I distinctly observed the bright red forms of natives painted according to the custom of the Bari tribe.

We were evidently in for a fight. The path lay in a gorge between the low rocky hills in advance. My wife dismounted from her ox, and walked at the head of our party with me, Saat following behind with the gun that he usually carried, while the men drove several riding-oxen in the centre.

Arrows Whizzing Overhead.

Hardly had we entered the pass, when—whizz went an arrow over our heads. This was the signal for a repeated discharge. The natives ran among the rocks with the agility of monkeys, and showed a considerable amount of daring in standing within about eighty yards upon the ridge, and taking steady shots at us with their poisoned arrows. The flanking parties now opened fire, and what with the bad shooting of both the escort and the native archers, no one was wounded on either side for the first ten minutes. The rattle of musketry and the wild appearance of the naked vermilion-colored savages, as they leapt along the craggy ridge, twanging their bows at us with evil but ineffectual intent, was a charming picture of African life and manners.

Fortunately, the branches of numerous trees and intervening clumps of bamboo frustrated the good intentions of the arrows, as they glanced from their aim; and although some fell among our party, we were as yet unscathed. One of the enemy, who was probably a chief, distinguished himself in particular, by advancing to within about fifty yards, and standing on a rock, he deliberately shot five or six arrows, all of which missed their mark; the men dodged them as they arrived in their uncertain

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flight; the speed of the arrows was so inferior, owing to the stiffness of the bows, that nothing was easier than to evade them. Any halt was unnecessary. We continued our march through the gorge, the men keeping up an unremitting fire until we entered upon a tract of high grass and forest; this being perfectly dry, it would have been easy to set it on fire, as the enemy were to leeward; but although the rustling in the grass betokened the presence of a great number of men, they were invisible.

A Savage Fatally Wounded.

In a few minutes we emerged in a clearing, where corn had been planted; this was a favorable position for a decisive attack upon the natives, who now closed up. Throwing out skirmishers, with orders that they were to cover themselves behind the trunks of trees, the Baris were driven back. One was now shot through the body and fell; but recovering, he ran with his comrades, and fell dead after a few yards.

What casualties had happened during the passage of the gorge, I cannot say, but the enemy were now utterly discomfited. I had not fired a shot, as the whole affair was perfect child's-play, and anyone who could shoot would have settled the fortune of the day by half a dozen shots; but both the traders' people and my men were "shooters, but not hitters." We now bivouacked on the field for the night.

During the march on the following day, the natives watched us at a distance, following in great numbers parallel with our route, but fearing to attack. The country was perfectly open, being a succession of fine downs of low grass, with few trees, where any attack against our guns would have been madness.

In the evening we arrived at two small deserted villages; these, like most in the Bari country, were circular, and surrounded by a live and impenetrable fence of euphorbia, having only one entrance. The traders' people camped in one, while I took up my quarters in the other. The sun had sunk, and the night being pitch dark, we had a glorious fire around which we placed our couches opposite the narrow entrance of the camp, about ten yards distant.

Surrounded by Hostile Natives.

I stationed Richarn as sentry outside the gateway, as he was the most reliable of my men, and I thought it extremely probable that we might be attacked during the night; three other sentries I placed on guard at various stations. Dinner being concluded, Mrs. Baker lay down on her couch for the night. I drew the balls from a doubled-barrelled smooth bore rifle, and loaded with cartridge containing each twenty large mould

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LIVELY SKIRMISH WITH THE NATIVES.

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shot (about a hundred to the pound); putting this under my pillow I went to sleep. Hardly had I begun to rest, when my men woke me, saying that the camp was surrounded by natives. Upon inquiry I found this to be correct: it was so dark that they could not be seen without stooping to the ground, and looking along the surface. I ordered the sentries not to fire unless hostilities should commence on the side of the natives, and in no case to draw trigger without a challenge.

Returning to the couch I laid down, and not wishing to sleep, I smoked my long Unyoro pipe. In about ten minutes—bang! went a shot, quickly followed by another from the sentry at the entrance of the camp Quietly rising from my bed, I found Richarn reloading at his post. "What is it, Richarn?". I asked. "They are shooting arrows into the camp, aiming at the fire, in hopes of hitting you who are sleeping there," said Richarn. "I watched one fellow," he continued, "as I heard the twang of his bow four times. At each shot I heard an arrow strike the ground between me and you, therefore I fired at him, and I think he is down. Do you see that black object lying on the ground?" I saw something a little blacker than the surrounding darkness, but it could not be distinguished. Leaving Richarn with orders not to move from his post, but to keep a good look-out until relieved by the next watch, I again went to sleep.

Poisoned Arrows.

Before break of day, just as the grey dawn slightly improved the darkness, I visited the sentry; he was at his post, and reported that he thought the archer of the preceding night was dead, as he had heard a sound proceeding from the dark object on the ground after I had left. In a few minutes it was sufficiently light to distinguish the body of a man lying about thirty paces from the camp entrance. Upon examination, he proved to be a Bari;—his bow was in his hand, and two or three arrows were lying by his side;—thirteen mould shot had struck him dead;—one had cut through the bow. We now searched the camp for arrows, and as it became light, we picked up four in various places, some within a few feet of our beds, and all horribly barbed and poisoned, that the deceased had shot into the camp gateway.

This was the last attack during our journey. We marched well, generally accomplishing fifteen miles of latitude daily from this point, as the road was good and well known to our guides. The country was generally poor, but beautifully diversified with large trees, the tamarind predominating. Passing through the small but thickly-populated and friendly little province of Moir, in a few days we sighted the well-known moun-

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tain Belignian, that we had formerly passed on its eastern side when we had started on our uncertain path from Gondokoro upwards of two years ago. We had a splendid view of the Ellyria Mountain, and of the distant cone, Honey Mountain, between Ellyria and Obbo.

All these curiously-shaped crags and peaks were well knows to us, and we welcomed them as old friends after a long absence; they had been our companions in times of doubt and anxiety, when success in our undertaking appeared hopeless. At noon on the following day, as we were as usual marching parallel with the Nile, the river, having made a slight bend to the west, swept round, and approached within half a mile of our path; the small conical mountain, Regiaf, within twelve miles of Gondokoro, was on our left, rising from the west bank of the river. We felt almost at home again, and marching until sunset, we bivouacked within three miles of Gondokoro.

Back at Gondokoro.

That night we were full of speculations. Would a boat be waiting for us with supplies and letters? The morning anxiously looked forward to arrived. We started; the English flag had been mounted on a fine straight bamboo with a new lance-head specially arranged for the arrival at Gondokoro. My men felt proud, as they would march in as conquerors; according to White Nile ideas such a journey could not have been accomplished with so small a party. Long before Ibrahim's men were ready to start, our oxen were saddled and we were off, longing to hasten into Gondokoro and to find a comfortable vessel with a few luxuries, and the post from England. Never had the oxen traveled so fast as on that morning; the flag led the way, and the men in excellent spirits followed at double-quick pace.

"I see the masts of the vessels!" exclaimed the boy, Saat. "El hambd el Illah!" (thank God!) shouted the men. "Hurrah!" said I—"Three cheers for old England and the Sources of the Nile! hurrah!" and my men joined me in the wild, and to their ears, savage English yell. "Now for a salute! Fire away all your powder if you like, my lads, and let the people know that we're alive!"

This was all that was required to complete the happiness of my people, and loading and firing as fast as possible, we approached near to Gondokoro. Presently we saw the Turkish flag emerge from Gondokoro, at about a quarter of a mile distant, followed by a number of the traders' people, who waited to receive us. On our arrival, they immediately approached and fired salutes with ball cartridge, as usual advancing close to us and discharging their guns into the ground at our feet. One of my

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servants, Mahomet, was riding an ox, and an old friend of his in the crowd happening to recognize him, immediately advanced and saluted him by firing his gun into the earth directly beneath the belly of the ox he was riding; the effect produced made the crowd and ourselves explode with laughter. The nervous ox, terrified at the sudden discharge between his legs, gave a tremendous kick, and continued madly kicking and plunging, until Mahomet was pitched over his head, and lay sprawling on the ground; this scene terminated the expedition.

Frightful Ravages of a Plague.

The foregoing account, given in Baker's most graphic language, shows what hardships his expidition encountered, all of which were shared by his heroic wife, who is the most celebrated woman traveller known to Tropical exploration.

On reaching Gondoko, only three boats had arrived, while the trading parties were in consternation at hearing that the Egyptian authorities were about to suppress the slave trade and with four steamers had arrived at Khartoum, two of which had ascended the White Nile and had captured many slavers. Thus the three thousand slaves who were then assembled at Gondokoro would be utterly worthless.

The plague also was raging at Khartoum, and many among the crews of the boats had died on the passage. Mr. Baker, however, engaged one of them belonging to Koorshid Pacha.

Bidding farewell to his former opponent, Ibrahim, who had since, however, behaved faithfully, Mr. Baker and his devoted wife commenced their voyage down the Nile. Unhappily the plague, as might have been expected, broke out on board, and several of their people died among them. They chiefly regretted the loss of the faithful little boy, Saat.

At Khartoum, which they reached on the 5th of May, 1865, they were welcomed by the whole European population, and hospitably entertained.

Here they remained two months. During the time the heat was intense, and the place was visited by a dust-storm, which in a few minutes produced an actual pitchy darkness. At first there was no wind, and when it came it did not arrive with the violence that might have been expected. So intense was the darkness, that Mr. Baker and his companions tried in vain to distinguish their hands placed close before their eyes; not even an outline could be seen. This lasted for upwards of twenty minutes, and then rapidly passed away. They had, however, felt such darkness as the Egyptians experienced in the time of Moses.

The plague had been introduced by the slaves landed from two vessels

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which had been captured, and in which the pestilence had broken out. They contained upwards of eight hundred and fifty human beings. Nothing could be more dreadful than the condition in which the unhappy beings were put on shore. The women had afterwards been distributed among the soldiers, and, in consequence, the pestilence had been disseminated throughout the place.

Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of bringing Mahomet Her, who had instigated his men to mutiny at Latooka, to justice. He was seized and carried before the governor, when he received one hundred and fifty lashes. How often had the wretch flogged women to excess! What murders had he not committed! And now how he had howled for mercy! Mr. Baker, however, begged that the punishment might be stopped, and that it might be explained to him that he was thus punished for attempting to thwart the expedition of an English traveller by instigating his escort to mutiny.

The Nile having now risen, the voyage was recommenced; but their vessel was very nearly wrecked on descending the cataracts.

On reaching Berber, they crossed the desert east to Sonakim on the Red Sea. Hence, finding a steamer, they proceeded by way of Suez to Cairo, where they left the faithful Richarn and his wife in a comfortable situation as servants at Shepherd's Hotel, and Mr. Baker had the satisfaction of hearing that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him the Victoria Gold Medal, a proof that his exertions had been duly appreciated. He, also, on his arrival in England, received the honor of knighthood.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, after a short stay at home, returned to Egypt; Sir Samuel there having received the rank of pacha from the Khedive.

It is gratifying to know that the heroic sacrifices and brilliant services in Tropical exploration rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Baker were appreciated in their own home, and were recognized by the government of Great Britain. From an ordinary personage Mr. Baker rose to the rank of Baronet, had the title conferred upon him by which he is now known to the world, and this was given solely as a reward for meritorious services. Few explorers in Africa have done more for the benefit of that benighted region than he, and if his own ideas and plans had been carried out, and the great changes had taken place which he contemplated, Africa to-day would be centuries nearer enlightenment than she is.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A RENOWNED EXPEDITION.

The Khedive of Egypt—Baker Made a Pasha—Second Expedition Towards the Sources of the Nile—A Scene of Desolation—Conveying Steel Steamers for the Albert Lake—The Expedition's Outfit—Musical Boxes and Magic Lanterns—The Military Forces—Baker's Very "Irregular Cavalry"—Grotesque Manœuvres—The Camel Transport—Gun Carriages and Heavy Machinery—Steaming up the Nile—One of the Bravest Achievements of Modern Times—A Grand River—Immense Flats and Boundless Marshes—Current Checked by Floating Islands—Toilsome Passage—The Expedition Retreats—Pursuing Game—A Beautiful Animal—Baker in Camp—The Shillook Tribe—Superior Savages—Crafty Trespassers—Old Chief with Immense Family—A Pompous Ruler—Wholesale Matrimony—Brown Men Get Jilted—A Little Black Pet—Natives Up in Arms—A Dangerous Encounter—Attack From the Baris—Dastardly Traitor—The Household—Black Boys Who Would Not Steal Sugar—Little "Cuckoo"—A Remarkable Rock—An Old Superstition—On the March—Adventure with a Rhinoceros—Horse Attacked—Timely Shot—The Wild Beast Laid Low—Arrival at Unyoro—Sanguinary Battle—"Chinese" Gordon at Khartoum—Gordon's Untimely Death.

AFRICAN exploration was not destined to halt. We find Sir Samuel Baker upon a second expedition fully equal in interest to the one described in the preceding chapter. This expedition was urged by the Prince of Wales, and was furthered by powerful patrons in England. Baker had proved himself a bold spirit, the master of events and circumstances, an explorer of great tact, endurance and energy, and it was confidently believed that if he were sent into Central Africa not only would a path for commerce be opened, but a large part of the country could be annexed to Egypt, and active measures could be taken for the suppression of the slave traffic and other deeds of violence which rendered this vast region a complete pandemonium.

The expedition was to last four years. During this period Baker was made a Pasha, or was constituted an Egyptian governor. His territory was vast in the extreme, being nothing less than the Nile region. It will be understood that the Khedive of Egypt, by whose immediate authority Baker conducted this expedition, received his title from the Sultan of Turkey, and was given this name by virtue of having been made the ruler of Egypt. Thus Baker began his great undertaking with as much authority as it was needful or possible for anyone to have. He was sent without let or hindrance, was given command of his own forces, was

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invested even with the power of life or death. He was made an autocrat, was constituted a supreme ruler, and had he not been a very wise, judicious, and self-possessed man, he would unquestionably have become a tyrant, and a curse instead of a benefactor to the savage and warlike tribes of Central Africa.

For the most part we shall permit Mr. Baker to tell his thrilling story in his own language.

In my former journey, he says, I had traversed countries of extreme fertility in Central Africa, with a healthy climate favorable for the settlement of white men, at a mean altitude of four thousand feet above the sea-level. This large and almost boundless extent of country was well peopled by a race who only required the protection of a strong but paternal government to become of considerable importance, and to eventually develop the great resources of the soil.

I found lands varying in natural capabilities according to their position and altitudes—where sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, spices, and all tropical produce might be successfully cultivated; but those lands were without any civilized form of government, and "every man did what seemed right in his own eyes."

A Scene of Desolation.

Rich and well-populated countries were rendered desolate; the women and children were carried into captivity; villages were burned, and crops were destroyed or pillaged; the population was driven out; a terrestrial paradise was converted into an infernal region; the natives, who were originally friendly, were rendered hostile to all strangers, and the general condition could only be expressed in one word—"ruin."

To effect the grand reform contemplated it would be necessary to annex the Nile Basin, and to establish a government in countries that had been hitherto without protection, and a prey to adventurers from the Soudan. To convey steel steamers from England, and to launch them upon the Albert Lake, and thus open the resources of Central Africa; to establish legitimate trade in a vast country which had hitherto been a field of rapine and of murder; to protect the weak and to punish the evil-doer, and to open the road to a great future, where the past had been all darkness and the present reckless spoliation—this was the grand object which Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt, determined to accomplish.

Before I left England I personally selected every article that was necessary for the expedition; thus an expenditure of about forty-five thousand dollars was sufficient for the purchase of the almost innumerable items that formed the outfit for the enterprise. This included an admir-

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able selection of Manchester goods, such as cotton sheeting, gray calico, cotton, and also woolen blankets, white, scarlet, and blue; Indian scarfs, red and yellow; handkerchiefs of gaudy colors, chintz printed; scarlet flannel shirts, serge of colors (blue, red), linen trousers, etc., etc.

Tools of all sorts—axes, small hatchets, harness bells, brass rods, copper rods, combs, zinc mirrors, knives, crockery, tin plates, fish-hooks, musical-boxes, colored prints, finger-rings, razors, tinned spoons, cheap watches, etc., etc.

Musical Boxes and Magic Lanterns.

I thus had sufficient clothing for a considerable body of troops if necessary, while the magazines could produce anything from a needle to a crow-bar, or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail. It will be seen hereafter that these careful arrangements assured the success of the expedition, as the troops, when left without pay, could procure all they required from the apparently inexhaustible stores of the magazines.

In addition to the merchandise and general supplies, I had several large musical boxes with bells and drums, an excellent magic lantern, wheels of life, and an assortment of toys. The greatest wonder to the natives were two large girandoles; also the silvered balls, about six inches in diameter, that, suspended from the branch of a tree, reflected the scene beneath.

In every expedition the principal difficulty is the transport. "Travel light, if possible," is the best advice for all countries; but in this instance it was simply impossible, as the object of the expedition was not only to convey steamers to Central Africa, but to establish legitimate trade in the place of the nefarious system of pillage hitherto adopted by the so-called White Nile traders.

The military arrangements comprised a force of one thousand six hundred and forty-five troops, including a corps of two hundred irregular cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments, supposed to be well selected. The black, or Soudani, regiment included many officers and men who had served for some years in Mexico with the French army under Marshal Bazaine. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be for the most part convicted felons who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan.

I reviewed the irregular cavalry, about two hundred and fifty horse. These were certainly *very* irregular. Each man was horsed and armed according to his individual notion of a trooper's requirements. There were lank, half-starved horses; round, short horses; very small ponies; horses that were all legs; others that were all heads; horses that had

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been groomed; horses that had never gone through that operation. The saddles and bridles were only fit for an old curiosity-shop. There were some with faded strips of gold and silver lace adhering here and there; others that resembled the horse in skeleton appearance, which had been strengthened by strips of raw crocodile skin. The unseemly huge shovel-stirrups were rusty; the bits were filthy. Some of the men had swords and pistols; others had short blunderbusses with brass barrels; many had guns of various patterns, from the long, old-fashioned Arab to the commonest double-barreled French gun that was imported. The customs varied in a like manner to the arms and animals.

Grotesque Manœuvers.

Having formed in line, they now executed a brilliant charge at a supposed enemy, and performed many feats of valor; and having quickly got into inconceivable confusion, they at length rallied and returned to their original position.

I complimented their officer; and having asked Djiaffer Pasha, one of the Khedive's generals, if these brave troops represented my cavalry force, and being assured of the fact, I dismissed them, and requested Djiaffer Pasha to inform them that "I regretted the want of transport would not permit me the advantage of their services. 'Inshallah!' (Please God!) at some future time," etc., etc.

I thus got rid of my cavalry, which I never wished to see again. I had twenty-one good horses that I had brought from Cairo, and these, together with the horses belonging to the various officers, were as much as we could convey.

I had taken extra precautions, in the packing of ammunition and all perishable goods. The teak boxes for ammunition, also the boxes of rockets, were lined hermetically sealed with soldered tin. The light goods and smaller articles were packed in strong, useful, painted tin boxes, with locks and hinges. Each box was numbered, and when the lid was opened, a tin plate was soldered over the open face, so that the lid, when closed, locked above a hermetically sealed case. Each tin box was packed in a deal case, with a number to correspond with the box within. By this arrangement the tin boxes arrived at their destination as good as new, and were quite invaluable for traveling, as they each formed a handy load, and were alike proof against the attacks of insects and bad weather.

Camels and Gun-carriages.

I had long water-proof cloaks for the night sentries in rainy climates, and sou'-wester caps; these proved of great service during active opera-

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tions in the wet season, as the rifles were kept dry under the cloaks, and the men were protected from wet and cold when on guard.

The provisions for the troops were wheat, rice, and lentils. The supplies from England, and in fact the general arrangements had been so carefully attended to, that throughout the expedition I could not feel want, neither could I either regret or wish to have changed any plan that I had originally determined.

For the transport of the heavy machinery across the desert I employed gun-carriages drawn by two camels each. The long steel sections of steamers and the section of life-boats were slung upon long poles of fir arranged between two camels in the manner of shafts. Many hundred poles served this purpose, and subsequently were used at head-quarters as rafters for magazines and various buildings.

I had thrown my whole heart into the expedition; but I quickly perceived the difficulties that I should have to contend with in the passive resistance of those whose interests would be affected. The arrangements that I had made would have insured success, if carried out according to the dates specified. The six steamers and the sailing flotilla from Cairo should have started on June 10th, in order to have ascended the cataracts of the Wady Halfah at the period of high water. Instead of this the vessels were delayed, in the absence of the Khedive in Europe, until August 29th; thus, by the time they reached the second cataract, the river had fallen, and it was impossible to drag the steamers through the passage until the next season. Thus twelve months were wasted, and I was at once deprived of the invaluable aid of six steamers.

Steaming Up the Nile.

A train of forty-one railway wagons, laden with sections of steamers, machinery, boiler sections, etc., etc., arrived at Cairo, and were embarked on board eleven hired vessels. With the greatest difficulty I procured a steamer of one hundred and forty horse-power to tow this flotilla to Korosko, from which spot the desert journey would commence. I obtained this steamer only by personal application to the Khedive.

At length I witnessed the start of the entire party of engineers and mechanics. One steamer towed the long line of eleven vessels against the powerful stream of the Nile. One of the tow-ropes snapped at the commencement of the voyage, which created some confusion, but, when righted, they quickly steamed out of view. This mass of heavy material, including two steamers, and two steel life-boats of ten tons each, was to be transported for a distance of about three thousand miles, four hundred of which would be across the scorching Nubian deserts!

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CAMELS TRANSPORTING STEAMERS ACROSS THE DESERT.

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The foregoing account of the obstacles encountered by Baker lends an almost superhuman character to his subsequent success. Nothing stopped him; he leaped over difficulties that would easily have defeated weaker men. His transport of the heavy freight of his expedition for so great a distance over desert sands and through unexplored regions was one of the bravest achievements of modern times.

The white Nile, says Baker, is a grand river between the Sobat junction and Khartoum, and after passing south to the great affluent the difference in the character is quickly perceived. We now enter upon the region of the immense flats and boundless marshes, through which the river winds in a labyrinth-like course for about seven hundred and fifty miles to Gondokoro. Having left the Sobat, we arrived at the junction of the Bahr Giraffe, thirty-eight miles distant, on February 17th. Having turned into the river, I waited for the arrival of the fleet.

Toilsome Passage.

The Bahr Giraffe was to be our new passage instead of the original White Nile. That river, which had become so curiously obstructed by masses of vegetation that had formed a solid dam, had been entirely neglected by the Egyptian authorities. In consequence of this neglect an extraordinary change had taken place. The immense number of floating islands which are constantly passing down the stream of the White Nile had no exit: thus they were sucked under the original obstruction by the force of the stream, which passed through some mysterious channel, until the subterraneous passage became choked with a wondrous accumulation of vegetable matter. The entire river became a marsh, beneath which, by the great pressure of water, the stream oozed through innumerable small channels. In fact, the White Nile had disappeared. A vessel arriving from Khartoum in her passage to Gondokoro would find, after passing through a broad river of clear water, that the bow would suddenly strike against a bank of solid compressed vegetation—this was the natural dam that had been formed to an unknown extent; the river ceased to exist.

I was rather anxious about this new route, as I had heard conflicting accounts in Khartoum concerning the possibility of navigating such large vessels as the steamers of thirty-two horse-power and a hundred feet length of deck. I was provided with guides who professed to be thoroughly acquainted with the river; these people were captains of trading-vessels, who had made the voyage frequently.

The rear vessels of the fleet having arrived, the steamers worked up against the strong current independently. Towing was difficult, owing

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to the sharp turns of the river. The Bahr Giraffe was about seventy yards in width, and at this season the banks are high and dry. Throughout the voyage on the White Nile we had had excellent wild-fowl shooting whenever we had halted to cut fuel for the steamers. One afternoon I killed a-hippopotamus, two crocodiles, and two pelicans, with the rifle. We found many young pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the benches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding-places; not only so, but from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it would seem that, for ages, these had been selected as the closing scene of their existence. Certainly none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than the islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited locality; nor can anything be more consonant to their feelings, if pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it.

"Day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements
Employed the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them.
The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,
Their cygnets following through the foaming wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they brake;
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half swimming and half flying:
And when their wings grew strong to fight the storm,
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
The parents put them to severer proofs."

As the fleet now slowly sailed against the strong current of the Bahr Giraffe, I walked along the bank with Lieutenant Baker, and shot ten of the large francolin partridges, which, in this dry season, were very numerous. The country was, as usual, flat, but, bearing due south of the Bahr Giraffe junction, about twelves miles distant, is a low granite hill, partially covered with trees; this is the first of four similar low hills that are the only rising points above the vast prairie of flat plain.

As we were walking along the bank I perceived an animal ascending from the river about two hundred yards distant, where it had evidently been drinking; we immediately endeavored to cut off its retreat, when it

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suddenly emerged from the grass and discovered a fine lion with large shaggy mane. The king of beasts, as usual, would not stand to show fight in the open field, but bounded off in the direction of the rocky hills.

The Retreat.

The explorers had to return. Quoting from his journal Baker says:

All the vessels are stuck fast for want of water! This is terrible. I went on in advance of my diahbeeah, accompanied by Mrs. Baker, for about three miles to explore. Throughout this distance the greatest depth was about four feet, and the average was under three feet. At length the diahbeeah, which drew only two feet three inches, was fast aground! This was at a point where two raised mounds, or dubbas, were on opposite sides of the river. I left the vessel, and, with one of my men, explored in the rowing-boat for about two miles in advance. After the first mile, the boat grounded in about six inches of water upon firm sand. The river, after having deepened for a short space, was suddenly divided into three separate channels, all of which were too shallow for the passage of the diahbeeah, and two were even too shallow to admit the small-boat. The boatmen jumped out, and we hauled her up the shallows until we reached the main stream, above the three channels, but having no greater mean depth than about two feet six inches.

We continued for some distance up the stream with the same unfortunate results. The banks, although flooded during the wet season, were now dry, and a forest was about a mile distant. Having left the boat and ascended a white ant-hill about eight feet high, in order to take a view of the country, I observed a herd of very beautiful antelopes, of a kind that were quite unknown to me.

There is no change so delightful as a little sport, if you are in low spirits; thus, taking the rifle, I rowed up the river for about half a mile in the small boat, and then landing, I obtained the right wind. It was exceedingly difficult to approach game in these extensive treeless flats, and it would have been quite impossible, had it not been for the innumerable hills of the white ants; these are the distinguishable features of these swampy countries, and the intelligence of the insects directs their architecture to a height far above the level of the highest floods. The earth used in their construction is the subsoil brought up from a considerable depth; as the ant-hills are yellow, while the surface-soil is black. The earth is first swallowed by the insect, and thus it becomes mixed with some albuminous matter, which converts it into a cement that resists the action of rain.

These hills were generally about eight feet high in the swampy districts,

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but I have frequently seen them above ten feet. The antelopes make use of such ant-hills as they can ascend as watch-towers, from which lofty position they can observe an enemy at a great distance. It is the custom of several varieties to place sentries while the herd is grazing; and upon this occasion, although the sentry was alone visible, I felt sure that the herd was somewhere in his neighborhood. I have noticed that the sentries are generally bulls. On this occasion I resolved, if possible, to stalk the watchman. The grass was very low, and quite green, as it had been fired by the wandering natives some time since; thus, in places, there were patches of the tall, withered herbage that had been only partially consumed by the fire while unripe: these patches were an assistance in stalking.

A Very Beautiful Animal.

It was, of course, necessary to keep several tall ant-hills in a line with that upon which the antelope was standing, and to stoop so low that I could only see the horns of the animal upon the sky-line. In some places it was necessary to crawl upon the ground. This was trying work, on account of the sharp stumps of the burned herbage, which punished the hands and knees. The fine charcoal dust from the recent fire was also a trouble, as the wind blew it into the eyes. The water-mark upon the ant-hills was about eighteen inches above the base, proving the height of the annual floods; and a vast number of the large water-helix, the size of a man's fist, lay scattered over the ground, destroyed and partially calcined by the late prairie fire.

The sun was very hot, and I found crawling so great a distance a laborious operation; my eyes were nearly blinded with perspiration and charcoal dust; but every now and then, as I carefully raised my head, I could distinguish the horns of the antelope in the original position. At length I arrived at the base of the last ant-hill, from which I must take my shot.

There were a few tufts of low scrub growing on the summit. To these I climbed; and digging my toes firmly into an inequality in the side of the hill, I planted my elbows well on the surface, my cap being concealed by the small bushes and tufts of withered grass. The antelope was standing unconsciously about one hundred and eighty yards from me, perfectly motionless, and much resembling a figure fixed upon a pedestal. I was delighted with my capture. It was a very beautiful animal, about thirteen hands high at the shoulder, the head long, the face and ears black, also the top of the head; the body bright bay, with a stripe of black about fifteen inches in width extending obliquely across the shoulder down both

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ANTELOPES GUARDED BY A SENTRY.

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the fore and the hind legs, and meeting at the rump. The tail was long, with a tuft of long black hair at the extremity. The horns were deeply annulated, and curved backward toward the shoulders.

In Camp.

On the 1st of May Baker established a camp at Tewfikayah. Here he was visited by the king of the Shillooks, a well-known tribe. A description of this tribe will be of interest in this connection, only a brief mention having been made of it in a preceding chapter.

The Shillooks are a tall and fine-made race of men, approaching very closely to the Negro, being black, with woolly hair. The flat nose and enormous lips of the true Negro are, however, absent, and only in a few cases is there an approach toward that structure.

The Shillook men are very fond of ornament. Their ornaments consist chiefly of iron bracelets, anklets, and bead necklaces, and shoulder and waist garments made of feathers. Caps of black ostrich plumes decorate their heads, and many of these caps are ornamented with a circle of cowrie-shells. Their weapons are clubs and lances, the latter having iron wire twisted round the butt, so as to counter-balance the head. They also carry a remarkable bow-like shield.

The women wear no clothes until marriage, and then assume a couple of pieces of dressed hide, one in front and the other behind. These hides reach nearly to the ankles, and are decorated round the lower edge with iron rings and bells. The heads are shaved, and the ears are bored all round their edges with a number of holes, from which hang small clusters of beads.

The villages of the Shillooks are built very regularly, and in fact are so regular as to be stiff and formal in appearance. The houses are made of reeds, tall, of nearly the same height, and placed close to each other in regular rows or streets, and when seen from a distance are compared by Baker to rows of button mushrooms.

The Shillooks are very clever in the management of their rafts, which they propel with small pebbles; and even the little boys may be seen paddling about, not in the least afraid of the swarming crocodiles, but always carrying a lance with which to drive off the horrid reptiles if they attempt an attack.

Crafty Trespassers.

On one occasion the daring Shillooks established a small colony on the eastern or Dinka bank of the river, on account of the good pasturage. As soon as the Dinka had withdrawn toward the interior, the Shillooks crossed over, built a number of reed huts, ran an extemporized fence

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round them, and then brought over their cattle. They had plenty of outposts inland, and as soon as the enemy were reported the Shillooks embarked in their rafts, and paddled over to their own side of the river, the cattle plunging into the water in obedience to a well-known call, and following the canoes and rafts of their masters. Strange to say, the crocodiles do not meddle with cattle under such circumstances.

Aided by their rafts, the Shillooks employ much of their time in fishing. They do not use either net or hook, but employ the more sportsmanlike spear. This weapon is about ten feet in length, and has a barbed iron head loosely stuck into the end of the shaft, both being connected with a slack cord. As soon as the fish is struck, the shaft is disengaged from the head, and being of light wood floats to the surface, and so "plays" the fish until it is exhausted, and can be drawn ashore by a hooked stick. The Shillooks often catch fish at random, wading through the river against the stream, and striking their spears right and left into the water.

Polygamy is of course practiced among the people. Mr. Petherick gives a very amusing description of an interview with a chief and his family.

"At one of these villages, Gosa, with a view to establishing a trade in hide, or if possible in ivory, I made the acquaintance of its chief, Dood, who, with several of the village elders, entered my boat, the bank being crowded with every man, woman, and child of the village. The chief, a man past middle age, struck me by his intelligent remarks, and a bearing as straightforward as it was dignified and superior to that of his companions. A few presents of beads were greedily clutched by his attendants, he, however, receiving them as if they were his due; and, passing an order to one of his men, the trifle I had given him was returned by a counter-present of a sheep. On his leaving I requested he would call before sunrise, attended by his sons only, when I would make him and them suitable presents.

"You Don't Know My Family Yet."

"Long before the appointed time Dood and a crowd of men and striplings, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, on the shore, woke me from my slumbers; and, as I appeared on deck, a rush took place toward me, with cries of 'The Benj! the Benj!' (the chief), followed by salutations innumerable. As soon as these shouts subsided, Dood, disembarrassing his mouth with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco the size of a small orange, sat down by my side.

"My first remark was astonishment at the number of his followers

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SHILLOOK WARRIORS WITH DRESS AND WEAPONS

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having expected none but his sons. 'Oh, 'tis all right: you don't know my family yet; but, owing to your kind promises, I sent to the cattle-kraals for the boys;' and with the pride of a father he said, 'These are my fighting sons, who many a time have stuck to me against the Dinka, whose cattle have enabled them to wed.'

"Notwithstanding a slight knowledge of Negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find his valiant progeny amount to forty grown-up men and hearty lads. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity.'

"'What! more little boys and girls! What may be their number, and how many wives have you?'

"'Well, I have divorced a good many wives; they get old, you know; and now I have only ten and five.' But when he began to count his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reed, breaking it up into small pieces.

"Like all Negroes, not being able to count beyond ten, he called over as many names, which he marked by placing a piece of reed on the deck before him; a similar mark denoted another ten, and so on until he had named and marked the number of his children. The sum total, with the exception, as he had explained, of babies and children unable to protect themselves, was fifty-three boys and twenty girls—seventy-three!

"After the above explanation I could no longer withhold presents to the host on the shore; and, pleased with my donations, he invited me to his house, where I partook of merissa and broiled fowl, in which, as a substitute for fat, the entrails had been left. Expressing a desire to see his wives, he willingly conducted me from hut to hut, where my skin, hair, and clothes underwent a most scrutinizing examination. Each wife was located in a separate batch of huts; and, after having distributed my pocketfuls of loose beads to the lady chieftains and their young families, in whose good graces I had installed myself, I took leave of the still sturdy village chief."

The code of government among the Shillooks is simple enough. There is a sultan or superior officer, who is called the "Meck," and who possesses and exercises powers that are almost irresponsible. The Meck seems to appreciate the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt," and keeps himself aloof from his own subjects, seldom venturing beyond the limits of his own homestead. He will not even address his subjects directly, but forces them to communicate with him through the medium of an official. Any one who approaches him must do so on his knees,

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and no one may either stand erect or carry arms in his presence. He executes justice firmly and severely, and especially punishes murder and theft among his subjects, the culprit being sentenced to death, and his family sold as slaves.

Theft and murder, however, when committed against other tribes, are considered meritorious, and, when a marauding party returns, the Meck takes one-third of the plunder. He also has a right to the tusks of all elephants killed by them, and he also expects a present from every trader who passes through his territory. The Meck will not allow strangers to settle within the Shillook territories, but permits them to reside at Kaka, a large town on their extreme north. Here many trading Arabs live while they are making their fortune in exchanging beads, cattle bells, and other articles for cattle, slaves, and ivory. The trade in the latter article is entirely carried on by the Meck, who has the monopoly of it, and makes the most of his privilege.

Wholesale Matrimony.

While at Tewfikeeyah Baker liberated a boat-load of slaves that had been captured by the Shillooks. Continuing his narrative he says: I ordered the slaves to wash, and issued clothes from the magazine for the naked women. On the following day I inspected the captives, and I explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a reasonable distance they should be returned. If not, they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed.

If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands. I gave each person a paper of freedom signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed, and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex, and country were registered in a book corresponding with the numbers on their papers.

These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officer whether any of the negresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands! This was wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey, and a whole company of clergy!

Brown Men All Jilted.

Fortunately, matters are briefly arranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately,

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however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once asserted "woman's rights."

I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements; and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers, to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes; some I gave to the English workmen, to be instructed in carpenter's and blacksmith's work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoe-makers, etc., in the regiment, while the best-looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl, of about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife.

When slaves are liberated in large numbers there is always a difficulty in providing for them. We feel this dilemma when our cruisers capture Arab dhows on the east coast of Africa, and our Government becomes responsible for an influx of foundlings. It is generally quite impossible to return them to their own homes; therefore all that can be done is to instruct them in some useful work by which they can earn their livelihood. If the boys have their choice, they invariably desire a military life; and I believe it is the best school for any young savage, as he is at once placed under strict discipline, which teaches him habits of order and obedience. The girls, like those of other countries, prefer marriage to regular domestic work; nevertheless, if kindly treated, with a due amount of authority, they make fair servants for any rough employment.

A Little Black Pet.

When female children are about five years old they are most esteemed by the slave-dealers, as they can be more easily taught; and they grow up with an attachment to their possessors, and in fact become members of the family.

Little Mostoora, the child taken by my wife, was an exceedingly clever specimen of her race; and although she was certainly not more than three years old, she was quicker than most children of double her age. With an ugly little face, she had a beautifully shaped figure, and possessed a power of muscle that I have never seen in a white child of that age. Her lot had fallen in pleasant quarters: she was soon dressed in convenient clothes, and became the pet of the family.

It was not till December that the fleet quitted Tewfikeeyah, which was then dismantled. The Shillook country was left at peace. The treacherous governor was disgraced, and the king's sons rewarded. The ships then began cutting their way south. One vessel was found sunk, and after

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many "heart-breaking" disappointments, progress was resumed. A dam had to be made to float the fleet, and during all the time the boats and working parties were attacked by hippopotami, while disease broke out among the soldiers. But on the 15th of April, 1871, the fleet arrived at Gondokoro, after traversing an "abandoned country," a distance fourteen hundred miles from Khartoum.

Natives Up in Arms.

The natives were not pleased at the arrival of Baker, who proceeded to annex the country in the name of the Khedive, and issued a proclamation to the effect that everything belonged to the Khedive, and no trading must proceed on any other basis. As may be anticipated, such measures as these gave considerable offence, and the Bari tribe revolted against his authority. They didn't want any government, and on June 1st an order was issued to the effect that, the Baris having refused obedience to the proclamation, force was necessary, and would be used against them. The capture of women and children was forbidden during hostilities, under penalty of death.

Preparations were made for defence, for the Baris were threatening. Soon they came and drove off the cattle, the guards having presumably gone away. The thieves were followed, and some of the cattle recaptured. Hostilities were now continuous, and the arrival of a treacherous trader, Abou Saood, did not tend to improve matters, and Baker remonstrated with him for continuing his friendly relations with the enemies of the Government, commanded his withdrawal from the district, and made him forfeit his stolen cattle.

This too lenient conduct was regretted by Baker afterwards, and, during the time he remained, the incessant attacks of the Baris and the half-hearted service of some of the troops made things very unpleasant, and dangerous after a while. The crocodiles, too, were extremely ferocious, and many serious losses were occasioned by their attacks. One animal was captured which contained five pounds weight of pebbles in its stomach, a necklace, and two armlets, such as worn by the Negro girls

A Dangerous Encounter.

In giving an account of the capture of one of these monsters in the early part of the expedition, Baker says: Yesterday, as the men were digging out the steamers, which had become jammed by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They immediately scrambled away in time to avoid the large head of a crocodile that broke its way through the mass in which it had been jammed and held prisoner by the rafts. The black soldiers, armed with swords and bill-

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"THE BLACK SOLDIERS IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED THE CROCODILE."

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hooks, immediately attacked the crocodile, who, although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Humane Society. He was quickly dispatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking-pots of the party.

I was amused with the account of this adventure given by various officers who were eye-witnesses. One stated, in reply to my question as to the length of the animal, "Well, sir, I should not like to exaggerate, but I should say it was forty-five feet long from snout to tail!" Another witness declared it to be at least twenty feet; but if one were seized by such a creature he would be disposed to think that, whatever might be its length, it is made up mainly of jaws.

The Baris were still very enterprising, and came night after night to attack the expedition. Their wily method of advance, and the silence which they observe, make their attack all the more dangerous. The passive resistance of Baker had been regarded as cowardice, and one evening a grand attack took place. The tribes were driven off, but the troops in camp had permitted themselves to be surprised. Baker was not at headquarters, and the artillery was "not even thought of!"

Baker having fortified Gondokoro, which he now named Ismailia, quitted it to carry the war into the enemy's country with 450 men. The little force met the Baris after a march of thirteen miles, and an attack was made on the stockades, which were carried at the point of the bayonet. The Baris bolted, and Baker bivouacked. After some skirmishing, a treaty was proposed, and an alliance suggested. But treachery was at work, and Baker discovering it, attacked the Baris in their stockades. He then planted ambuscades, and succeeded in beating the Baris at their own game.

Dastardly Traitor.

The discipline of the troops under him gave Baker considerable uneasiness; they wanted captives, which their commander had forbidden them; and after some time his chief captain, Raouf Bey, mutinied. An expedition was ordered to counteract this, and it succeeded, but the available force had been much reduced by Raouf sending so many invalids and others to Khartoum without orders. The treacherous trader had also done all he could to paralyze the expedition, and things did not look hopeful. Baker, however, determined not to be beaten, and he made an expedition to the last cataracts of the White Nile. The result was a peace with the Baris; the swift steed and the Snider rifles had subdued the tribes; Abou Saood and his people had departed.

An expedition to the South was now determined on, and, full of confi-

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dence, Baker set out to open the communication with the Albert Nyanza.

Says Baker: I knew the risks and the responsibility of this undertaking; but I could not remain passive. I had often got through difficulties, and if risks are to be measured in Africa by ordinary calculations, there would be little hope of progress.

Should my small force meet with defeat or destruction, both the military and civil world would exclaim, "Served him right! the expedition to the interior made under such circumstances showed a great want of judgment—a total ignorance of the first rules in military tactics. What could he expect, without an established communication, at a distance of three or four hundred miles from his base? Simple madness!—not fit to command!"

I determined to carry as large a supply of ammunition as could be transported, together with sufficient merchandise, carefully assorted, to establish a legitimate ivory trade in my old friend Kamrasi's country, Unyoro.

I selected my officers and men, carefully avoiding Egyptians, with the exception of several true and well-tried men. Several of the officers had served in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine.

The Household.

Our servants had much improved. The Negro boys who had been liberated had grown into most respectable lads, and had learned to wait at table, and to do all the domestic work required. First of the boys in intelligence was the Abyssinian, Amarn. This delicate little fellow was perfectly civilized, and always looked forward to accompanying his mistress to England. The next was Saat, who had received that name in memory of my good boy who died during my former voyage. Saat was a very fine, powerful lad, who was exceedingly attached to me, but he was not quick at learning. Bellaal was a thick-set, sturdy boy of fourteen, with rather a savage disposition, but quick at learning.

My favorite was Kinyon (the crocodile), the volunteer. This was a very handsome Negro boy of the Bari tribe, who, being an orphan, came to my station and volunteered to serve me at the commencement of the Bari war. Kinyon was tall and slight, with a pair of very large, expressive eyes. The name Kinyon, or crocodile in the Bari language, had been given him because he was long and thin. Both he and Amarn were thoroughly good boys, and never received either chastisement or even a scolding throughout a long expedition.

Jarvah was also a good lad, who went by the name of the "fat boy."

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I should like to have exhibited him as a specimen of physical comfort. Jarvah had a good berth; he was cook's mate. His superior was a great character, who, from the low position of a slave presented by the king of the Shillooks, had risen from cook's mate to the most important position of the household. Abdullah was now the cook! He had studied the culinary art under my first-rate Arab cook, who, having received his discharge, left the management of our stomachs to his pupil. Abdullah was an excellent cook, and a very good fellow, but he was dull at learning Arabic. He invariably distinguished cocks and hens as "bulls" and "women."

Little "Cuckoo."

The last and the smallest boy of the household was little Cuckoo (or Kookoo). Cuckoo was a sturdy child about six years old: this boy had, I believe, run away from his parents in the Bari during the war, and had come to Morgian, our interpreter, when food was scarce among the tribe. Following the dictates of his appetite, he had been attracted by the savory smell of Abdullah's kitchen, and he had drawn nearer and nearer to our estabiishment, until at length by playing with the boys, and occasionally being invited to share in their meals, Cuckoo had become incorporated with the household.

Abdullah and the six boys formed the native domestic corps. My wife, who was their commanding officer, had them all dressed in uniform. They had various suits of short, loose trowsers reaching half-way down the calf of the leg, with a shirt or blouse secured at the waist with a leather belt and buckle. These belts were made in England, and were about six feet long; thus they passed twice round the waist, and were very useful when travelling, in case of a strap and buckle being required suddenly.

The uniforms were very becoming. There was dark blue trimmed with red facings; pure white with red facings, for high days and holidays; scarlet flannel suits complete; and a strong cotton suit dyed brown for traveling and rough wear. The boys were trained to change their clothes before they waited at the dinner-table, and to return to their working dresses after dinner, when washing-up was necessary. In this habit they were rigidly particular; and every boy then tied his dinner suit in a parcel, and suspended it to the roof of his hut, to be ready for the next meal. There was a regular hour for every kind of work; and this domestic discipline had so far civilized the boys that they were of the greatest possible comfort to ourselves.

The washing-up after dinner was not a very long operation, as half a

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dozen plates and the same number of knives and forks, with a couple of dishes, were divided among six servants. Directly after this work play was allowed. If the night were moonlight, the girls were summoned, and dancing commenced. During the day their games were either playing at soldiers, or throwing lances at marks.

Thieving was quite unknown among the boys, all of whom were scrupulously honest. The sugar might be left among them, or even milk; but none of the boys I have mentioned would have condescended to steal. They had been so well instructed and cared for by my wife, that in many ways they might have been excellent examples for boys of their class in civilized countries.

The foregoing account of those who composed this new expedition for the South might be extended. Baker gives a very complete description of it. He advanced to Lobore, after a march full of incident, through a beautiful country.

Remarkable Rock.

Baker was careful to note everything of interest that transpired along his journey. Many marvels of nature might be described here, which are peculiar to the Tropics.

Of course a country so extensive as Africa comprises all varieties of scenery. There is the beautiful landscape; there is the broad and flowing river; there are the deep marshes and jungles; and there in some places are mountains, if not the loftiest in the world, certainly of majestic proportions. And one advantage in following the great explorers through the Dark Continent is that we obtain a definite idea of the general appearance of the country and of the geological formations, and we emerge from this same Dark Continent feeling that we have been in a world of wonders.

In one part of his expedition Baker came upon a very singular rock. It was a formation very unusual, called by the natives "table rock." It will be seen from the accompanying illustration that the projection of the table over the pedestal on which it stands is so great that cattle may find shelter under it. The rock forms a natural protection to man and beast. This rock was considered so singular that an engraving of it has been made, and we here reproduce it. It is only one of many marvellous geological formations belonging to Africa.

An Old Superstition.

This rock must have chanced to fall upon a mass of extremely hard clay. The wearing away of the sloping surface, caused by the heavy rains of many centuries, must be equal to the present height of the clay pedestal, as all the exterior has been washed away, and the level reduced.

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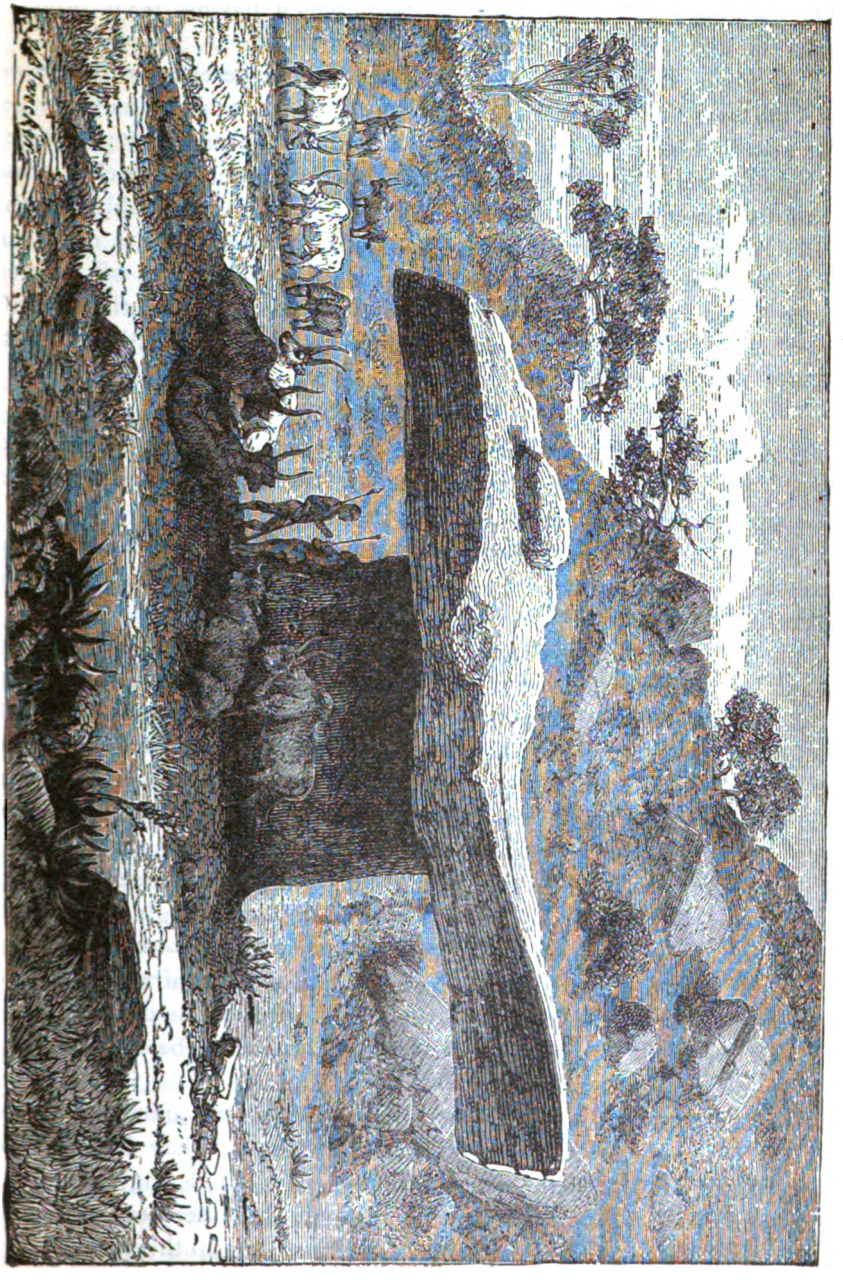

CURIOUS TABLE-ROCK IN THE NILE VALLEY.

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The clay pedestal is the original earth, which, having been protected from the weather by the stone roof, remains intact.

The Baris, says Baker, seemed to have some reverence for this stone; and we were told that it was dangerous to sleep beneath it, as many people who had tried the experiment had died. I believe this superstition is simply the result of some old legends concerning the death of a person who may have been killed in his sleep by a stone that probably detached and fell from the under surface of the slab. I examined the rock carefully, and found many pieces that gave warning of scaling off. Several large flakes, each weighing some hundred-weight, lay beneath the table-rock, upon the under surface of which could be distinctly traced the mould of the slab beneath.

On the March.

At length Baker arrived at Fatiko, where his old enemy, Abou Saood, again endeavored to annoy him and thwart the expedition. His treachery was afterwards carried to greater lengths.

On all these marches game of various kinds was found, and many exciting captures are related. The following thrilling account is given in Baker's own words:

I had been observing the country for some time from my high station, when I suddenly perceived two rhinoceroses emerge from a ravine; they walked slowly through a patch of high grass, and skirted the base of the hill upon which we were standing; presently they winded something, and they trotted back and stood concealed in the patch of grass. Although I had a good view of them from my present position, I knew that I should not be able to see them in their covert if on the same level; I therefore determined to send to the tent for my other horses, and to ride them down if I could not shoot them on foot; accordingly, I sent a man off, directing him to lead the horse I had been riding from the peak and to secure him to a tree at the foot of the hill, as I was afraid the rhinoceros might observe the horse upon the sky line. This he did, and we saw him tie the horse by the bridle to the branch of a tree below us, while he ran quickly towards the camp.

In the meantime I watched the rhinoceroses; both animals laid down in the yellow grass, resembling masses of stone. They had not been long in this position before we noticed two pigs wandering through the grass directly to windward, toward the sleeping rhinosceroses; in an instant these animals winded the intruders, and starting up they looked in all directions but could not see them, as they were concealed by the high grass.

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Having been thus disturbed, the rhinosceroses moved their quarters and walked slowly forward, occasionally halting and listening; one was about a hundred yards in advance of the other. They were taking a direction at the base of the hill that would lead them directly upon the spot where my horse was tied to the tree. I observed this to one of my men, as I feared they would kill the horse. "Oh, no," he replied, "they will lie down and sleep beneath the first tree, as they are seeking for shade—the sun is like fire."

The Rhinoceros Attacks the Horse.

However, they still continued their advance, and upon reaching some rising ground, the leading rhinoceros halted, and I felt sure that he had a clear view of the horse, that was now about five hundred yards distant, tied to the tree. A ridge descended to the hill, parallel with the course the animals were taking; upon this I ran as quickly as the stony slope permitted, keeping my eye fixed upon the leading rhinoceros, which, with his head raised, was advancing directly towards the horse. I now felt convinced that he intended to attack it. The horse did not observe the rhinoceros, but was quietly standing beneath the tree. I ran as fast as I was able, and reached the bottom of the hill just as the willful brute was within fifty yards of the horse, which now for the first time saw the approaching danger; the rhinoceros had been advancing steadily at a walk, but he now lowered his head and charged at the horse at full speed.

I was about two hundred yards distant, and for the moment I was afraid of shooting the horse, but I fired one of my rifles, and the bullet, missing the rhinoceros, dashed the sand and stones into his face as it struck the ground exactly before his nose, when he appeared to be just into the unfortunate horse. The horse in the same instant reared, and breaking the bridle, dashed away in the direction of the camp, while the rhinoceros, astonished at the shot, and most likely half blinded by the sand and splinters of rock, threw up his head, turned round, and trotted back upon the track by which he had arrived. He passed me about a hundred yards distant, as I had run forward to a bush, by which he trotted with his head raised, seeking for the cause of his discomfiture.

"Reeling to and Fro."

Crack! went a bullet against his hide, as I fired my remaining barrel at his shoulder; he cocked his tail, and for a few yards charged towards the shot; but he suddenly changed his course and ran round several times in a small circle; he then halted, and reeling to and fro, retreated very slowly, and laid down about a hundred yards off. I knew that he had his quietus, but I was determined to bag his companion, which in

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alarm had now joined him and stood looking in all quarters for the source of danger; but we were well concealed behind the bush.

"CRACK! WENT A BULLET AGAINST HIS HIDE."

Presently, the wounded rhinoceros stood up, and walking very slowly, followed by his comrade, he crossed a portion of rising ground at the

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base of the hill, and both animals disappeared. I at once started off one of my men, who could run like an antelope, in search of the horse, while I despatched another man to the summit of the peak to see if the rhinoceroses were in view; if not, I knew they must be among the small trees and bushes at the foot of the hill. I thus waited for a long time, until at length the two greys arrived with my messenger from the camp. I tightened the girths of the Arab saddle, and had just mounted, cursing all Arab stirrups, that are only made for the naked big toe, when my eyes were gladdened by the sight of my favorite animal cantering towards me, but from the exact direction the rhinoceroses had taken. "Quick! quick!" cried the rider, "come along! One rhinoceros is lying dead close by, and the other is standing beneath a tree not far off."

I immediately started, found the rhinoceros lying dead about two hundred yards from the spot where he had received the shot, and I immediately perceived the companion standing beneath a small tree. The ground was firm and stony, and all the grass had been burnt off except in a few small patches; the trees were not so thick together as to form a regular jungle.

"The Rhinoceros Lay Kicking on the Ground."

The rhinoceros saw us directly, and valiantly stood and faced me as I rode up within fifty yards of him. I was unable to take a shot in this position, therefore I ordered the men to ride round a half-circle, as I knew the rhinoceros would turn towards the white horses and thus expose his flank; this he did immediately, and firing well, exactly at the shoulder, I dropped him as though stone dead. The rhinoceros lay kicking upon the ground, and I thought he was bagged. Not a bit of it! the bullet had not force to break the massive shoulder-bone, but had merely paralyzed it for the moment; up he jumped and started off in full gallop. Now for a hunt! up the hill he started, then obliquely; choosing a regular rhinoceros path, he scudded away, my horse answering to the spur and closing with him; through the trees, now down the hill over the loose rocks, where he gained considerably upon the horse. I took a pull at the reins until I reached the level ground beneath, which was firm and first-rate. This gave me just the advantage I needed for successful operations.

I saw the rhinoceros pelting away about a hundred and twenty yards ahead, and spurring hard, I shot up to him at full speed until within twenty yards, when round he came with astonishing quickness and charged straight at the horse. I was prepared for this, as was my horse also; we avoided him by a quick turn, and again renewed the chase, and

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regained our position within a few yards of the game. Thus the hunt continued for about a mile and a half, the rhinoceros occasionally charging, but always cleverly avoided by the horse, which seemed to enjoy the fun, and hunted like a greyhound. Nevertheless I had not been able to pass the rhinoceros; he had thundered along at a tremendous pace whenever I had attempted to close; however, the pace began to tell upon his wounded shoulder; he evidently went lame, and as I observed at some distance before us the commencement of the dark-colored rotten ground, I felt sure that it would shortly be a case of "stand still." In this I was correct, and upon reaching the deep and crumbling soil, he turned sharp around, made a clumsy charge that I easily avoided, and stood panting at bay. One of my men was riding a very timid horse which was utterly useless as a hunter, but, as it reared and plunged upon seeing the rhinoceros, that animal immediately turned towards it with the intention of charging. Riding close to his flank, I fired both barrels of my rifle into the shoulder; he fell at the shots, and stretching out his legs convulsively, he died immediately.

This was a capital termination to the hunt, as I had expected the death of my good horse, when the first rhinoceros had so nearly horned him. The sun was like a furnace, therefore I rode straight to camp and sent men and camels for the hides and flesh. As I passed the body of the first rhinoceros, I found a regiment of vultures already collected around it.

Arrival in Unyoro.

Passing on, Baker reached Masindi, in Unyoro. The king was visited, and he expressed pleasure at Baker's arrival. He also gave accounts of the bad behavior of Abou Saood. The king is described as an "undignified lout of twenty years of age, who thought himself a great monarch." He turned out a spy, and was evidently not to be trusted. The natives were suspicious, Abou Saood treacherous, and the position in Masindi was becoming more strained. However, Unyoro was annexed to the Khedive's dominions with some ceremony; but after a while, some poisoned plantain cider having been sent as a present, and nearly proved fatal to many, Baker prepared for resistance. But ere he could lay his plans, the natives suddenly rose, and a fierce conflict ensued.

The battle lasted an hour and a quarter: the natives were defeated, their capital destroyed. Baker lost several men, and his valued servant Mansoor amongst them. The march was continued to Foweera, on the Victoria Nile, fighting all the time; and while at that place Baker heard how Abou Saood had planned the attack and the poisoning at Masindi. Until January, 1873, Baker and his brave wife remained in the country,

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using severe discipline; but at last peace and prosperity were established.

Abou Saood was put in irons and sent to Cairo; but he was set free to trouble Colonel "Chinese" Gordon, who succeeded Baker, and whose expedition resulted in important consequences to Central Africa.

Colonel Gordon reached Khartoum in March, 1874, and met the same "sudd," or vegetable obstruction, on the White Nile. The dam broke, and carried ships and animals for miles. The scene is described as terrific. Gordon quickly reached Gondokoro after this. He was accompanied by Geori, an Italian; Colonel Mason, Purdy Bey, and Colonel Long, Americans. Visits were made, and geographical observations and discoveries pursued. Darfour was conquered, and its cruel blind ruler made captive. Gordon returned to England in 1879, and went to India. When, in 1884, on the point of proceeding to the Congo for the International Association, he was dispatched by the Liberal Government to pacify the Soudan. Hostilities were excited against him and he lost his life, a brave hero to the last.

For a long time there was a vast amount of speculation concerning Gordon's fate. The difficulty of obtaining news from the Soudan prevented the outside world from arriving at a definite conclusion as to whether he had been murdered or was still living. The miraculous escapes he had already experienced, the wonderful nerve and resolution characterizing him, the charmed life he had hitherto lived, overcoming all obstacles, escaping from all plots, and proving himself apparently superior to death itself, threw around him such an almost superhuman character that it was believed he must still be living, although news came of his death. Slowly the world was compelled to accept the unwelcome intelligence that the great hero of the Soudan, the most marvelous figure standing against the sky of the Orient, had fallen before the spears of his foes.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO CELEBRATED EXPLORERS.

Speke and Grant on the March—Soldiers and Hottentots—Red Flannel and Wooly Heads—Dividing the Duties of the Expedition—Strike for Higher Wages—Rogues and Robbers—Excessive Politeness to Women—Polishing the African Skin—Natives Who Run and Hide—Black Boys Badly Scared—Speke on a Rhinoceros Hunt—Desperate Struggle to Obtain a Prize—Hunter Tossed Skyward—An Extraordinary Animal—Use of the Rhinoceros Horn—Peculiar Eyes—Habits of the Great Beast—A Match for the Swiftest Horse—A Hot Pursuit—Singular and Fatal Wound—A Rhinoceros in London—The Wild Beast Tamed—Fire-eating Monster—The Explorers Meet a Rogue—Kind Attentions of an Old Friend—Singular African Etiquette—How a Wife Welcomes Her Husband Back From a Journey—Murder and Plunder—Speke Obtains Freedom for a Slave—Horrid Cannibals—A Popular African Drink—How "Pomba" is Made—Arrival at Mininga—A Leader Who Was Named "Pig"—Obstinacy and Stupidity—Chief Who Wanted to See a White Man—Sly Tricks of the "Pig"—A Steady Old Traveller—Illness of the Explorer—Reception by a Friendly Chief—Alarming News—Persistent Demands for Tribute—Necklaces of Coral Beads—The Explorer's Guides Forsake Him—Hurried Tramp of Men—Arrival of Grant's Porters.

CAPTAIN SPEKE, who had already made two expeditions into Africa—on the second of which he discovered the great lake, Victoria Nyanza—started, on the 30th of July, 1858, on a third expedition, in the hopes of proving that the Nile has its source in that lake. He was accompanied by an old Indian brother officer, Captain Grant.

Having reached the island of Zanzibar, where some time was spent in collecting a sufficient band of followers, they left Zanzibar on the 25th of September, in a corvette placed at their disposal by the sultan, and crossed over to Bagamoyo, on the mainland.

They had, as their attendants, ten men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who were Hottentots; a native commandant, Sheikh Said; five old black sailors, who spoke Hindostanee; in addition to Bombay, Speke's former attendant, factotum, and interpreter, a party of sixty-four Wagnana blacks, emancipated from slavery; and fifteen porters of the interior. The two chief men, besides Said, were Bombay and Baraka, who commanded the Zanzibar men. Fifty carbines were distributed among the elder men of the party, and the sheikh was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, given to him by Captain Speke. The sultan also sent, as a guard

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of honor, twenty-five Beloochs, with an officer, to escort them as far as Uzaramo, the country of the Wazaramo. They had also eleven mules to carry ammunition, and five donkeys for the sick.

Their whole journey was to be performed on foot. As there were no roads, their luggage was carried on the backs of men.

Red Flannel and Wooly Heads.

Some time was spent among the porters in squabbling, and arranging their packs. Their captain, distinguishable by a high head-dress of ostrich plumes stuck through a strip of scarlet flannel, led the march, flag in hand, followed by his gang of wooly-haired negroes, armed with spears or bows and arrows, carrying their loads either secured to three-pronged sticks or, when they consisted of brass or copper wire, hung at each end of sticks laid on the shoulder. The Waguana followed in helter-skelter fashion, carrying all sorts of articles, next came the Hottentots, dragging the mules with the ammunition, whilst lastly marched the sheikh and the Belooch escort, the goats and women, the sick and stragglers bringing up the rear.

One of the Hottentot privates soon died, and five others were sent back sick. About thirty Seedees deserted, as did nearly all the porters, while the sheikh also soon fell sick.

On the 2d of October, having bid farewell to Colonel Rigby, the British consul at Zanzibar, who took deep interest in the expedition, and afforded it every assistance in his power, the march began.

They had first before them a journey of five hundred miles to Caze, the capital of the country of the Moon. This was a small portion, however, only of the distance to be performed.

Captains Speke and Grant divided the duties of the expedition between them, the first mapping the country, which is done by timing the rate of march, taking compass-bearings, noting the water-shed, etc. Then, on arriving in camp, it was necessary to boil the thermometer to ascertain the altitude of the station above the sea-level, and the latitude by the meridional altitude of a star; then, at intervals of sixty miles, lunar observations had to be taken to determine the longitude; and, lastly, there was the duty of keeping a diary, sketching, and making geological and zoological collections. Captain Grant made the botanical collections and had charge of the thermometer. He kept the rain-gauge and sketched with water colors, for it was found that photography was too severe work for the climate.

The march was pursued before the sun was high, then came breakfast and a pipe before exploring the neighborhood, and dinner at sunset, then

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tea and pipe before turning in at night. Scarcely had they commenced the journey than the petty chiefs demanded tribute, which it was necessary to pay. The porters also struck for higher wages; but, the leaders going on, they thought better of the matter, and followed.

The poor Hottentots suffered much from the climate, and were constantly on the sick-list. The Waguana treated them with great contempt, and one day, while a little Tot was trying to lift his pack on his mule, a large black grasped him, pack and all, in his muscular arms, lifting them above his head, paraded him around the camp amid much laughter, and then, putting him down, loaded his mule and patted him on the back.

WAZARAMO VILLAGE.

"A day's march being concluded, the sheikh and Bombay arrange the camp, issuing cloths to the porters for the purchase of rations, the tents are pitched, the Hottentots cook, some look after the mules and donkeys, others cut boughs for huts and fencing, while the Beloochs are supposed to guard the camp, but prefer gossiping and brightening their arms, while Captain Grant kills two buck antelopes to supply the larder."

The country through which they were passing belongs to the tribe of Wazaramo. It is covered with villages, the houses of which are mostly of a conical shape, composed of hurdle-work and plastered with clay, and thatched with grass or reeds. They profess to be the subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar. They are arrant rogues, and rob travellers, when

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they can, by open violence. They always demand more tribute than they expect to get, and generally use threats as a means of extortion. One of their chiefs, the Lion-Claw, was very troublesome, sending back the presents which had been made him, and threatening dire vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Further on, Monkey's-Tail, another chief, demanded more tribute; but Speke sent word that he should smell his powder if he came for it; and, exhibiting the marksmanship of his men, Monkey's-Tail thought better of it, and got nothing

Excessive Politeness to Women.

The people, though somewhat short, are not bad-looking. Though their dress is limited, they adorn themselves with shells, pieces of tin, and beads, and rub their bodies with red clay and oil, till their skins appear like new copper. Their hair is wooly, and they twist it into a number of tufts, each of which is elongated by the fibres of bark. They have one good quality, not general in Africa: the men treat the women with much attention, dressing their hair for them, and escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

Kidunda was soon reached. Hence the Belooch escort was sent back the next day, with the specimens of natural history which had been collected. Proceeding along the Kinganni River they reached the country of the Usagara, a miserable race, who, to avoid the slave-hunters, build their villages on the tops of hills, and cultivate only just as much land among them as will supply their wants. Directly a caravan appears, they take to flight and hide themselves, never attempting resistance if overtaken. Their only dress consists of a strip of cloth round the waist.

Captain Grant was here seized with fever, and the sickness of the Hottentots much increased. A long day's march from the hilly Usagara country led the party into the comparatively level land of Ugogo. Food was scarce, the inhabitants living on the seed of the calabash to save their stores of grain.

The country has a wild aspect, well in keeping with the natives who occupy it. The men never appeared without their spears and shields. They are fond of ornaments, the ordinary one being a tube of gourd thrust through the lower lobe of the ear. Their color is somewhat like that of a rich plum. Impulsive and avaricious, they forced their way into the camp to obtain gifts, and thronged the road as the travellers passed by, jeering, quizzing, and pointing at them.

Later they encamped on the eastern border of the largest clearing in Ugogo, called Kanyenye, stacking their loads beneath a large gouty-

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GREEDY NATIVES FIGHTING OVER A CAPTURED HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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limbed tree. Here eight of the Wanyamuezi porters absconded, carrying off their loads, accompanied by two Wagogo boys.

Speke went to shoot a hippopotamus at night. Having killed one, two more approached in a stealthy, fidgety way. Stepping out from his shelter, with the two boys carrying his second rifle, he planted a ball in the largest, which brought him round with a roar in the best position for receiving a second shot; but, on turning round to take his spare rifle, Speke found that the black boys had scrambled off like monkeys up a tree, while the hippopotamus, fortunately for him, shuffled away without charging.

He hurried back to let his people know that there was food for them, that they might take possession of it before the hungry Wagogo could find it. Before, however, they had got the skin off the beast, the natives assembled like vultures, and began fighting the men. The scene, though grotesque, was savage and disgusting in the extreme; they fell to work with swords and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, up to their knees in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel was obtained by one, a stronger would seize it and bear off the prize—right was now might. Fortunately no fight took place between the travellers and the villagers. The latter, covered with blood, were seen scampering home, each with a part of the spoil.

Hunter Tossed Skyward.

A dangerous brute to encounter is the rhinoceros. He is ferocious, swift, strong, with a very tough hide, and whether his foe is man or beast, he is not likely to come out second best in a combat. The following account of what befel a party of travellers will show the fury of this Tropical brute.

The narrator says: "As meat was wanted, several of the party proposed to set off at an early hour to bring in some from the animals we had killed. As I did not like to be left behind, I begged to be allowed to mount a horse and to ride with them. I should have been wiser to have remained quietly at the camp, but I wanted to revisit the scene of our encounter the previous day. Several of the blacks followed behind, who were to be loaded with our spoils. As we neared the spot, I heard my friends exclaiming in various tones: 'Where is it? What has become of the creature?' and, pushing forward, I caught sight of the elephant and the dead lion at a distance, but nowhere was the rhinoceros to be seen. It was very evident that it could not have been killed as we had supposed, and that, having only been stunned, it, at length, recovered itself, and had made off.

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"Toko, one of the party, cried out that he had discovered its trail, and I saw him hurrying forward, evidently hoping to find the creature. The other blacks meanwhile set to work to cut out the tusks, and select a few slices off such parts of the body as were most to their taste, including the feet, the value of which we knew from experience.

"THE ANIMAL SENT HIM INTO THE AIR."

"While they were thus occupied, my three white friends were busy in flaying the lion. I kept my eye on Toko, expecting that, should he discover the rhinoceros, he would summon some of the party to his assistance. I saw him look suspiciously into a thicket, then he turned to fly. The next moment a huge beast rushed out, which I had no doubt was the rhinoceros we fancied that we had killed on the previous day. Toko

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made for a tree behind which he could shelter himself. I called to my friends to draw their attention to the danger in which he was placed, but to my dismay before he could reach the tree the rhinoceros was upon him. There was no time to leap either to the one side or the other, but as the animal's sharp horn was about to transfix him, he made a spring as if to avoid it, but he was not in time, and the animal, throwing up his head, sent him and his rifle floating into the air to the height of several feet

"The rhinoceros then charged on towards the men cutting up the elephant, when my uncle and his companions, having seized their rifles began blazing away at it. Fortunately, one of their shots took effect, and before it had reached the blacks, down it sank to the ground.

"I had ridden up to the native, expecting to find every bone in his body broken. As I approached, to my satisfaction, I saw him get up and though he limped somewhat, after shaking himself and picking up his rifle, he declared that he was not much the worse for the fearful toss he had received, and was as ready as ever for work.

"He soon rejoined the rest of the men, and assisted in packing the oxen with the tusks and meat. Some of the flesh of the rhinoceros was also cut off, and with the lion-skin packed up. Rhinoceros meat, though tough, is of good flavor. The portions we carried off were from the upper part of the shoulder and from the ribs, where we found the fat and lean regularly striped to the depth of two inches. Some of the skin was also taken for the purpose of making some fresh ox-whips. We of course carried away the horns, which are about half the value of ivory. Altogether, the adventure which at one time appeared likely to prove so disastrous, afforded us no small amount of booty."

An Extraordinary Animal.

The following description of the rhinoceros, as seen by Speke and Grant, may appropriately be given here:

Both varieties of the African black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the "wait-a-bit" thorns. Their horns are much shorter than those of the other varieties, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. They are finely polished by constant rubbing against the trees. The skull is remarkably formed, its most striking feature being the tremendous, thick ossification in which it ends above the nostrils. It is on this mass that the horn is supported. The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin, and they may thus be sep-

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arated from the head by means of a sharp knife. They are hard, and perfectly solid throughout, and are a fine material for various articles, such as drinking-cups, mallets for rifles, and handles for turners' tools. The horn is capable of a very high polish.

The eyes of the rhinoceros are small and sparkling, but do not readily observe the hunter, provided he keep to leeward of them. The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated with bullets hardened with solder. During the day, the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep, or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas. In the evening they commence their nightly ramble, and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger.

The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often plowing up the ground for several yards with its horn, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly; nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces. All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in the mud, with which their rugged hides are generally encrusted.

A Match for the Swiftest Horse.

Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are much smaller and more active than the white, and are so swift that a horse with a rider on its back can rarely overtake them, yet they are often hunted with horses. Both attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of a much milder and more inoffensive disposition than the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties.

If we examine the skull of a rhinoceros, we shall find that just under the place where the root of the horn lies, there is a peculiar development of the bone on which the weight of the horn rests. Now, it is well known that of all forms intended to support great weight, the arch is the strongest. Such, then, is the form of the bone which supports the horn; and in order to prevent the jar on the brain which would probably injure the animal when making violent strokes with the horn, one side of the arch is left unsupported by its pillar; so that the whole apparatus presents the appearance of a strong bony spring, which, although very powerful, would

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yield sufficiently on receiving a blow to guard the animal from the shock which would occur, were the horn to be placed directly on the skull.

A DESPERATE RACE.

Such a structure as this is not needed in the case of the elephant, as that animal never strikes violently with its tusks, as the rhinoceros does with its horn.

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That such is the intention of the structure is well shown by a curious circumstance that took place during a rhinoceros-hunt, and which shows that the animal can suffer severely from a blow on the horn, if that blow is given in a different method from that which the creature is in the habit of enduring.

A Hot Pursuit.

Some hunters were engaged in the pursuit of the rhinoceros, and had roused one of the animals from the thicket in which it was engaged in rubbing itself against the trees, after the usual fashion of the creature.

The skin, although thick, is very sensitive between the folds, and suffers much from the attacks of the mosquitoes and flies. The rhinoceros, to allay the irritation, rubs against trees, and has a curious custom of grunting loudly while performing this operation, and thus guides the hunter to its place of refuge. They are thus enabled to steal through the underwood unperceived, as the animal is too much engaged rubbing his sides to pay any attention to sounds which would at any other time send him off in alarm. By crawling along the ground, after the manner of serpents, they generally contrive to inflict a mortal wound before he is aware of their presence.

In the present case, the hunters were endeavoring to act in the same manner, but the intended victim became alarmed, broke through the wood, and made the best of his way towards a large cane-brake about two miles distant. The whole party pursued him, and the poor animal was speedily overtaken.

The number and severity of the wounds appear to have confused his brain, for instead of keeping his straight course towards the canes, he turned off short, and dashed into a narrow gully without any exit. The ravine was so narrow that he broke to pieces many of the protruding spears as he rushed in, and when he had fairly entered, there was barely room to turn. The assailants now had it all their own way, and one of them standing on the brink of the ravine took aim at his head, and stretched him on the ground apparently lifeless. But scarcely had they done this when the animal recovered from his wound, and struggled upon his knees. Out went the hunters as fast as they could, and had it not been for the presence of mind of one of them, who hamstrung the rhinoceros before he ran away, in all probability several of the men would have forfeited their lives.

Curiosity induced the hunters to search for the wound that had thus stunned the animal, and they naturally expected to find the track of a

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ball through the brain, or, at all events, a wound on the skull; but after some search, they found that the ball had only struck the point of the foremost horn, and had carried off about an inch of it.

This is a very curious circumstance, because the blow was a comparatively slight one, and the shocks which the animal inflicts upon itself in the daily occurrences of life must be very severe indeed. But the whole structure of the head and horn is intended to resist heavy blows, while it is not capable of sustaining a sharp, smart shock without conveying the impression to the brain.

Interesting Brutes.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, one of these big beasts was brought to London from Bengal. He was a very costly animal; though only two years old five thousand dollars were expended in providing him with food and drink. Every day he ate seven pounds of rice mixed with three pounds of sugar, divided into three portions. He also ate plentifully of hay, but he much preferred fresh vegetables, grass and herbs. He drank a great deal of water. He was so quiet and well-behaved that he let people handle him, unless he was annoyed, or wanted his breakfast. The well-known specimen in the Zoological Gardens in London couldn't bear the noise of the roller used in keeping the gravel pathway in order which adjoined his den; his hearing was very quick, so that even while enjoying his dinner he stopped, and started aside, to listen.

Bingley gives the following account of a rhinoceros brought to England in 1790. It was then about five years old. It was somewhat tamed; it would walk about when desired to do so by its keeper; it would let visitors pat its back. Its daily allowance was twenty-eight pounds of clover, the same quantity of ship biscuit, and an enormous amount of greens. It was fond of sweet wines, and would drink four or five bottles in a few hours. He made nothing of drinking fifteen pails of water in the course of a day. If he saw a person with fruit or any food that he was fond of, he would ask for a share, in a very pretty manner for so huge a beast, making a noise somewhat like the bleating of a calf. He died of inflammation, caused by slipping the joint of one of his fore legs. Some doctors made openings in his skin, in order to relieve his pain. These were always found quite healed up in the course of twenty-four hours.

There is no doubt that the elephant and rhinoceros sometimes fight together madly, when they are in a wild state. Some years ago there was a specimen in the Regent's Park Gardens, that contrived to get into the

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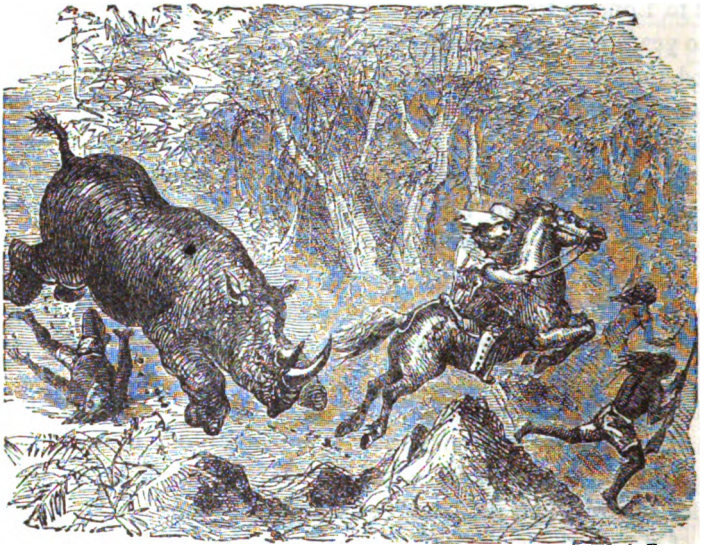
den of an old elephant there. They were afterwards the best friends in the world, and it was amusing to see how quiet the rhinoceros would stand while his great friend scrubbed his back with his trunk, and occasionally gratified himself by a sly pull at his tail, to make the rhinoceros turn his head, if his attention was taken off by visitors.

We have said that the horn is not fastened to the skull, but simply connected with his skin. It is not generally known that it can be removed by passing a sharp knife round its base. The skin is so strong and thick that it can only be pierced by bullets of a peculiar make. The Negroes of Africa know this perfectly well, and make it into shields and bucklers. His playful antics are somewhat useful; thus he will poke his horn into



PUT TO FLIGHT BY A SUDDEN CHARGE.

the ground, and then driving it along at a great rate, pushing with all his mighty force and strength, he will make a furrow broader and deeper than that of a plough. Those who have watched his habits tell us that he does this, not because he is in a passion, but in the pure enjoyment of health and spirits; just as when a little boy or girl, or dog or kitten, scampers about a lawn.

Some species of this animal are wild, and can be easily tamed; the powerful Indian rhinoceros is the shyest, and the double-horned the wildest. Mason, in his work, entitled "Burmah," remarked that the common single-horned rhinoceros is very abundant. The double-horned is not uncommon in the southern provinces; and then he alludes to the

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fire-eater of the Burmans, as distinguished from the common single-horned kind. The fire-eating rhinoceros, he tells us, is so called from its attacking the night fires of travellers, scattering the burning embers, and doing other mischief, being attracted by unusual noises, instead of fleeing from them as most wild animals do. Professor Oldham's camp-fire was attacked by a rhinoceros, which he fired at with a two-ounce ball; and three days afterwards the body was found, and proved to be of the two-horned species. The skull of that individual is now in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. The commonest of the African rhinoceroses has been known to manifest the same propensity, and so has even the ordinary American tapir. In general, however, the Asiatic two-horned rhinoceros is an exceedingly shy and timid animal, and one of the largest size has been seen to run away from a single wild dog.

The Explorers Meet a Rogue.

Returning to our narrative of Speke and Grant, we find that the Sheikh Magomba did his utmost to detain them, sending his chief, Wazir, in an apparently friendly manner, to beg that they would live in his palace. The bait, however, did not take—Speke knew the rogue too well. Next day the sheikh was too drunk to listen to anyone, and thus day after day passed by. The time was employed in shooting, and a number of animals were killed. Magomba, however, induced nearly all of the porters to decamp, and there was great difficulty in obtaining others to take their places. An old acquaintance, whom they met in a caravan, urged them not to attempt to move, as he thought that it would be impossible for them to pass through the wilderness depending only on Speke and Grant's guns for their support.

Still Speke resolved to push on, and most of the men who had deserted came back. To keep up discipline, one of the porters, who had stolen seventy-three yards of cloth, which was found in his kit, received three dozen lashes, and, being found to be a murderer and a bad character, he was turned out of camp.

They spent New Year's Day at Round Rock, a village occupied by a few Wakimbu, who, by their quiet and domestic manners, made them feel that they were out of the forest. Provisions were now obtained by sending men to distant villages; but they were able to supply the camp with their guns, killing rhinoceros, wild boar, antelope and zebra.

In January they entered Unyamuezi, or the country of the moon, inferior in size to England, but cut up into numerous petty states. The name is abreviated to Weezee.

Next day they reached Caze, where Speke had remained long on a

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GRAND TORCHLIGHT DANCE OF THE WEEZEE.

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former visit. His old friend, Musa, came out to meet them, and escorted them to his "tembe," or house, where he invited them to reside till he could find porters to carry their property to Karague, promising to go there with them himself. They found here also Sheikh Snay, who with other Arab merchants, came at once to call on them. Snay told him that he had an army of four hundred slaves prepared to march against the chief, Manua Sera, who was constantly attacking and robbing their caravans. Speke advised him not to make the attempt, as he was likely to get the worst of it. The other Arab merchant agreed that a treaty of peace would be better than fighting.

Musa gave him much information about the journey northward, and promised to supply him with sixty porters from his slave establishment, by which arrangement Speke would have a hundred armed men to form his escort. Musa loudly praised Rumanika, the King of Karague, through whose dominions the expedition was to pass.

Some time, however, was of necessity spent at Caze in making preparations for the journey, the two travellers employing themselves during it in gaining information about the country.

African Etiquette.

The Wanyamuezi, among whom they were residing, are a polite race, having a complete code of etiquette for receiving friends or strangers; drums are beat both on the arrival and departure of great people. When one chief receives another, he assembles the inhabitants of the village, with their drums and musical instruments, which they sound with all their might, and then dance for his amusement. The drum is used, like the bugle, on all occasions; and, when the travellers wished to move, the drums were beaten as a sign to their porters to take up their burdens. The women courtesy to their chief, and men clap their hands and bow themselves. If a woman of inferior rank meets a superior, she drops on one knee and bows her head; the superior then places her hand on the shoulder of the kneeling woman, and they remain in this attitude some moments, whispering a few words, after which they rise and talk freely.

The Wanyamuezi, or, as they are familiarly called, the Weezee, are great traders, and travel to a considerable distance in pursuit of their business.

When a husband returns from a journey, his favorite wife prepares to receive him in a peculiar manner. Having put on all her ornaments, to which she adds a cap of feathers, she proceeds, with her friends, to the principal wife of the chief, when, the lady coming forth, they all dance before her, taking care to be thus occupied when the husband makes

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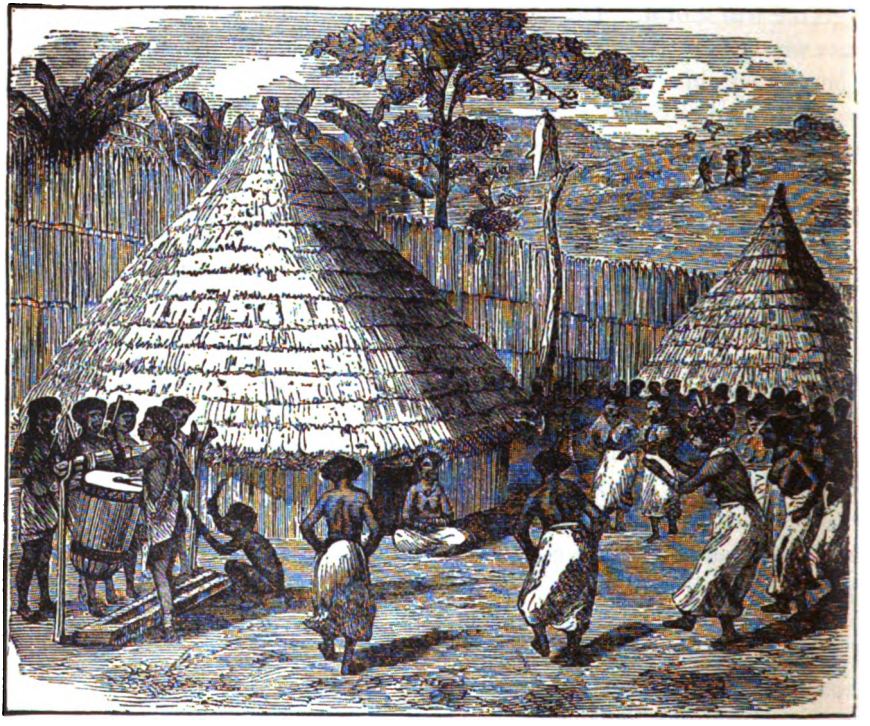
his appearance, a band of music playing away and making as much noise as possible with their instruments.

In February news was brought that Sheikh Snay had carried out his intention of attacking Manua Sera, whom he found esconced in a house at Tura. Manua, however, made his escape, when Snay plundered the whole district, and shot and murdered every one he fell in with, carrying off a number of slaves. The chief, in consequence, threatened to attack Caze as soon as the merchants had gone off on their expeditions in



DANCING PARTY TO WELCOME A RETURNING HUSBAND.

search of ivory. Soon after this it was reported that Snay and other Arabs had been killed, as well as a number of slaves. This proved to be true.

Finding that nothing more could be done at Caze, the travellers, assembling their caravan, commenced their march northward. At Minginga they were received by an ivory merchant named Sirboko. Here one of Sirboko's slaves, who had been chained up, addressed Speke, piteously exclaiming: "Oh, my lord, take pity on me! When I was a free man, I saw you on the Tanganyika Lake; my people were there

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attacked by the Watuta, and, being badly wounded, I was left for dead, when, recovering, I was sold to the Arabs. If you will liberate me, I will never run away, but serve you faithfully." Touched by this appeal, Speke obtained the freedom of the poor man from his master, and he was christened Farham, or Joy, and enrolled among the other free men.

The abominable conduct of the Arabs, who persisted in attacking the natives and devastating the country, placed the travellers in an awkward position. The Hottentots, too, suffered so much from sickness that, as the only hope of saving their lives, it was necessary to send them back to Zanzibar. Speke therefore found it necessary to return to Caze, which he reached in May, leaving Grant, who was ill, behind at Mininga.

Horrid Cannibals.

He here heard of a tribe of cannibals, who, when they cannot get human flesh, give a goat to their neighbors for a dying child, considering such as the best flesh. They are, however, the only cannibals in that district.

They were still in the country of the Weezee, of whose curious customs they had an opportunity of seeing more. Both sexes are inveterate smokers. They quickly manufacture their pipes of a lump of clay and a green twig, from which they extract the pith. They all grow tobacco, the leaves of which they twist up into a thick rope like a hay-band, and then coil it into a flattened spiral, shaped like a target. They are very fond of dancing. Meantime, the elders sit on the ground drinking "pomba." On one of these occasions the chief, who was present, drank more "pomba" than any of the people.

While the party were thus engaged, two lads, with zebra manes tied over their heads, and two bark tubes, formed like huge bassoons, in their hands, leaped into the centre of the dancers, twisting and turning and blowing their horns in the most extraordinary manner. The men, women and children, inspired by the sound of the music, on this began to sing and clap their hands in time.

"Pomba" is a sort of spirituous liquor, produced from a kind of grain grown in the country, which is cultivated by women, who nearly entirely superintend the preparation of the drink.

They received a visit from Sultan Ukulima, of Unyamuezi, a fine hale old man, who was especially fond of this beverage, drinking it all day long. He was pleasant enough in manner, and rather amusing when he happened not to be tipsy. Being fond of a practical joke, he used to beg for quinine, which he would mix slyly with "pomba," and then offer

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it to his courtiers, enjoying the wry faces they made when partaking of the bitter draught. He used to go round to the houses of his subjects, managing to arrive just as the "pomba-"brewing was finished, when he would take a draught, and then go on to the next. He sometimes sucked it through a reed, just as a sherry cobbler is taken, while one of his slaves held the jar before him.

How "Pomba" is Made.

The women and men do not drink it together. It is the custom of the ladies to assemble in the house of the sultana, and indulge in it in her company.

The women, as has been said, are employed in the cultivation of the grain from which it is made. When it is green, they cut off the ears with a knife. These are then conveyed to the village in baskets, and spread out in the sun to dry. The men next thrash out the grain with long, thin flails. It is afterwards stacked in the form of corn-ricks, raised from the ground on posts, or sometimes it is secured round a tall post, which is stuck upright in the ground, swelling out in the centre somewhat in the shape of a fisherman's float. When required for use, it is pounded in wooden mortars, and afterwards ground between two stones.

Speke reached Mininga again, where he found Grant greatly recovered. During his absence three villagers had been attacked by a couple of lions. The men took to flight, and two gained the shelter of their hut, but the third, just as he was about to enter, was seized by the monsters and devoured.

Difficulties of all sorts beset them: the chief was obtaining porters; Musa, too, who pretended to be so friendly, did not keep faith with them; but, rather than be delayed, Speke paid the beads demanded, and once more set off.

At length he obtained a leader with a droll name, which may be translated the Pig. He had frequently conducted caravans to Karague, and knew the languages of the country. He proved to be what his name betokened—a remarkably obstinate and stupid fellow.

Speke was still detained by the difficulty of procuring porters, some being engaged in harvest, while others declared that they feared the Watuta and other enemies in the districts through which they would have to pass. An Arab caravan which had followed them was in the same condition.

At length, having obtained a part of the number he required, a camp was formed at Phunze, where Grant, with Bombay to attend on him,

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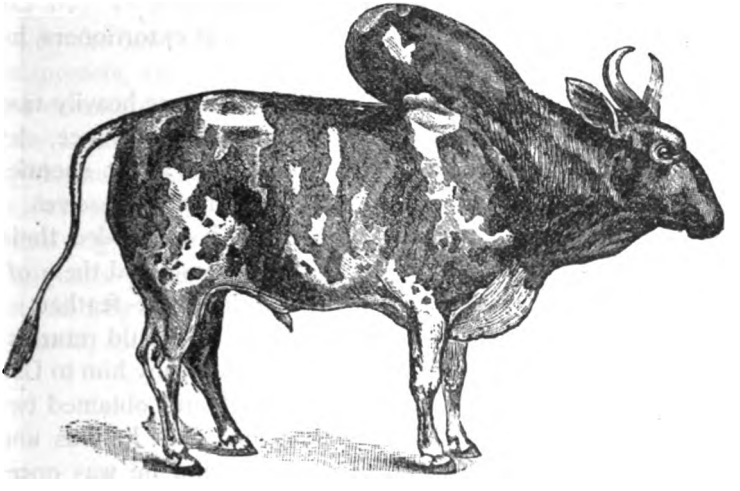
remained in charge of part of the baggage, while Speke, with the Pig as his guide and Baraka as his attendant, pushed on ahead. The chiefs of every district through which they passed demanded tribute, without which the travellers could not move forward. This caused numberless provoking delays, as the chiefs were often not content with what was offered to them.

Early in June he arrived in a district governed by a chief called Myonga, famed for his extortions and infamous conduct, in consequence of which no Arabs would pass that way. On approaching his palace, war-drums were heard in every surrounding village. The Pig went forward to obtain terms for the caravan to pass by. Myonga replied that he wished to see a white man, as he had never yet set eyes on one,



PECULIAR AFRICAN BULLOCK.

and would have a residence prepared for him. Speke declined the favor, but sent Baraka to arrange the tribute. Baraka amused himself, as usual, for some hours, with firing off volleys of ammunition, and it was not till evening that the palace drums announced that the tribute had been settled, consisting of six yards of cloth, some beads, and other articles. On this Speke immediately gave orders to commence the march, but two cows had been stolen from the caravan, and the men declared that they would not proceed without getting them back. Speke knew that if he remained more cloths would be demanded, and as soon as the cows arrived he gave them to the villagers.

This raised a mutiny among his men, and the Pig would not show the way, nor would a single porter lift his load. Speke would not enter the

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village, and his party remained, therefore outside all night. The next morning, as he expected, Myonga sent his prime minister, who declared that the ladies of his court had nothing to cover their nakedness, and that something more must be paid. This caused fresh difficulties, the drums beat, and at length, much against his inclination, Speke paid some more yards of cloth for the sake of Grant, who might otherwise have been annoyed by the scoundrel.

The "Pig's" Dishonest Tricks.

This is a specimen of some of the lighter difficulties which the travellers had to encounter on their journey. Having passed a number of villages, they entered a tract of jungle in which a stream formed the boundary between the great country of the Moon and the kingdom of Uzinga. The district Speke next entered was ruled by two chieftains descended from Abyssinians. They were as great extortioners, however, as any of the pure Negro race.

The Pig continued his tricks, and the travellers were heavily taxed and robbed at every step. The porters, too, refused to advance, declaring that they should be murdered, as the Watuta, their great enemies, were out on a foray; finally, they ran away and hid themselves. These Watutu, they said, were desperate fellows, who had invaded their country and killed their wives and children, and had despoiled them of everything they held dear. Baraka also showed the white feather. Speke, however, put on a bold front, and declared that he would return to Caze and collect men who would not be afraid to accompany him to Usui. He carried his plan into execution, rejoined Grant, and obtained two fresh guides, Bui and Nasib, a steady old traveller. Still he was unable to obtain fresh porters to carry on his baggage, and he was once more obliged to part from Grant.

Alarming News.

Having gone some way, Speke was taking seriously ill, while, again, his guides refused to proceed. This occurred while he was in the district of a chief, named Lumeresi, who insisted on his coming to his village, feeling jealous that he had remained in that of another inferior chief. Lumeresi was not in when Speke arrived, but on his return, at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket; in reply to which Speke fired three shots. The chief, however, though he pretended to be very kind, soon began to beg for everything he saw. Speke, who felt that his best chance of recovering from his illness was change of air, ordered his men to prepare a hammock in which he might be conveyed. Although he had already given the chief a handsome

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tribute, consisting of a red blanket, and a number of pretty, common cloths for his children, no sooner did he begin to move than Lumeresi placed himself in his way and declared that he could not bear the idea of his white visitor going to die in the jungle. His true object, however, was to obtain a robe which Speke had determined not to give him. However, at length, rather than be detained, he presented the only one which he had preserved for the great chief, Rumanika, into whose territories he was about to proceed. Scarcely had the chief received it, than he insisted on a further tribute, exactly double what had previously been given him. Again Speke yielded, and presented a number of brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths, and a hundred necklaces of coral beads, which were to pay for Grant as well as himself.

When about to march, however, Bui and Nasib were not to be found. On this, Speke determined to send back Bombay to Caze for fresh guides and interpreters, who were to join Grant on their return.

In the meantime, while lying in a fearfully weak condition, reduced almost to a skeleton, he was startled, at midnight, out of his sleep by hearing the hurried tramp of several men. They proved to be Grant's porters, who, in short excited sentences, told him that they had left Grant standing under a tree with nothing but a gun in his hand; that his Wanguana porters had been either killed or driven away, having been attacked by Myonga's men, who had fallen upon the caravan, and shot, speared, and plundered the whole of it.

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CHAPTER XXV.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES.

An African Village—Shelling Corn—Furniture in a Native's Hut—Peculiar Social Customs—Evening Dance—A Favorite Game—Weezee Boys and Their Bows and Arrows—Singular Mode of Shooting—Affectionate Greetings—Fine Models of the Human Form—Treatment of Slaves—A Happy Release—Avaricious Arabs—Horrible Punishments Inflicted Upon Offenders—Attacked by Black Robbers—Little Rohan, the Sailor—Boy's Bravery—Shooting Thieves—Speke and Grant at Karague—Combats with Wild Animals—Beautiful Scenery—Interesting Family of a King—Royal Fit of Merriment—Famous Fat Wives—Mode of Fattening Women—Models of Beauty—Amusement in the Palace—A King's Levee—Measuring a very Fat Lady—Desperate Battle with a Hippopotamus—Mountain Gazelles—The Wonderful White Man—A King's Astonishment at Gunpowder—Women Beating the War Drum—Musical Instruments—Wild Musician—Grotesque Band of Music—A Merry Christmas—Speke on His Way to Uganda—Messengers from King Mtesa—A Remarkably Rich Country—Mountains of the Moon—Droll Customs of Savages—Frightening Away the Devil—Interview with King Mtesa—A Black Queen—The King Shoots an Adjutant-bird—Wild and Fantastic Scene—A Famous Colonel—Arrival of Grant—The Explorers Pushing Forward—Speke Loses One of His Men—Arrival at the Banks of the Nile—Singular Conveyances—Brutal Attack of Natives—Speke and Grant at the End of Their Journey—The Explorers Arrive in England—Important Discoveries of Speke and Grant.

WE must now return to Captain Grant, who had been left in the Unyamuezi country, about which, during his stay, he made numerous observations.

"In a Weezee village," he tells us, "there are few sounds to disturb the traveller's night rest. The horn of the new-comers, and the reply to it from a neighboring village, an accidental alarm, the chirping of crickets, and the cry from a sick child occasionally, however, broke the stillness. At dawn the first sounds were the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cows, the bleating of calves, and the chirruping of sparrows (which might have reminded him of America). Soon after would be heard the pestle and mortar shelling corn, or the cooing of wild pigeons in the neighboring palm-grove." The huts were shaped like hay-stacks, dark within as the hold of a ship. A few earthen jars, tattered skins, old bows and arrows, with some cups of grass, gourds, and perhaps a stool, constitute the furniture.

Different tribes vary greatly in appearance. Grant describes some as

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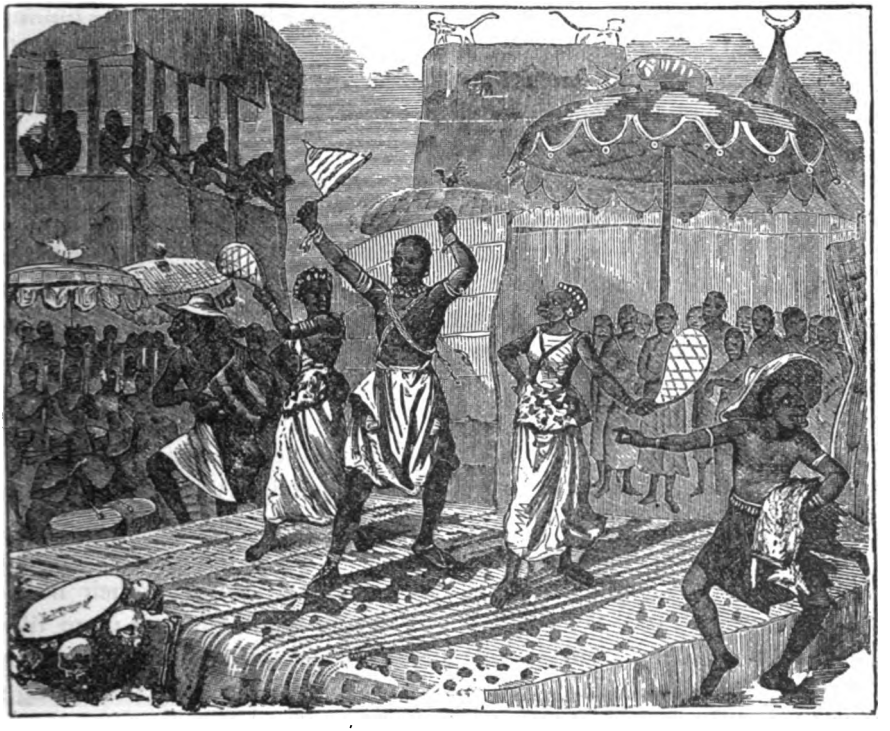
very handsome. He mentions two Nyambo girls, who, in the bloom of youth, sat together with their arms affectionately twined round each other's neck, and, when asked to separate that they might be sketched, their arms were dropped at once, showing their necks and busts to be of the finest form. Their woolly hair was combed out, and raised up from the forehead and over their ears by a broad band from the skin of a milk-white cow, which contrasted strangely with their transparent, light-copper skins. The Waha women are like them, having tall, erect, graceful figures and intelligent features.



SOCIAL AMUSEMENT AMONG THE WEEZEES.

An Arab trader, whom they had met, had sixty wives, who lived together in a double-poled tent, with which he always travelled. One of them was a Watusi, a beautiful tall girl, with large, dark eyes, and the smallest mouth and nose, with thin lips and small hands. Her noble race will never become slaves, preferring death to slavery.

Inside each Weezee village there is a club-house, or "iwansa," as it is called. This is a structure much larger than those which are used for dwelling-houses, and is built in a different manner. One of these

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iwansas, which was visited by Captain Grant, was a long, low room, twelve by eighteen feet, with one door, a low, flat roof, well blackened with smoke, and no chimney. Along its length there ran a high inclined bench, on which cow-skins were spread for men to take their seats. Huge drums were hung in one corner, and logs smouldered on the floor.

Into this place strangers are ushered when they first enter the village, and here they reside until a house can be appropriated to them. Here the young men all gather at the close of day to hear the news, and join in that interminable talk which seems one of the chief joys of a native African. Here they perform kindly offices to each other, such as pulling out the hairs of the eyelashes and eyebrows with their curious little tweezers, chipping the teeth into the correct form and painting on the cheeks and temples the peculiar marks which designate their clan.

Favorite Games.

Smoking and drinking also go on largely in the iwansa, and here the youths indulge in various games. One of these games is exactly similar to the one which has been introduced into England. Each player has a stump of Indian corn, cut short, which he stands on the ground in front of him. A rude sort of teetotum is made of a gourd and a stick, and is spun among the corn-stumps, the object of the game being to knock down the stump belonging to the adversary. This is a favorite game, and elicits much noisy laughter and applause, not only from the actual players, but from the spectators who surround them.

In front of the iwansa the dances are conducted. A long strip of bark or cow-skin is laid down, and the Weezees arrange themselves along it, the tallest man always taking the place of honor in the middle. When they have arranged themselves, the drummers strike up their noisy instruments, and the dancers begin a strange chant, which is more like a howl than a song. They swing their hands, stamp vigorously, and are pleased to think that they are dancing. The male spectators encourage their friends by joing in the chorus.

The Weezee boys are amusing little fellows, and have quite a talent for games. Of course they imitate the pursuits of their fathers, such as shooting with small bows and arrows, jumping over sticks at various heights, pretending to shoot game, and other amusements. Some of the elder lads convert their play into reality, by making their bows and arrows large enough to kill the pigeons and other birds which fly about them. They also make very creditable imitations of the white man's gun, tying two pieces of cane together for the barrels, modelling the stock, hammer, and trigger-guard out of clay, and imitating the smoke by

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tufts of cotton wool. That they are kind-hearted boys is evident from the fact that they have tame birds in cages, and spend much time in teaching them to sing.

The Wanyamuezi treat the Watusi with great respect. When two people of these tribes meet, the former presses his hands together, the Watusi uttering a few words in a low voice. If a Watusi man meets a

YOUNG WEEZEE SHOOTING PIGEONS.

woman of his own tribe, she lets her arms fall by her side, while he gently presses them below the shoulders, looking affectionately in her face.

The class of Arabs met with were a most degraded set: instead of improving the country, they brought ruin upon it by their imperiousness and cruelty. All traded in slaves and generally treated them most harshly. Several gangs were met with in chains. Each slave was dressed

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in a single goat's skin, and at night they kept themselves warm by lying near a fire. Never, by day or night, is the chain unfastened; should one of them require to move, the whole must accompany him. All ate together boiled sweet potato, or the leaves of the pumpkin plant, and were kept in poor condition to prevent their becoming troublesome.

Any meat or bones left from the travellers' dinners were therefore given them, and accepted thankfully. One gang was watched over by a small lad, whose ears had been cut off, and who treated them with unfeeling coarseness. A sick slave having recovered, it was the boy's duty to chain him to his gang again, and it was grievous to see the rough way he used the poor, emaciated creature.

They had not much work to do, the sole object of the owner being to keep them alive and prevent their running away till sold at the coast. They generally looked sullen and full of despair; but occasionally, at night, they danced and became even riotous, till a word from the earless imp restored them to order.

A Happy Release.

Among them was a poor fellow who had been five years in chains. The travellers took compassion on him, and released him from bondage. His chains were struck off with a hammer, and, once on his feet, a freedman, he seemed scarcely to believe the fact, when, however, attired in a clean calico shirt, he strutted about and soon came to make his new master his best bow. On his body were numerous spear-wounds. He had been captured by the Watuta, who had cut off several of his toes. This man never deserted them during the journey, accompanying them to Cairo, having gained the character of a faithful servant.

The Arab in Africa takes presents for everything he does, and it was believed that the white men would do the same. If a bullet was extracted, a gun repaired, an old sultan physicked, or the split lobe of an ear mended, a cow or cows were at hand to be paid when the task was finished.

When slaves were brought for sale and declined by the Englishmen, the natives could not understand their indifference to such traffic, but would turn from them with a significant shrug, as much as to say: "Why are you here then?"

The most horrible punishments are inflicted on those who offend against the laws of the country. A woman and lad, who had been accused of bewitching the sultan's brother, were found with their arms tied behind them, writhing in torture on their faces. No sympathy was shown them from the jeering crowd. The lad at last cried out: "Take

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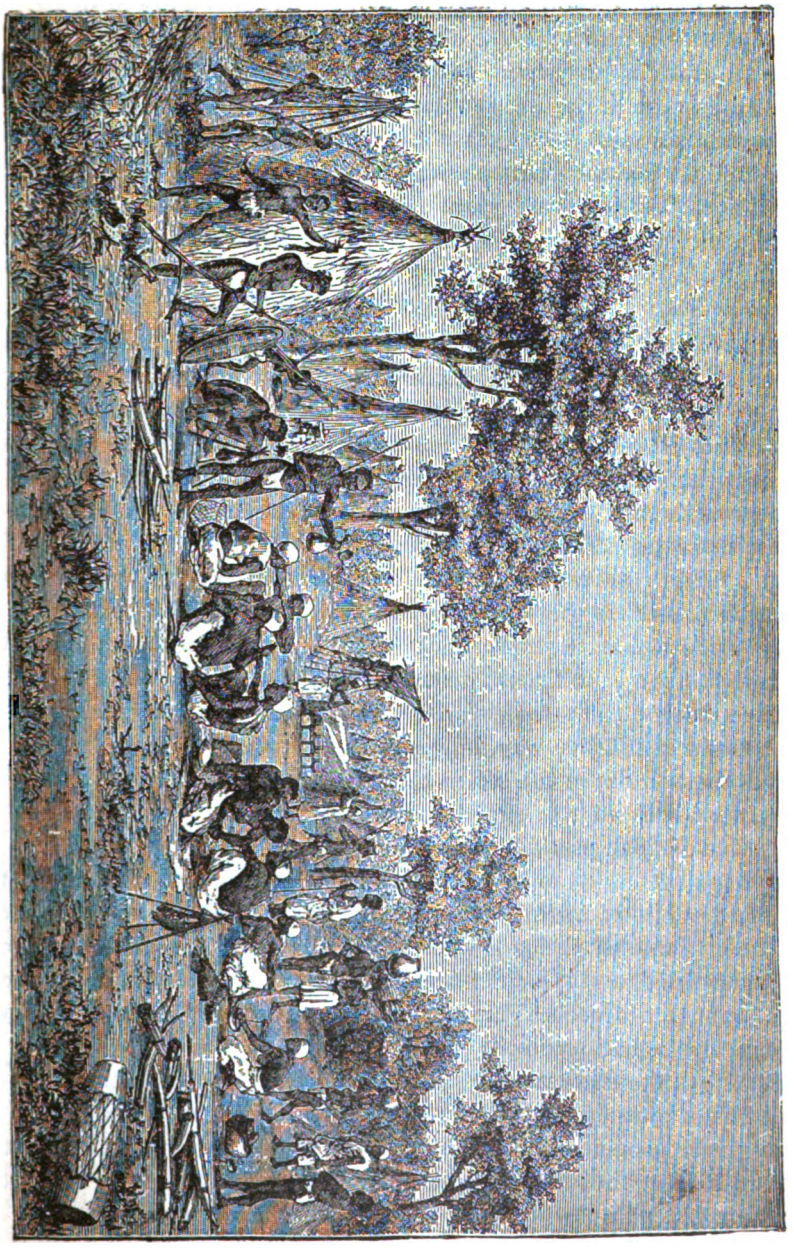

AN IVORY MERCHANT'S CAMP.

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me to the forest, I know an hero remedy." He was allowed to go, while the woman was kept in the stocks near the sick patient. The lad was put to death, and Captain Grant suspected, tortured before a fire. Another man, for a crime in the sultan's harem, was stripped, tied to railings, and his person smeared with grease and covered with greased rags, which were then set fire to, when he was dragged forth to a huge fire outside the village. On his way, spears were darted at him by the son and daughter-in-law of the sultan, and when he fell he was dragged out by one leg.

Attacked by Black Robbers.

Grant had the same difficulties in moving that Speke had experienced. At length he got away, but as he was passing through the territory of Sultan Myonga, his men moving in Indian file, a band of two hundred natives, armed with spears and bows and arrows, burst upon him, springing over the ground like cats. The uplifted spears and the shouts of the robbers frightened the porters, who gave up their loads and attempted to escape from the ruffians, who were pulling their clothes and loads from them. Grant endeavored without bloodshed to prevent this, but, as he had only one of his gun-men and two natives by him, he could do nothing. Little Rohan the sailor, one of his Zambesi men, was found with his rifle in hand at full cock, defending two loads against five men. He had been urged to fly for his life. The property, he answered, was his life. Grant made his way, however, to Myonga, seeing as he went the natives dressed out in the stolen clothes of his men. Though honor was dear, the safety of the expedition was so likewise, and one false step would have endangered it.

Myonga pretended to be very indignant, and said that he had cut off the hand of one of his men, and promised that the property should be restored. Some of the loads were given back, but others had been broken open and rifled, and the chief demanded an enormous tribute for permitting Grant to proceed. This was the origin of the alarming intelligence Captain Speke had received.

At length the two travellers united their forces, and together they continued their journey towards Karague. To reach it they had first to pass through the province of Usui, the chief of which, Suwarora, pillaged them as usual. Here the little grass-hut villages were not fenced by a stockade, but were hidden in large fields of plantains. Cattle were numerous, kept by the Wahuma, who would not sell their milk, because the Englishmen eat fowls. Their camp, night after night, was attacked by thieves. One night, as Speke was taking an observation, a party of these rascals

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enquired of two of the women of the camp what he was about. While the latter were explaining, the thieves whipped off their clothes and ran away with them, leaving the poor creatures in a state of absolute nudity.

Shooting Thieves.

Speke had not taken much notice of the goats and other things which had been stolen, but, in consequence of this, he ordered his men to shoot any thieves who came near. A short time afterwards, another band approaching, one of the men was shot, who turned out to be a magician, and was till then thought invulnerable. He was tracked by his blood, and afterwards died of his wound. The next day some of Speke's men were lured into the huts of the natives by an invitation to dinner, but, when they got them there, they stripped them stark naked and let them go again. At night the same rascals stoned the camp. After this another thief was shot dead and two others were wounded. Bombay and Baraka gave their masters also a good deal of trouble. The former, who was looked upon as an excellent fellow, more than once got very drunk, and stole their property in order to purchase a wife for himself, besides which the two men quarrelled desperately with each other.

At length, however, the travellers got free of Usui and the native guard who had been sent to see them over the borders, and entered Karague, to their great relief and happiness.

They had now, for some distance, wild animals alone to contend with, and these they well knew how to manage. There was often danger, as for instance, one day when they were hunting a lioness, she suddenly turned and with tremendous fury charged at her foes. Nothing but a lucky shot saved them.

Soon after pitching their tent they were greeted by an officer sent by the king, Rumanika, to escort them through his country. He informed them that the village officers were instructed to supply them with food at the king's expense, as there were no taxes gathered from strangers in the kingdom of Karague.

Beautiful Scenery.

The country was hilly, wild, and picturesque, the higher slopes dotted with thick bushes of acacias, the haunts of the white and black rhinoceros, while in the valley were large herds of harte-beestes. The further they proceeded into the country, the better they liked it, as the people were all kept in good order. A beautiful lake was seen, which at first they supposed to be a portion of the Nyanza, but it proved to be a separate lake, to which the name of Windermere was given.

They now attained the delightful altitude of five thousand odd feet, the

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COMBAT WITH AN ENRAGED LIONESS.

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atmosphere at night feeling very cool. Away to the west some bold sky-scraping cones were observed, and, on making enquiries, Speke was convinced that those distant hills were the great turn-point of the Central African water-shed. Numerous travellers, whom he collected round him, gave him assistance in forming his map. He was surprised at the amount of information about distant places which he was able to obtain from these intelligent men.

As they approached the palace, the king, Rumanika, sent them a supply of excellent tobacco and beer manufactured by his people. On drawing near his abode, the bearers were ordered to put down their loads and fire a salute, and the two travellers at once received an invitation to visit the king. He was found sitting cross-legged with his brother, both men of noble appearance and size. The king was plainly dressed in an Arab black robe; he wore on his legs numerous rings of rich colored beads, and neatly-worked wristlets of copper. His brother, being a doctor of high credit, was covered with charms; he wore a checked cloth wrapped round him. Large clay pipes were at their sides, ready for use. In their rear sat the king's sons, as quiet as mice.

The king greeted them warmly and affectionately, and in an instant both travellers felt that they were in the company of men who were totally unlike the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. They shook hands in the American style, the ever-smiling king wishing to know what they thought of his country. He observed that he considered his mountains the finest in the world: "And the lake, too; did not they admire it?" He seemed a very intelligent man, and enquired how they found their way over the world, which led to a long story, describing the proportions of land and water, the way ships navigate the ocean, and convey even elephants and the rhinoceros to fill the menageries of Europe and America.

A Fit of Merriment.

He gave them their choice of having quarters in his palace or pitching their tents outside. They selected a spot overlooking the lake, on account of the beautiful view. The young princes were ordered to attend on them, one of whom, seeing Speke seated in an iron chair, rushed back to his father with the intelligence. Speke was accordingly requested to return, that he might exhibit the white man sitting on his throne. Rumanika burst into a fresh fit of merriment at seeing him, and afterwards made many enlightened remarks.

On another visit Speke told the king that if he would send two of his

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children, he would have them instructed in England, for he admired his race, and believed them to have sprung from the friends of the English, the Abyssinians, who were Christians, and had not the Wahuma lost their knowledge of God, they would be so likewise. A long theological and historical discussion ensued, which so pleased the king that he said he would be delighted if Speke would take two of his sons to England. He then enquired what could induce them to leave their country and travel, when Speke replied that they had had their fill of the luxuries of life, and that their great delight was to observe and admire the beauties of creation, but especially their wish was to pay visits to the kings of Africa, and in particular his Majesty. He then promised that they should have boats to convey them over the lake, with musicians to play before them.

In the afternoon Speke, having heard that it was the custom to fatten

A HAPPY NATIVE.

up the wives of the king and princes to such an extent that they could not stand upright, paid a visit to the king's eldest brother. On entering the hut, he found the old chief and his wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewed over with grass, while in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk. Speke was received by the prince with great courtesy, and was especially struck by the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife.

She could not rise. So large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung like large loose bags. Then came in their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They were delighted in looking over his picture-books and making enquiries about them. The prince, pointing to his wife, observed: "This is all the product of those pots, as, from

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early youth upwards, we keep those pots to their mouths, being the custom of the court to have very fat wives."

The king, having supposed that the travellers had been robbed of all their goods, was delighted with the liberal presents he received, above all that of a coat of handsome scarlet broadcloth. He told them that they might visit every part of his country, and when the time arrived for proceeding to Uganda, he would escort them to the boundary.

Altogether, Rumanika was the most intelligent and best-looking ruler the travellers met with in Africa. He had nothing of the African in his appearance, except that his hair was short and wooly. He was fully six feet two inches in height, and the expression of his countenance was mild and open. He was fully clothed in a robe made of small antelope-skins and another of dark cloth, always carrying, when walking, a long staff in his hand. His four sons were favorable specimens of their race, especially the eldest, named Chunderah. He was somewhat of a dandy, being more neat about his lion-skin covers and ornaments than his brothers. From the tuft of wool left unshaven on the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except when his arms and neck were decorated with charmed horns, strips of otter-skins, shells, and bands of wool.

Amusement in the Palace.

He was fond of introducing Friz, Speke's head-man, into the palace, that he might amuse his sisters with his guitar, and in return the sisters, brothers, and followers would sing Karague music. The youngest son was the greatest favorite, and on one occasion, the travellers having presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, were much amused with the dignified way in which he walked off, having coaxed them on to his fingers.

Rumanika, contrary to the usual African custom, was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely on milk, merely sucking the juice of boiled beef. He scarcely ever touched plantain wine or beer, and had never been known to be intoxicated. The people were generally excessively fond of this wine, the peasants especially drinking large quantities of it.

One of the most curious customs which Rumanika holds in his character of high priest, is his new-moon levee, which takes place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. On the evening of the new moon the king adorns himself with a plume of feathers on his head, a huge white beard descending to his breast. He takes post behind a screen. Before him are arranged forty long drums on the ground, on the head of each of which is painted a white cross. The drummers stand each with a pair of sticks, and in front is their

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leader, who has a couple of small drums slung round his neck. The leader raises first his right arm and then his left, the performers imitating him, when he brings down both sticks on the drums with a rapid roll, they doing the same, until the noise is scarcely to be endured. This having continued for some hours, with the additon of smaller drums and other musical instruments, the chiefs advance in succession, leaping and gesticulating, and shouting expressions of devotion to their sovereign. Having finished their performance, they kneel before him, holding out their knobbed sticks that he may touch them, then, retiring, make room for others.

Civilized as the country is in some respects, marriage is a matter of barter between the father and the intended husband, the former receiving cows, slaves, sheep, etc., for his daughter. Should, however, a bride not approve of her husband, by returning the marriage gifts she is again at liberty. The chief ceremony at marriages consists in tying up the bride in a skin, blackened all over, and carrying her with a noisy procession to her husband.

Measuring a Very Fat Lady.

The ladies of this country lead an easy life in many respects, their chief object, apparently, being to get as fat as possible. Many of them succeed wonderfully well, in consequence of their peculiar constitution, or from the food they eat being especially nutritious. Five of Rumanika's wives were so enormous that they were unable to enter the door of any ordinary hut, or to move about without being supported by a person on either side. One of his sisters-in-law was of even still greater proportions. Speke measured her; round her arm was one foot eleven inches; chest, four feet four inches; thigh, two feet seven inches; calf, one foot eight inches; height, five feet eight inches.

He could have obtained her height more accurately could he have had her laid on the floor; but, knowing the difficulties he would have had to contend with in such a piece of engineering, he tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertion, was accomplished, when she sank down again, fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat before them, sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is one of the first duties of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced with the rod if necessary. The features of the damsel were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball.

The women turn their obesity to good account. In exchanging food for beads it is usual to purchase a certain quantity of food, which shall

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LANDING AN ENORMOUS HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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be paid for by a belt of beads that will go round the waist. The women of Karague being on an average twice as large round the waist as those of other districts, food practically rises a hundred per cent. in price. Notwithstanding their fatness their features retain much beauty, the face being oval and the eyes fine and intelligent. The higher class of women are modest, not only wearing cow-skin petticoats, but a wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelop their whole bodies, merely allowing one hand to be seen.

The travellers were allowed to move about the country as they liked, and the king sent his sons to attend on them, that they might enjoy such sport as was to be found. They heard of no elephants in that district, but harte-beestes, rhinoceros, and hippopotami were common.

Desperate Battle With the River-horse.

The exciting capture of the last-named beast furnishes material for many exciting tales of adventure. A traveller alludes to the custom the natives have of throwing sand into the animal's eyes. Blinded for the time, smarting, and assailed at his most sensitive point, the hippopotamus plunged back into the stream to lave his eyes, and the natives could not withstand his strength, even if the now doubled and firmly twisted together harpoon lines would have borne the strain, so they slacked away as he pulled, waiting until he was quiet to haul away again. and drag him to the bank. To this the out-manœuvred brute was foolishly nothing loath, and, having cleansed the sand from his eyes, rushed back to the fight, his black and savage heart eager for the destruction of his tormentors. Again, however, was he put to flight as before. Streaming with blood, spouting it in torrents from his mouth and through his nostrils, although he crunched the lance shafts like so many straws, yet the blades remained deep in his throat and vitals, whilst many a deadly thrust had been given behind his shoulder-blades.

So the fight went on for nearly two hours, the huge animal's attacks being always frustrated by the sand-throwing, while every appearance he made above the water was the signal to receive numerous fresh wounds. At length, fairly exhausted, his fierce energy and mighty strength alike subdued, he was dragged and held as far out of the water as it was possible to pull so great a weight; what was gained was retained by taking a round-turn with the end of the rope about a neighboring piece of rock and then the animal was secured. The natives value the hippopotamus for his hide, his flesh, and his ivory.

One day Captain Grant saw two harte-beestes engaged in a desperate combat, halting calmly between each round to breathe. He could hear,

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INFURIATED RHINOCEROS ROUTING HIS FOES.

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even at a considerable distance, the force of every butt as their heads met, and, as they fell on their knees, the impetus of the attack, sending their bushy tails over their backs, till one, becoming the victor, chased the other out of the herd.

Several varieties of antelope and the mountain gazelle were seen bounding over the hills. Pigs abounded in the low grounds, and hippopotami in the lake.

Captain Speke went out in search of rhinoceros, accompanied by the prince, with a party of beaters. In a short time he dicovered a fine male, when, stealing between the bushes, he gave him a shot which made him trot off, till, exhausted by loss of blood, he lay down to die. The young princes were delighted with the effect of the Englishman's gun, and, seizing both his hands, congratulated him on his successes.

A second rhinoceros was killed after receiving two shots. While pursuing the latter, three appeared, who no sooner sighted Speke, than they all charged at him in line. His gun-bearers, however, were with him, and, taking his weapons, he shot the three animals in turn. One dropped down a little way on, but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom of the hill. One kept charging with so much fury that they could not venture to approach till Speke had given him a second ball, which brought him to the ground. Every man then rushed at the creature, sending his spear or arrow into his sides until he sank like a porcupine covered with quills.

The Wonderful White Man.

The heads were sent to the king, to show what the white man could do. Rumanika exhibited the greatest astonishment, declaring that something more potent than powder had been used; for, though the Arabs talk of their shooting powers, they could not have accomplished such a feat. "It is no wonder," he added, "that the English are the greatest men in the world."

Rumanika, like great men in other countries, had his private band. The instruments were of a somewhat primitive character, while the musicians differed in appearance considerably from those of America. The most common instruments are the drums, which vary greatly in size: one hung to the shoulder is about four feet in length, and one in width It is played with the fingers, like the Indian "tom-tom." The drums used at the new-moon reception are of the same shape, but very much larger. The war-drum is beaten by women. At its sound the men rush to arms, and repair to their several quarters. There are also several stringed instruments. One of these, which Captain Grant de-

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scribes, was played by an old woman; it had seven notes, six of which were a perfect scale. Another, which had three strings, was played by a man: they were a full, harmonious chord. A third instrument called the "nanga," formed of dark wood, in the shape of a tray, had three crosses in the bottom, and was laced with one string, seven or eight times, over bridges at either end.

The prince sent the best player to be found to entertain his guest. The man entered, dressed in the usual Wanyambo costume, looking a wild, excited creature. After resting his spear against the roof of his

PECULIAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

hut, he took a "nanga" from under his arm and began playing, his wild yet gentle music with words, attracting a number of admirers. It was about a favorite dog, and for days afterwards the people sang that dog song.

They have two wind instruments, one resembling a flageolet, and another a bugle. The latter is composed of several pieces of gourd, fitted one into another, in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin.

Rumanika's band was composed of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles, and the other two hand-drums. On the march they form in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, swaying their bodies in time

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to the music, while the leader advances with a curiously active step, touching the ground alternately with each knee. They also, when the king rested on a march, or when out hunting, played before him, while he sat on the ground and smoked his pipe.

The Wahuma, like most Africans, have great faith in the power of charms, and believe that by their means persons can be rendered invulnerable. They also believe in the constant presence of departed souls, supposing that they exercise a good or evil influence over those whom they have known in life. When a field is blighted or a crop does not promise well, a gourd is placed in the pathway; passsengers set up a wailing cry, which they intend as a prayer to the spirits to give a good crop to their mourning relatives. Rumanika, in order to propitiate the spirit of his father, was in the habit of sacrificing annually a cow on his tomb, and also of placing offerings on it of corn and wine. These and many other instances show that, though their minds are dark and misguided, the people possess religious sentiments which might afford encouragement to missionaries of the gospel.

A Merry Christmas.

The commencement of 1862 found the travellers still guests of the enlightened king. Hearing that it was the English custom on Christmas Day to have an especially good dinner, he sent an ox. Captain Speke in return paid him a visit. He offered him the compliments of the season, and reminded him that he was of the old stock of Abyssinians, who were among the oldest Christians on record, and that he hoped the time would come when white teachers would visit his country, to instruct him in the truths which he and his people had forgotten.

Active preparations were now made for the departure of the travellers, but unhappily Captain Grant was suffering from so severe a complaint in one of his legs, that he was compelled to remain behind, under the protection of the hospitable sovereign, while Speke set off for Uganda.

About the middle of January a large escort of smartly-dressed men, women, and boys, leading their dogs and playing their reeds, under the command of Maula, arrived from Mtesa, King of Uganda, to conduct the travellers to his capital. Maula informed them that the king had ordered his officers to supply them with everything they wanted while passing through his country, and that there would be nothing to pay.

Speke set forth, in the hopes that before long he should settle the great Nile problem for ever. It was, however, not believed that he would be able to proceed north from Uganda, Rumanika especially declaring that he would be compelled to return to the southward.

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Passing through a remarkably rich country, famous for its ivory and coffee productions, they descended from the Mountains of the Moon to an alluvial plain, where Rumanika keeps thousands of cows. Once elephants abounded here, but, since the increase of the ivory trade, these animals had been driven off to the distant hills.

They soon reached the Kitangule River, which falls into the Victoria Nyanza. It was about eighty yards broad and so deep that it could not be poled by the canoe-men, while it runs at a velocity of from three to four knots an hour. It is fed from the high-seated springs in the Mountains of the Moon. Speke believed that the Mountains of the Moon give birth to the Congo as well as the Nile, and also the Shire branch of the Zambesi.

Frightening Away the Devil.

The country through which they passed was a perfect garden of plantations, surprisingly rich, while along the banks of the river numberless harte-beestes and antelopes were seen.

At a village, where they were compelled to stop two days, drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing went on the whole time, during the night as well as day, to drive the "phepo," or devil, away. In front of a hut sat an old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of beer in their laps, while people came, bringing baskets full of plantain squash and more pots of beer. Hundreds of them were collected in the court-yard, all perfectly drunk, making the most terrific uproar.

The king sent messengers expressing his desire to see the white man. Speke now sent back to Grant, earnestly urging him to come on if he possibly could, as he had little doubt that they would be able to proceed across the country to the northward. On approaching the capital, a messenger came to say that the king, who, by the way, is our old friend Mtesa, was so eager to meet the white man that he would not taste food until he had seen him.

Speke won his favor by blistering and doctoring him. He managed to keep up his own dignity by refusing to submit when improperly treated. He also gained great credit with the monarch by exhibiting his skill as a sportsman; and Mtesa was delighted to find that after a little practice he himself could kill birds and animals. He did not, however, confine himself to shooting at the brute creation, but occasionally killed a man or woman who might have been found guilty of some crime.

A Black Queen.

After he had been some time in the palace, he was introduced to the queen dowager. Her majesty was fat, fair, and forty-five. He found her

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seated in the front part of her hut, on a carpet, her elbow resting on a pillow. An iron rod, like a spit, with a cup on the top, charged with magic powder, and other magic wands were placed before the entrance, and within the room four sorceresses, or devil-drivers, fantastically dressed, with a mass of other women, formed the company. They being dismissed, a band of musicians came in, when beer was drunk by the queen, and handed to her visitor and high officers and attendants. She smoked her pipe, and bid Speke to smoke his. She required doctoring and Speke had many opportunities of seeing her, so completely winning her regard that she insisted on presenting him with various presents, among others a couple of wives, greatly to his annoyance. She appeared to be a jovial and intelligent personage.

On his next visit the king told Speke that he had wished to see him on the previous day, and begged that whenever he came he would fire a gun at the waiting hut, that he might hear of his arrival. The king was much pleased with a portrait Speke made of him, as also with his colored sketches of several birds he had killed, but was still more delighted with some European clothes, with which he was presented.

When Speke went to visit him, he found his Majesty dressed in his new garments. The legs of the trousers, as well as the sleeves of the waistcoat, were much too short, so that his black feet and hands stuck out at the extremities as an organ-player's monkey's do, while the cocks-comb on his head prevented a fez cap, which he wore, from sitting properly. On this visit twenty new wives, daughters of chiefs, all smeared and shining with grease, were presented, marching in a line before the king, and looking their prettiest, whilst the happy fathers floundered on the ground, delighted to find their darling daughters appreciated by the monarch. Speke burst into a fit of laughter, which was imitated not only by the king but by the pages, his own men chuckling in sudden gusto, though afraid of looking up.

The King Makes a Capture.

The king at last returned Speke's visit. Having taken off his turban, as Speke was accustomed to take off his hat, he seated himself on his stool. Everything that struck his eye was admired and begged for, though nothing seemed to please him so much as the traveller's wide-awake and mosquito curtains. The women, who were allowed to peep into Bana's (the white man's) den, received a couple of sacks of beads, to commemorate the visit.

A few days afterwards he was accompanying the king when an adjutant-bird was seen in a tree. The king had a gun Speke had given

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CURIOUS ADJUTANT-BIRD.

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him, but he had little more than one charge of powder remaining. Speke had left his gun at home. The king at the second shot killed the bird, greatly to his delight. He insisted upon carrying the bird to show to his mother.

Before entering the palace, however, he changed his European clothes for a white goat-skin wrapper. Directly afterwards a battalion of his army arrived before the palace, under the command of his chief officer, whom Speke called Colonel Congou. The king came out with spear and shield in hand, preceded by the bird, and took post in front of the enclosure. His troops were divided into three companies, each containing about two hundred men. After passing in single file, they went through various evolutions. Nothing, Speke says, could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued. Each man carried two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy. They thus moved in three lines of single rank and file at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent to give their strides the greater force. The captains of each company followed, even more fantastically dressed.

Astounding Dress.

The great Colonel Congou had his long, white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with white hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and the helmet covered with rich beads of several colors, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, from the centre of which rose a stem, tufted with goat-hair. Finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent protestations of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded.

Speke was now, towards the end of May, looking forward to the arrival of Grant. To propitiate the despot he sent a compass, greatly to the delight of Mtesa, who no sooner saw it than he jumped and yelled with intense excitement, and said it was the greatest present Bana had ever given him, for by this he found out all the roads and countries.

It had been arranged that Grant should come by water; but the natives, fearing to trust themselves on the lake, brought him all the distance on a litter. At length, the sound of guns announced the arrival of Grant, and Speke hurried off to meet his friend, who was now able to limp about a little, and to laugh over the accounts he gave of his travels.

The travellers forthwith began to make arrangements for proceeding on to Unyoro, governed by Kamrasi, of despicable character and considered merciless and cruel, even among African potentates, scattering

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GRANT'S RAPID JOURNEY FROM KARAGWE.

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death and torture around at the mere whim of the moment; while he was inhospitable, covetous, and grasping, yet too cowardly to declare war against the King of the Waganda, who had deprived him of portions of his dominions. The Waganda people were, therefore, very unwilling to escort the travellers into his territory; and Colonel Congou declared that if compelled to go, he was a dead man, as he had once led an army into Unyoro.

The travellers' great object was to reach the spot where the Nile was supposed to flow out of the Victoria Nyanza, and proceed down the stream in boats.

By July the arrangements for their journey were made. The king presented them with a herd of cows for their provisions, as well as some robes of honor and spears, and he himself came out with his wives to see them off. Speke ordered his men to turn out under arms and acknowledge the favors received. Mtesa complimented them on their goodly appearance and exhorted them to follow their leader through fire and water, saying that, with such a force, they would have no difficulty in reaching Gani.

Pushing Forward.

It was arranged that Grant should go on to Kamrasi direct, with the property, cattle, etc., while Speke should go by the river to examine its exit from the lake, and come down again, navigating as far as practicable.

They now commenced their march down the northern slopes of Africa, escorted by a band of Waganda troops, under the command of Kasora, a young chief. They had proceeded onwards some days, when Kari, one of Speke's men, had been induced to accompany some of the Waganda escort to a certain village of potters, to obtain pots for making plantain wine. On nearing the place, the inhabitants rushed out. The Waganda men escaped, but Kari, whose gun was unloaded, stood still, pointing his weapon, when the people, believing it to be a magic horn, speared him to death, and then fled.

After passing through a country covered with jungle, Speke reached the banks of the Nile. The shores on either side had the appearance of a highly-kept park. Before him was a magnificent stream, six or seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks—the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles, basking in the sun—flowing between fine, high, grassy banks, covered with trees and plantations. In the background herds of harte-beestes could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, Florican and Guinea fowl rising at their feet.

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The chief of the district received them courteously, and accompanied Speke to the Isamba Rapids.

The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac, while here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bare places of red earth could be seen. There, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, floating about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks Speke looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which, by dividing its waters, became at once both dam and rapids. "The whole scene was fairy-like, wild and romantic in the extreme," says Captain Speke.

Proceeding southward they reached the Rippon Falls, by far the most interesting sight he had seen in Africa.

"Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected, for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and four to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks; still it was a sight that attracted one to it for nours. The roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the fishermen coming out in boats, and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small grassy-topped hills, with trees in the intervening valleys and on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see."

Here, then, he had arrived at what he considered the source of the Nile—that is, the point from where it makes its exit from the Victoria Nyanza; and he calculated that the whole length of the river is, thus measuring from the south end of the lake, two thousand three hundred miles.

Singular Conveyances.

He and his party now returned northward, and reached Urondogani again in August. The difficulty was next to obtain boats. The fishermen, finding that the strangers were to be supplied with fish by the king's order, ran away, though the cows they had brought furnished the travellers with food. At length five boats, composed of five planks lashed together and caulked with rags, were forthcoming. Speke, with his attendants, Kasora, and his followers embarked, carrying goats, dogs, and kit, besides grain and dried meat. No one, however, knew how many days it would take to perform the voyage.

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ELEPHANTS ESCAPING FROM THEIR PURSUERS.

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Tall rushes grew on either side of the broad river, which had in places a lake-like appearance. The idle crew paddled slowly, amusing themselves by sometimes dashing forward, and then resting, while Kasora had the folly to attack the boats of Wanyoro he met coming up the river.

The frontier line was crossed on the 14th, but they had not proceeded far when they saw an enormous canoe of Kamrasi's, full of well-armed men, approaching them. The canoe turned, as if the people were afraid, and the Waganda followed. At length, however, the chased canoe turned, and the shore was soon lined with armed men, threatening them with destruction. Another canoe now appeared. It was getting dark. The only hope of escape seemed by retreating. Speke ordered his fleet to keep together, promising ammunition to his men if they would fight. The people in one boat, however, were so frightened that they allowed her to spin round and round in the current.

Brutal Attack by Natives.

The Wanyoro were stealing on them, as they could hear, though nothing could be seen. One of the boats kept in shore, close to the reeds, when suddenly she was caught by grappling-hooks. The men cried out "Help, Bana! they are killing us." Speke roared in reply: "Go in, and the victory will be ours." When, however, three shots were fired from the hooked boat, the Wanyoro fled, leaving one of their number killed and one wounded, and Speke and his party were allowed to retreat unmolested.

Speke, after proceeding up the river some distance, determined to continue the journey by land, following the track Grant had taken. Grant's camp was reached, and the next day a messenger arrived from Kamrasi, saying that the king would be glad to see them, and the march was ordered to Unyoro.

The frontier was again passed, when the country changed much for the worse. Scanty villages, low huts, dirty-looking people clad in skins, the plantain, sweet potato and millet forming the chief edibles, besides goats and fowls. No hills, except a few scattered cones, broke the level surface of the land, and no pretty views cheered the eye. They were now getting to a distance from the rain-attractive influences of the Mountains of the Moon, and vegetation decreased proportionately. Their first halt was on the estate of the chief Kidjwiga. Scarcely had they been established than a messenger page from Mtesa, with a party of fifty Waganda, arrived to enquire how Bana was, and to remind him of the gun and other articles he had promised to send up from Gani.

The natives ran off as they passed through the country, believing them

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to be cannibals. They supposed that the iron boxes which the porters carried on their shoulders each contained a couple of white dwarfs, which were allowed to fly off to eat people. They, however, gained confidence, and soon flocked around the Englishmen's huts.

On arriving at the end of their day's march, on the 2d of September they were told that elephants had been seen close by. Grant and Speke, therefore, sallied forth with their guns, and found a herd of about a hundred, feeding on a plain of long grass. Speke, by stealing along under cover of the high grass, got close to a herd, and fired at the largest. The animals began sniffing the air with uplifted trunks, when, ascertaining by the smell of powder that the enemy was in front of them, they rolled up their trunks, and came close to the spot where he way lying under a mound. Suddenly they stopped, catching scent of the white man, and lifting their heads high, looked down upon him. Speke was now in a dangerous position, for, unable to get a proper front shot at any of them, he expected to be picked up or trodden to death. As he let fly at their temples, they turned round and went rushing away at a much faster pace than they came.

The explorers at length reached Khartoum, having sailed down the Nile, and were soon at Berber.

The two travellers, whose adventures we have thus far followed, embarked for England, on the 4th of June, on board the "Pera," where they safely arrived, after an absence of eleven hundred and forty-six days.

His friends had shortly afterwards to mourn Captain Speke's untimely death, from his gun accidentally going off while at shooting.

Speke was the first European who saw the Victoria Nyanza, while the adventurous and hazardous journey he and Grant performed together deservedly places them in the first rank of African travellers. They also opened up an extensive and rich district hitherto totally unknown, into which the blessings of Christianity and commerce will soon be introduced.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

STANLEY'S GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF AFRICA.

Remarkable Scenery in Central Africa—Masses of Rocky Mountains—Foliage Bright with all the Colors of the Rainbow—Rank Growths of Rushes and Grass—Varieties of Animal Life—The Guinea fowl—The Sacred Ibis—The Long-legged Stork and Heron—The Wonderful Shoebill—Primeval Forests and Running Streams—Fine Specimens of Flowers—Perpetual Moisture—The Negro's Taste for Honey—The Fish-eagle—Majestic Flight—An Old Bird—The Eagle Contending for its Mate—Remarkable Claws—Turtle Doves and Golden Pheasants—Crows and Hawks—Fairy Antelopes—Grave-looking Monkeys—Beautiful Valleys and Hillsides—The Beautiful in Nature Marred by Human Cruelty—Cities Built by Insects—Waves of Rolling Land—Villages of African Tribes—Stanley's Description of Tanganyika—Remarkable Lake—Lovely Landscape—A Native Bird—Famous Ibis—A Feathered Idol—Stanley's Glowing Description of Tropical Scenery—Desert of Sahara—Terrific Sand Storms—Whirlwinds of Dust—Fire in the Air—Extraordinary Storm Pillars—Remarkable Reptile Tribes—The Curious Gekko—Brilliant Insects—The Traveller's Pests—Remarkable Trees and Plants—The Wild Ox—The Wild Pig—Ten Kinds of Antelopes—Elegant Animals—Swift Punishment—Famous Gorilla—Inveterate Thieves—Quick Retreat—The Orang-outang—Arms Longer Than Legs—Formidable Foe—Pursuit of the Orang-outang—Swinging Easily from Tree to Tree—Expert Climber—Hiding Among the Leaves—The Young Orang—A Motherly Goat—Clever Monkey—Saucy Pet—A Little Thief—An Animal Very Human.

STANLEY gives the following description of the scenery of Central Africa: Unyamwezi is a wide undulating table-land, sinking westward toward Tanganyika. Any one taking a bird's-eye view of the land would perceive forests, a purple-hued carpet of foliage, broken here and there by barren plains and open glades, extending toward every quarter of the heavens. Here and there rise masses of rocky mountains, towering like blunt cupolas above the gentle undulations of the land, on to the distant horizon. Standing upon any projecting point, a scene never before witnessed meets the view. Nothing picturesque can be seen; the landscape may be called prosaic and monotonous; but it is in this very overwhelming, apparently endless monotony that its sublimity lies.

The foliage is bright with all the colors of the prism; but as the woods retreat towards the far distance, a silent mystical vapor enfolds them, and bathes them first in pale, and then in dark blue, until they are lost in the distance. But near the lake all is busy life. The shore

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immediately adjoining the Lake of Ugogo is formed by a morass of at least sixty feet wide, and extending on every side. It is an impenetrable tangle of luxuriant sedge and rushes, where the unwieldy hippopotamus, going his nightly rounds, has left his watery footsteps imprinted in the swamp. Numerous buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, boars, kudu antelopes, and other animals come here at nightfall to quench their thirst.

The shores and surface of the lake are alive with an amazing number of aquatic birds—black swans, ducks, sacred ibises, cranes, and pelicans; high overhead, watchful for their prey, hover kites and fish eagles; while the shore is vocal with the loud call of the guinea-fowl, the hoarse scream of the toucan, the cooing of the pigeons, the hoot of the owl mingling with the cry of the snipe and wild fowl rising from the long grass by the water's edge. These shores are also the paradise of the long-legged stork and the heron, the saddle stork, the marabout, an ugly bird, in spite of its wonderful and costly feathers, the giant heron, while the curious stilt-bird, or shoebill, of Africa, one of the most singular birds of the globe, inhabits the more northern marshlands, vast impenetrable morasses of the White Nile, and some of its tributaries. This bird has a bulky body, a thick neck, a large head and a curiously formed bill, not unlike a clumsy wooden shoe. Its color is an ashy gray, with jet black wing feathers.

The shoebill is the giant of the wading birds and is found in pairs or smaller societies as remote as possible from human habitations, mostly in the impenetrable swamps of the White Nile and some of its tributaries. At the approach of man it flies away, and when frightened by shots it rises to a great altitude and never returns to its swamps as long as there is any suspicion of danger. This bird selects for its breeding place a small elevation in the reeds, either immediately on the border of the water or in the swamp, mostly where surrounding water renders an approach difficult.

Wonderful Luxuriance.

The flora concentrates all its luxuriance in the first months of the rainy season, leaving the autumn, when the grass of the steppes is withered, to fare less richly. The scenery varies much less than in the most monotonous districts of our own country, but it has nevertheless its alternation of clustering groves of bushes, its clearings with noble trees more than thirty or forty feet in height, its luxuriant undergrowth broken by grassy reaches or copses of tall shrubs.

Palms play a subordinate part in this scenery; the fan palms are found clustered together in groves; and in the marshy steppes grows the

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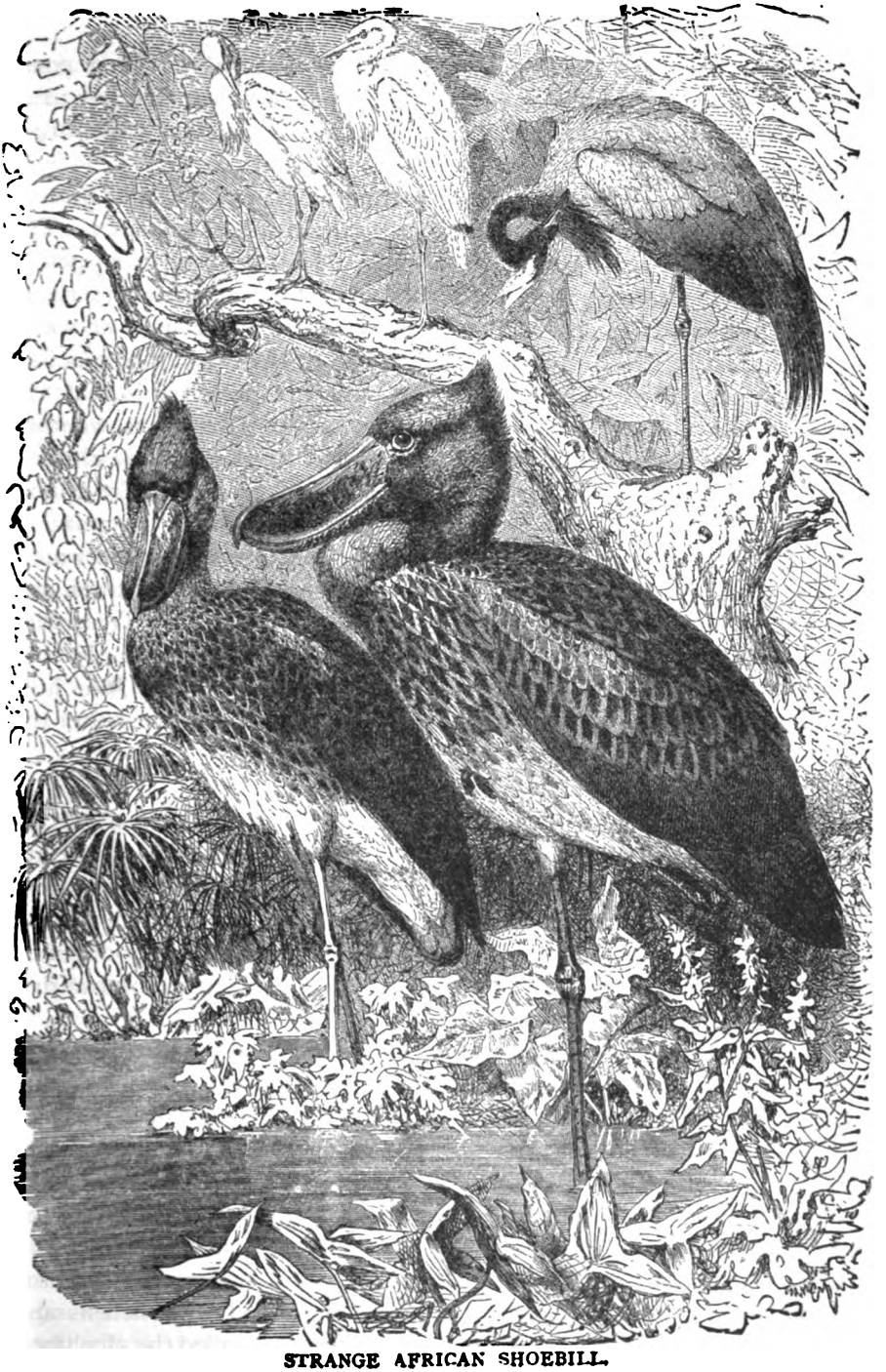

STRANGE AFRICAN SHOEBILL.

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prickly date, perhaps the primitive type of the date palm. Then come the leather-leaved fig trees of every kind, and among them the grandest monuments of African vegetation, the sycamores, together with large-leaved tamarinds.

Very characteristic of the country are the patches of primeval forests, watered by running streams, and known by the name of galleries. The soil is unusually rich in springs of water, which keep up a perpetual overflow of the brooks; and while in the northern districts the rivers have to find their way across open lowlands where the volume of water soon diminishes, and is lost in the parched earth, the country here is like a well-filled sponge. The result of this abundant moisture is that the valleys and fissures of the earth through which the water flows, whether in the form of little brooks and streamlets, or of great rivers, are clothed with all the majesty of a tropical forest; while an open park-like glade, the chief feature of which appears at the first glance to be the amazing size of its foliage, fills up the higher-lying spaces between the water-courses and the galleries. The number of distinct types of trees, and the variety of forms among the undergrowth, is very great. Trees with large trunks, whose height throws into the shade all the previously seen specimens of the Nile flora, not excluding the palms of Egypt, are here found in serried ranks, without a break, and beneath their shelter the less imposing platforms are arranged in terraces.

Magnificent Forests.

In the interior of these virgin forests, leafy corridors, rivalling the temple walls of Egypt, lie veiled in deep perpetual shadow, and are spanned by a triple roof of foliage, rising vault above vault. Seen from without, the galleries appear like an impenetrable wall of the densest leafage, while from within corridors of foliage open out in every direction beneath the columns of the tree stems, and are filled with the murmuring voice of springs and water-courses.

The average height of the roof of leaves measures from seventy-five to ninety feet; but very often these galleries, seen from without, by no means produce the imposing effect which is felt from within in looking up from the depth of the valley or the water-side; because in many places the depression of land or water which makes up the gallery or tunnel-like character of the scene scarcely allows half of the forest to rise above the level ground, many galleries being entirely sunk in the depression. Great tree trunks, thickly overgrown with wild pepper, rise from the depths, and support wide-spreading branches draped with lichens and mosses, above which towers the remarkably fine tree called the elephant's

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ear, which grows in rich abundance. High up on the branches are seen the very large nests built by the "tree-termite."

Other tree stems, long since dead, serve as supports for colossal vines, and with their impenetrable festoons form bowers as large as houses, in which perpetual darkness reigns. From the depths of the brushwood gleam flame-red blossoms, and rivalling them in splendor are seen tall shrubs bearing large orange bell flowers. The eyes may roam in every direction, and meet with nothing but this unbroken impenetrable greenery. There where the narrow pathways wind along, partly through and partly under the tangle of shrub and bush ascending the valley wall, bare roots of trees form the supports which hold the loose friable earth together. Mouldering trunks, covered with thick mosses, are met with at every step, and make our advance through these waves of massive greenery anything but easy. The air we breathe is no longer that of the free sun-lit steppe, or of the cool leafy paths without; it is the heavy, humid atmosphere of our green-houses. There prevails a constant moisture, produced by the breath of the woods itself, and which it is impossible to escape.

A Taste for Honey.

The Negroes belonging to the caravan, while prowling through the backwoods in search of anything eatable, lighted here upon an important discovery; their cry of triumph guided us to the place where they stood clustered together round a tree, very busy with their firebrands. They had discovered in the hollow stem a large quantity of honey, and were preparing to secure their treasure with great indifference to the results of their attack. Honey, wax, and even the little bodies of the honey-makers slain in the combat, were swallowed down by the Negroes without any distinction.

One of the birds peculiar to some parts of Central Africa, and mentioned by Stanley, is the fish-eagle. The best known and largest is the white-headed eagle. The length is about three feet, and the extent of wings seven feet; the female is somewhat larger. Its usual food is fish, but it eats the flesh of other animals, when it can get it and often seizes quadrupeds and birds of inferior flight, and when pressed by hunger will feed on carrion. The flight of this bird is very majestic; it sails along with extended wings and can ascend until it disappears from view, without any apparent motion of the wings or tail; and from the greatest height it descends with a rapidity, which can scarcely be followed by the eye. The power of wing is not more remarkable than the consummate skill with which the strong pinions are made to cut the air.

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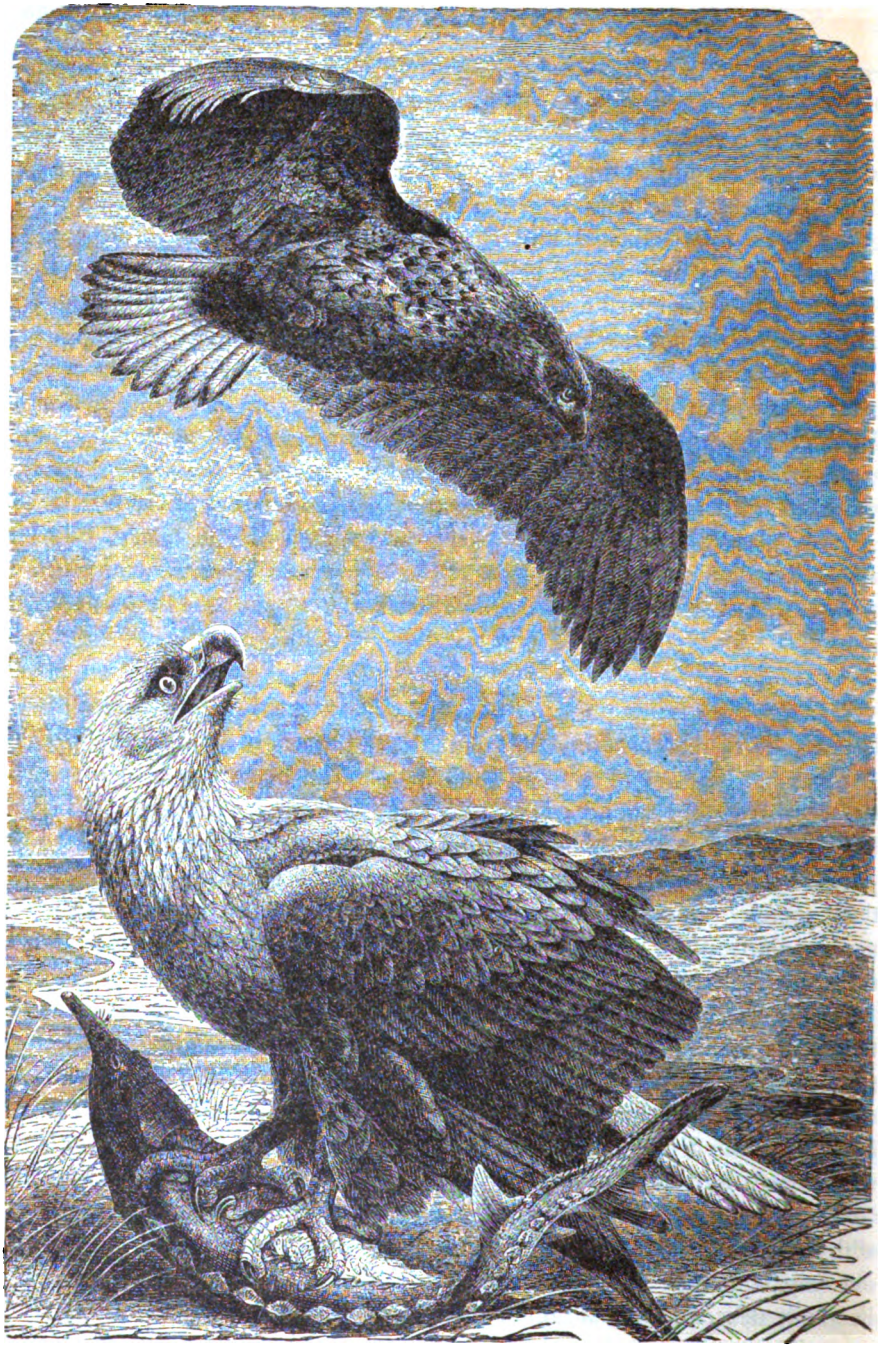

FISH-EAGLES CONTENDING FOR A PRIZE.

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These birds live to a great age. They are generally seen in pairs and the union seems to last for life. The attachment of the old birds to their young is very great. The breeding season commences about March and though each male has but one mate during its entire life, many and fierce are the battles, which arise about the possession of these spouses. It is a singular circumstance in the formation of this bird that the outer toe turns easily backward, so as on occasion to have two of the toes forward and two backward, and it has a much larger claw than the inner one. This, and the roughness of the whole foot underneath, are well adapted for the securing of its prey. During the spring and summer months the osprey is frequently seen hovering over the rivers for minutes without visible change of place. It then suddenly darts down and plunges into the water, whence it seldom rises again without a fish in its talons. When it rises in the air it shakes off the water and pursues its way towards the woods.

In one part of his first expedition, Stanley refers to the attractive views which greeted him on every side.

Forest-clad Slopes and Beautiful Valleys.

Our traveller was now fairly in the midst of African scenes. The wilderness was broken only by the little villages which every now and then appeared peeping through the crevices of their wonderful fortresses of acacia, and the people were fully up to the average in genuine African characteristics.

Crossing the Ungerengeri, a beautiful river with a broad fertile valley, and passing through the narrow belt of country which is all that is left to the warlike remnants of the once powerful Wakami tribe, the intrepid traveller entered the territory of the Wadoe, a people full of traditions, who have always defended themselves bravely against the encroachments of neighbors and the invasions of marauders. The region they inhabit might well have been guarded by them with jealous courage.

Speaking of it, Mr. Stanley says: It is in appearance amongst the most picturesque countries between the coast and Unyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forests, tipped by the light fleecy clouds, through which the warm glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in a quickening radiance which brings out those globes of foliage that rise in tier after tier along the hill-sides in rich and varied hues which would mock the most ambitious painter's skill. From the winding paths along the crest of ridges the traveller may look down over forest-clad slopes into the deep valleys, and across to other slopes as

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LIFE AND METAMORPHOSIS OF THE DRAGON-FLY. *a*.—THE PERFECT INSECT. *b*.—THE INSECT CASTING OFF ITS WORN-OUT NYMPH'S SKIN. *c d*.—LARVÆ AND NYMPHS.

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gayly clad, and other ridges where deep concentric folds tempt him to curious wanderings by their beauty and mystery and grandeur. But those lovely glades and queenly hills told saddest stories of cruel deeds and wrongs irreparable. It is the old story: envious evil eagerly invades with its polluting presence those sacred spots where all is loveliest; infernal malice mars with strange delight what is beautiful and pure.

Cities Built by Insects.

Further on the caravan passed through the thin forests adorned with myriads of marvellous ant-hills, those wonderful specimens of engineering talent and architectural capacity, those cunningly contrived, model cities, with which the tiny denizens of African wilds astonish the traveller continually; and on across plains dotted with artificial-looking cones and flat-topped, isolated mountains, and through marshy ravines, where every unlucky step insured a bath in Stygian ooze—the various scenes of southern Ukonongo—

> "Where the thorny brake and thicket
> Densely fill the interspace
> Of the trees, through whose thick branches
> Never sunshine lights the place"—

the abode of lions and leopards and elephants and wild boars, one of those splendid parks of the wilderness where majestic forests and jungles, and lawn-like glades, and reedy brakes and perilous chasms all unite to form that climax of wildness and beauty, "the hunter's paradise." It was just the place to arouse all the Nimrod spirit a man possesses, and the two days of rest were turned to good account by Mr. Stanley in testing the virtue of his fine rifles on the masters of the domain.

The surface stratum of the country is clay, overlying the sandstone, based upon various granites, which in some places crop out, picturesquely disposed in blocks and boulders and huge domes and lumpy masses; ironstone is met with at a depth varying from five to twelve feet, and bits of coarse ore have been found in Unyanyembe by digging not more than four feet in a chance spot.

"Waves of Rolling Land."

During the rains the grass conceals the soil, but in the dry seasons the land is gray, lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide streets of dark mud. Dwarfed stumps and charred "black jacks" deform the fields, which are sometimes ditched or hedged in, whilst a thin forest of parachute-shaped thorns diversifies the waves of rolling land and earth hills,

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spotted with sunburnt stone. The reclaimed tracts and clearings are divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle, varying from two to twelve miles in length, and, as in other parts of Africa, the country is dotted with "fairy mounts"—dwarf mounds—the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the debris of insect architecture. Villages, the glory of all African tribes, are seen at short intervals rising only a little above their impervious walls of lustrous green milk-bush, with its coral-shaped arms, variegating the well-hoed plains; whilst in the pasture lands herds of many-colored cattle, plump, round-barrelled and high humped, like Indian breeds, and mingled flocks of goats and sheep, dispersed over the landscape, suggest ideas of barbarous comfort and plenty.

It is astonishing what luxury is conveyed into the heart of Africa by Arab merchant-princes. The fertile plain about their villages, kept in the highest state of cultivation, yields marvellous abundance and endless variety of vegetables, and supports vast herds of cattle, and sheep and goats innumerable; while just above the houses the orange, lemon, papaws and mangoes may be seen thriving finely.

Add to these the tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine cloths as they need for their own use, brought from the coast every year by their slaves; associate these with a wealth of Persian carpets, most luxurious bedding, complete services of silver for tea and coffee, with magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers; and we have a catalogue out of which our imagination produces pictures of luxury that, amid the wildness and rudeness of that barbarous land, seem more like the magician's work than tangible realities, which await the worn-out traveller across six hundred miles of plains and mountains and rivers and swamps, where a succession of naked, staring, menacing savages throng the path in wonder at a white face.

A further description of some of the tropical birds mentioned by Stanley will prove of interest to the reader who wishes to obtain a correct idea of the wonders abounding in Africa.

A Native Bird.

Guinea-hens are peculiar to Africa, where they frequent woods on the banks of rivers, in large flocks. They feed on grains, grasshoppers and other insects. When alarmed they attempt to escape by running, rather than by flight. The common guinea-hen is slate colored, covered all over with round white spots and is about the size of the common fowl. They are very noisy and troublesome, always quarreling with the other

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DESPERATE BATTLE WITH THE KING OF THE FOREST.

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inmates of the poultry yard, and they are hard to raise from the delicacy of the young and their liability to disease.

Their flesh is of fine flavor and their eggs are excellent. They are great feeders, requiring to be fed beyond what they can pick up by themselves, and are apt to injure tender buds and flowers. The crested guinea-fowl or pintado has a crest of black feathers and the body black with blue spots; the mitred pintado has the head surmounted by a conical helmet and is black, white spotted.

The four species of pintado hitherto known are all natives of Africa and of islands adjacent to the African coast. Their mode of feeding is similar to that of the domestic poultry. They scrape the ground with their feet in search of insects, worms or seeds. The females lay and hatch their eggs nearly in the same manner as the common hens. The eggs, however, are smaller and have a harder shell. Buffon states that there is a remarkable difference between the eggs of the domestic guinea-fowls and those which are wild; the latter being marked with small round spots, like those on the plumage of the birds, and the former being, when first laid, of a quite bright red and afterwards of the faint color of the dried rose.

The young birds, for some time after they come into the world, are destitute of the helmet or callous protuberance, which is so conspicuous on the heads of the old ones. The guinea-fowl is a restless and clamorous bird. During the night it perches on high places and if disturbed, alarms every animal within hearing by its cry. These birds delight in rolling themselves in the dust for the purpose of ridding themselves of insects.

The Famous Ibis.

This is another African bird. There are about half a dozen species of this wading bird, including three in the United States. The red or scarlet ibis is about twenty-eight inches long, its bill six and one-half inches, and the extent of its wings a little over three feet. This bird, whose color is a uniform bright scarlet, is found in South America and the West Indies. The white ibis, or white curlew, whose plumage is pure white, is very common in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, occasionally straggling as far north as New Jersey. Its flesh has a very fishy taste and is rarely eaten except by the Indians.

The glossy ibis, a smaller species, is about twenty-one inches long. Its general color is chestnut-brown, with the back and top of head metallic green, glossed with purple. It exists in great numbers in Mexico and has been found as far north as Massachusetts. Of this genus

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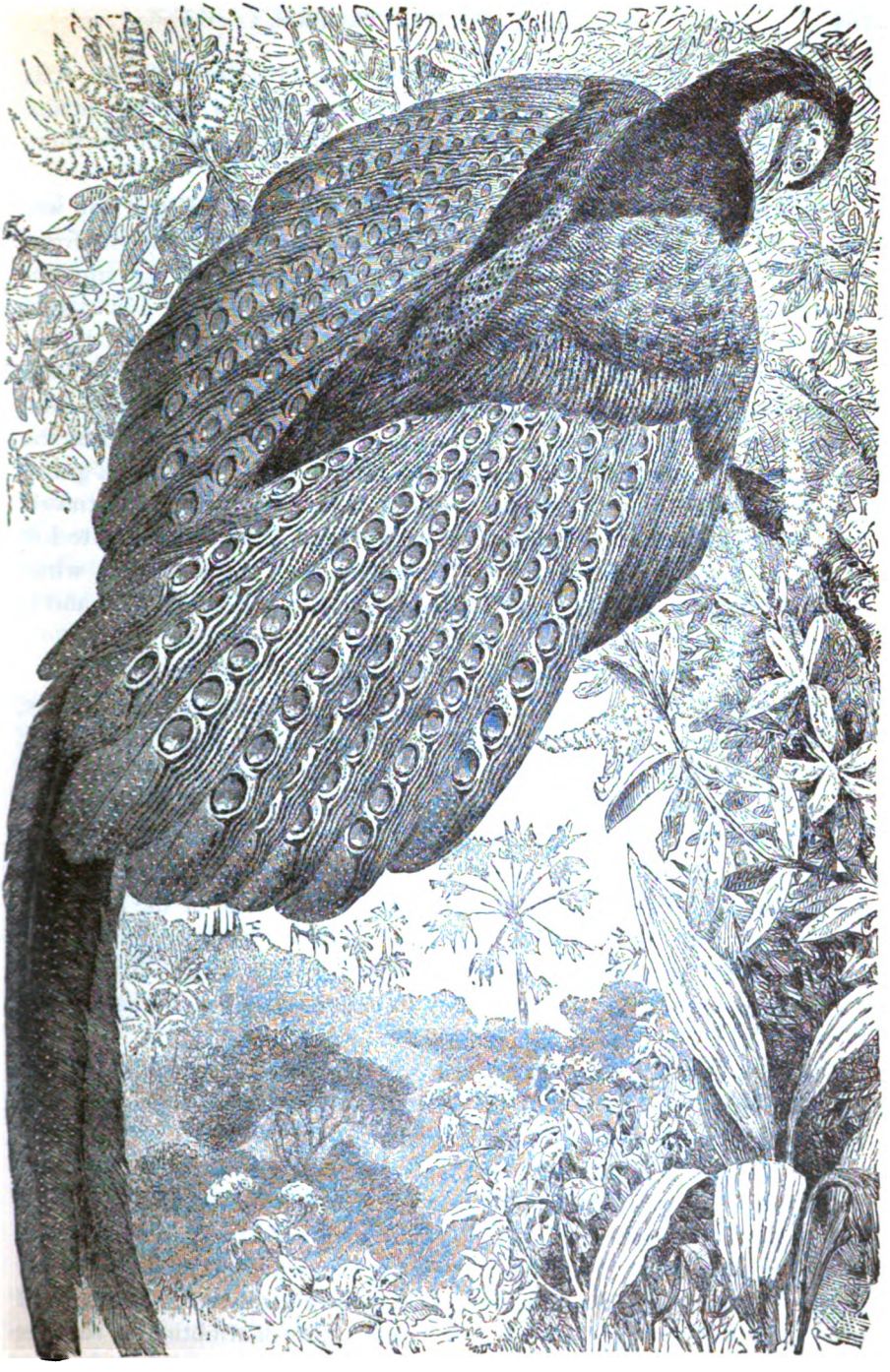

BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT.

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there are about twenty species found in the warmer parts of Africa, Asia and South America, one of which is the Sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. It is about as large as a domestic fowl, and is found throughout Northern Africa.

This bird, which was reared in the temples of ancient Egypt and was embalmed, frequents overflowed lands and dry plains and feeds on frogs and small aquatic lizards. It is a migratory bird, appearing simultaneously with the rise of the Nile and departing as the inundation subsides. It is a remarkable fact, that the ibis does not visit Egypt regularly any more as of old, breeding in the Soudan. As soon as it arrives there it takes possession of its well-selected breeding places, from which it undertakes excursions in search of prey. It is not afraid of the natives and can often be seen among the cattle herds picking up a grasshopper here and a frog or lizard there. Dr. Brehm met, on his travels up the Blue Nile, so many of this beautiful bird, that he was able to kill twenty of them within two days. The female lays three to four white eggs of the size of duck eggs. The bird is easily domesticated and is found in many zoological gardens of Europe and America.

A Feathered Idol.

In Egypt the ibis was regarded with great veneration by the ancients, who kept them in their temples, and embalmed them after their death; thousands of their remains are still found in the burial places amid the ruins of ancient Egypt. Various reasons have been given for this custom, some saying that the ibis destroyed the noxious serpents which were so numerous in that country; others that there was supposed to be some analogy between the plumage of the bird and one of the phases of the moon; while a third opinion is that the birds were regarded with favor, because, their annual migration into Egypt taking place at the period of the rising of the Nile, they were considered as the harbingers of that event.

Stanley's glowing descriptions of tropical scenery find a striking contrast of the account given of the African desert, and the perils which often overtake travellers who attempt to cross it.

The plain of Sahara is the great typical desert. Its name comes from an Arabic word, which means *the plain*. Not that the great desert is by any means an unbroken plain, or destitute of great variety in its physical characteristics. The true sandy desert occupies but a relatively small portion of the space marked upon our maps as the desert of Sahara; and even upon the surface of this "true" desert the distribution of sand is very unequal. The stratum of the sand in some parts is so thin that the

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underlying limestone is visible through it. The sandy region attains its greatest extent in the Libyan desert, and masses of sand still drift in from the Mediterranean, to settle down upon a bed which in a recent period was buried beneath the waves of the sea. These sand floods extend westward to Tripoli. Near that town the sandy stretches are varied by plantations of palm trees and fields of corn; true deserts of yellow sand, passing like a yellow ribbon from west to east, between fields wheat and barley.

Terrific Sand-storms.

The western Mongolian desert contains plains of sand perfectly corresponding with those of the Sahara and the Arabian desert. Mounds of loose sand are blown together and scattered again by the wind: a mere breeeze is enough to wipe out all trace of a long caravan crossing the waste. The sand is so extremely fine and light, that in sudden storms of wind trenches of thirty or forty feet deep are hollowed out, and swelling waves are raised like those of the Libyan desert, making the journey tedious and difficult to the camels as they cross the shifting plain.

It is true that large stretches of the plain of Sahara are covered by waves of sand, which were once sandy bars and dykes of the sea; but the whole desert is by no means the product of the ocean alone. Very much of the sand is of local origin, formed from the soil of the desert plain by the sudden changes of temperature and the action of the wind There are many such centres of sand radiation, and the mechanically powdered fragments of rock are found in every phase of transition from crumbled stone to fine drift-sand. The ground above Khartoum, to the west of the Nile, consists partly of rose-colored granite, and the whole surface of the rifted slope of rock is bestrewn with fragments of different sizes.

Dust whirlwinds of considerable size are sometimes observed in the Russian steppes; but the best known phenomena of this kind are the high sand pillars of Sahara. Even in Australia these rotary dust pillars are met with, generally being seen upon shadowless plains. It is thought that these Australian whirlwinds are the channels which carry the heated air from the ground to the higher strata.

Fiery Wind.

Instead of the rolling waves and cool breezes of the sea, this funereal region only gives out burning gusts, scorching blasts which seem to issue from the gates of hell; these are the simoon or poison-wind, as the word signifies in Arab. The camel-driver knows this formidable enemy, and

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so soon as he sees it looming in the horizon, he raises his hands to heaven, and implores Allah; the camels themselves seem terrified at its approach. A veil of reddish-black invades the gleaming sky, and very soon a terrible and burning wind rises, bearing clouds of fine impalpable sand, which severely irritates the eyes and throat.

The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travellers have no chance of safety except by making a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and covering their heads so as to protect themselves against this scourge. Entire caravans have sometimes perished in these sand-storms; it was one of them that buried the army of Cambyses when it was traversing the desert.

Camp, in his charming work on the Nile, describes in the following terms one of these desert tempests. It comes towards one, he says, growing, spreading, and advancing as if on wheels. Its overhanging summit is of a brick color, its base deep red and almost black. In proportion as it approaches it drives before it burning effluvia, like the breath of a lime-kiln. Before it reaches us we are covered with its shadow. The sound it makes is like that of a wind passing through a pine-forest. So soon as we are in the midst of this hurricane the camels halt, turn their backs, throw themselves down, and lay their heads upon the sand. After the cloud of dust comes a rain of imperceptible stones, violently hurled about by the wind, and which, if it lasted long, would quickly flay the skin from those parts of the body unprotected by the clothes. This lasted five or six minutes, and was frightful. Then the sky became clear again, and gave the same feeling of sudden change to the eye as a light suddenly brought into a dark place.

Extraordinary Storm Pillars.

Whirlwinds are generally preceded by a sultry, oppressive air; sometimes by absolute calm; but the state of the wind never appears clearly connected with the phenomena. The storm pillars vary greatly in form the sand columns being generally funnel-shaped, and the water-spouts like a pipe surrounded at the base by whirling vapors and foaming water The height and diameter are also variable; some of the highest have been estimated at 6,000 feet. In many cases the damage caused by the water is of such a kind as to show that there has been an influx of air from every side toward the base of the column.

But hurricanes, cyclones, and all the rush and roar of the elements, are not more wonderful than the curious forms of animal and insect life abounding in the Dark Continent.

The reptile tribe is represented here by some of its most distinguished

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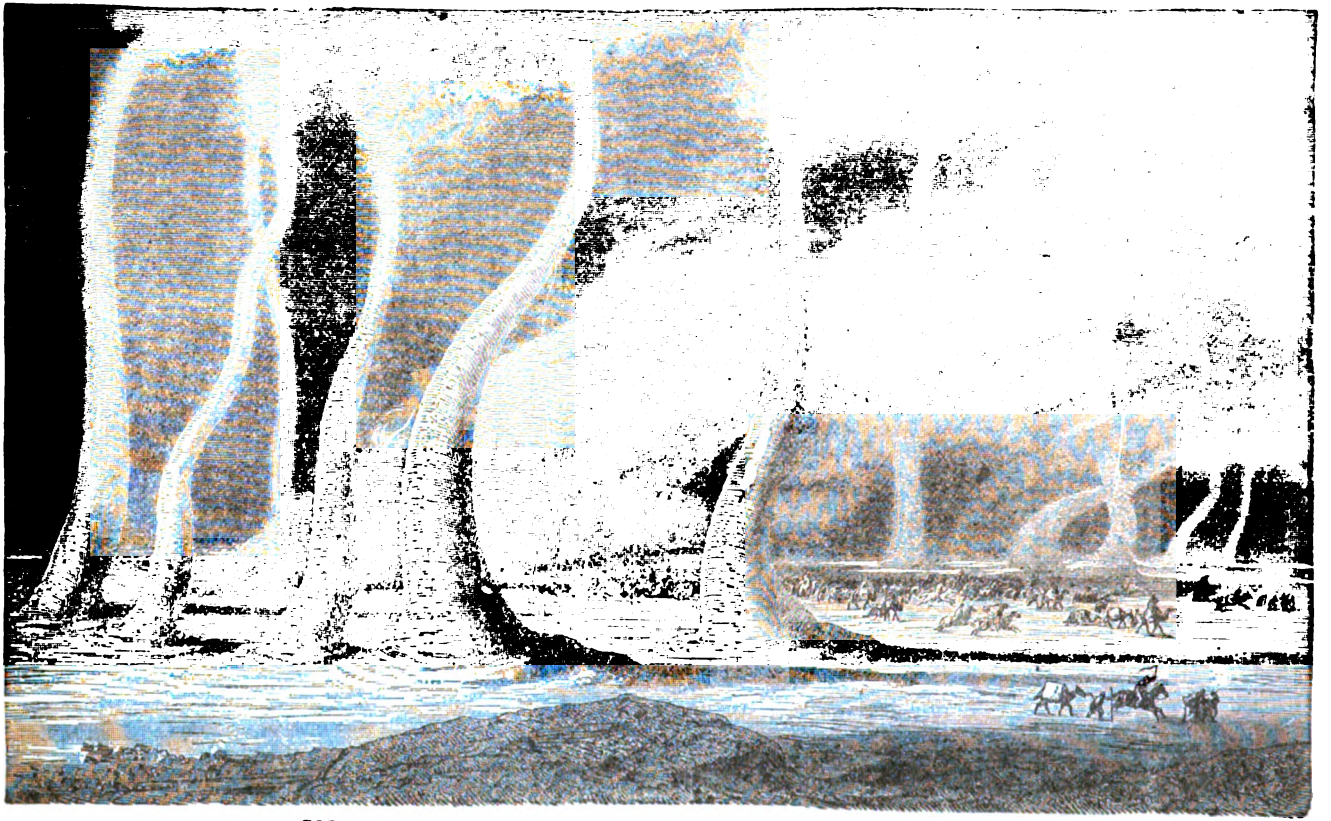

COLUMNS OF DESERT SAND FORMED BY A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

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members. The monitor-lizard crawls along the river banks; the mountain-monitor frequents the desert; a beautiful turtle lives in the Nile. Along the furrows and trenches, nimble bright-colored lizards bask in the sun, and the slippery skink burrows in the wall of almost every house. Along the walls of the houses dart and glide the nocturnal little gekkoes, the greedy but otherwise inoffensive "fathers of leprosy." Here and there upon the trees is seen the changeful play of color of the familiar chameleon, while other reptiles, often brightly-colored, and some of them more than a yard long, love the desert solitudes. Egypt was always famous as the land of snakes. It has about twenty varieties, poisonous and non-poisonous. As in the days of Moses, so in our own times, there are a large number of snake charmers; the snakes which they use in their performances, especially the once sacred viper, urau snake, and the Egyptian spectacle snake, are always first deprived of their fangs. The snake most frequently depicted by the ancients is the very deadly and dangerous horned viper.

Brilliant Insects.

In the great insect world Africa has many forms which are known in other parts of the world. Day butterflies are scarce, while moths are more abundant. The beetles are not exactly numerous, but among them are some very fine specimens of brilliant beetles, sand beetles, and dermestes. The commonest are the blackbeetles, but the best known of all is the sacred scarabee beetle of Egypt, which is so frequently represented upon monuments and gems.

A characteristic scene of animal life, often to be observed both in Central and South Africa, are the manœuvres of a company of these droll little creatures busily employed rolling up manure into globes as large as a walnut, pushing and thrusting each other aside until the great business is completed, and then, with their heads bent down to the earth, rolling away the work of their feet to bury it in a convenient place. The beetle rolls up these balls to feed its young, and deposits its eggs in them. In the theological symbolism of the ancient Egyptians, these "pills" are compared to the substance of which the world was formed, and which was also represented as globular. The beetle itself is looked upon as the principle of light and creative force, which, in union with the sun, infuses into matter the germs of light and creation, as the beetle deposits its eggs in the ball. The deity Ptah (that is, the forming and impelling force) then gives to these germs their form, and creates the heavens and the earth.

The wasp tribe is also represented by many fine and large varieties.

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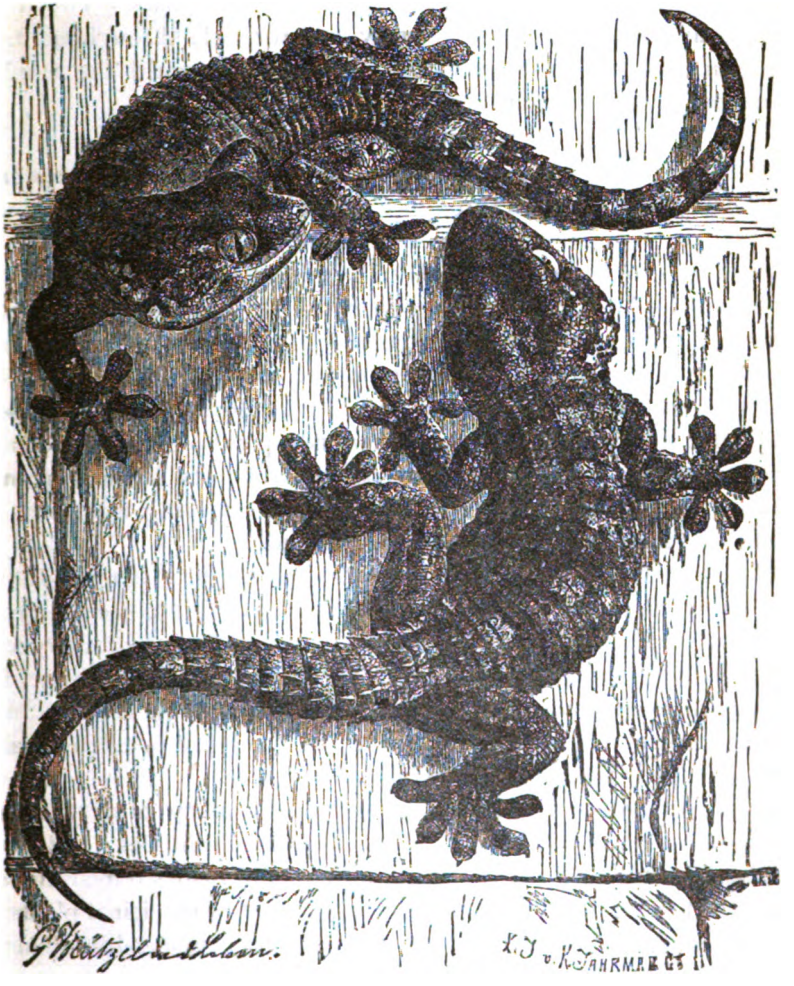
The bee is nearly akin to our own, and has often been introduced into other countries. Ants, locusts, and cockroaches are at times great pests. The common house-fly is nowhere more bold and importunate, and succeeds only too completely in rendering an otherwise pleasant life most



AFRICAN GEKKO OR WALL-LIZARD.

disagreeable. The stinging gnat is just as bad, and its unceasing hum is almost more calculated to drive a new-comer to despair than its painful, burning sting.

At certain times its worm-like larvæ abound in all standing waters, swarm in the drinking water, which can only be drunk when strained

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through a cloth, or, as is the usual practice with the poorer classes, through the coat-sleeve held between the pitcher and the lips. Vermin are only too abundantly represented; fleas, bugs, and lice of every kind abound, besides scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and leeches, and those implacable tormentors of animals, horse-flies and gnats. The monotonous character of the whole country is perceptible throughout its flora and fauna, for in almost every class of the animal world the number of varieties is comparatively small.

Brambles and Donkeys.

We now turn our attention to the country lying eastward toward the Red Sea. The path lies through a desert, which is not, however, wholly destitute of vegetation; where, after abundant rain, the valleys are transformed into verdant pasture lands. The vegetation is most abundant from February to April, but the almost tropical heat destroys one plant after another, leaving only the more deeply rooted growths for the summer months. The plateau-like western portion of the desert resembles, both in its appearance and vegetation, the Libyan desert, and is very poor in vegetable life. By far the most common plant of these regions is the desert bramble, a half-shrub, with flowers like its kindred plant, the radish; it is this plant especially which, when seen from afar, gives to the valley the appearanee of green meadow-land.

The wise Egyptian donkey, nothwithstanding the preference shown by his European kindred for thistles, is prudent enough to keep at a respectful distance from this plant, which the hard-mouthed dromedary can eat with great relish; chewing the prickly masses without losing one drop of blood; he even swallows with delight the thorns of the acacia. In many places a plant resembling broom grows freely; it is a long-branched, almost leafless bush, much liked by camels.

Shadowy groves of tamarisk, frequented by many birds and insects, often surprise us in the midst of the most barren solitudes; and wherever the soil has received any moisture, willows and rushes refresh the eye of the traveller. Cassia ranks high among the list of medicinal plants found in the desert, and colocynth, with its creeping cucumber-like stems, filled with fruit resembling our apple, first green and then turning yellow, is found along all the outskirts of the valleys. The natives have a wholesome awe of the drastic remedy, and scarcely ever touch the gourd fruit; while the Bedouins remove the inside pith and seeds, and fill it with milk, to take it next day as a remedy.

The date palm, it is true, is seldom seen, and then only in a half-wild state; but the fig tree is found laden with fruits. The fruit of the caper

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GIGANTIC BEETLE.

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tree tastes like an odd mixture of sugar and mustard; and the traveller is refreshed by the pleasant acid of the sorrel, the berries of the lycium, a thorny plant. The coast flora of the desert is very peculiar, and depends upon the salt vapors rising from the sea. The dense woods of the shore are famous in travellers' descriptions; they stand out in the sea itself, and are only dry at low tide. Ships are laden with its wood, which is used for fuel, and many camels live entirely on its great laurel-like leaves. The coast is covered in some places to great distances by saltpetre shrubs, and by many other saline plants.

The traveller who is forced to provide himself with food by his rifle in the chase devotes his attention chiefly to the wild oxen, wild pigs, and different kinds of antelopes which provide him with eatable food when there are no tame creatures, such as goats, sheep, fowl, and fish, to be met with. The latter case, however, is seldom experienced, for domestic animals are sure to be found wherever there are Negro settlements.

The wild ox is the same as the short-horned breed, also found in East Africa. The wild pig, which is also found, and frequently makes its appearance in herds, is known as the long-eared pig. Its color is a dark yellowish red. The flesh is pleasant as food, and is liked also by Negroes. The wild pigs are generally caught by the help of spears and pits dug to ensnare them. These traps make certain parts of the woods rather dangerous to walk in, and the traveller has to submit blindly to his guides, who are taken from the adjoining neighborhood, and who know exactly where such traps are laid. In the east and the south, this "most beautiful of all possible pigs" is replaced by the bush pig, while the whole of Central Africa is the home of the clumsiest and ugliest of all known bristly animals, the wart-hog.

Elegant Animals.

There are at least ten kinds of antelopes in the forests of Gaboon and the district of the Ogowe, from the elegant little dwarf antelope, which stands scarcely twenty inches high, to the white-striped antelope of Bango, which reaches the size of a fallow deer. Large herds of these animals, which are so frequently found in the open plateaus of Central Africa, are naturally unknown in the dense woods of the western part of the continent. From the exceptional character of the animals, their extreme shyness and speed, they are very hard to capture in the chase, and even the Negroes generally catch them only in pits. Indeed, a successful hunt, with a large amount of booty, is a very rare occurrence. Although the woods are filled with game, the traveller seldom comes across them, and it is a mistaken notion to imagine that one has but to enter the high

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woods of the Tropics, and fire away right and left, in order to bring home an abundance of food.

Of the larger beasts of prey, the leopard is represented; it is met with all along the west coast, and is erroneously termed a tiger. It is very abundant in certain districts, and particularly dangerous to the herds of goats and flocks of sheep belonging to the factors and the Negroes; indeed, it sometimes attacks men. When our traveller was spending a few days in a village of Banschaka, it happened that a woman who went late at night to a well about half a mile from the huts did not return, and on the following day evident traces of the disaster were discovered. It was, as usual, firmly believed among all the Negroes of the west coast, that the event was not in the natural order of things, but that some one in the village, transformed into a leopard, had devoured the woman.

Swift Punishment.

The family of the unhappy woman went to the priest and magician of the place, who soon discovered the culprit, and sentenced him to eat the poisonous bark of a tree, which paralyzes the action of the heart, and occasions certain death if it is not speedily expelled from the system.

It may be readily imagined that accidents frequently occur in the great African hunts, as it is quite impossible to speculate upon the species of animals that may be driven into the net. One day a native was suddenly attacked and was killed by a leopard within a mile of my station. The grass had been fired, and the animals instinctively knew that they were pursued.

The man went to drink at a stream close to some high bushes, when a leopard pounced upon him without the slightest warning. A native who was close to the spot rushed up to the rescue, and threw his spear with such dexterity that he struck the leopard through the neck while it had the man in its mouth, killing it upon the spot. The man was immediately brought to me, but the lungs were lacerated, and he died during the night.

On another occasion five men were wounded (two fatally) by a lioness, which fought so gallantly that she at length escaped from her assailants with two spears in her body. I was not present on that occasion, but I have frequently admired the pluck of the natives, who attack every animal with the simple hunting-spear, which of course necessitates a close approach.

The Negroes eat everything in the shape of flesh, except the feline beasts of prey. Some of the smaller kinds of felines are as dangerous to poultry as are the large species of falcons and eagles. With respect

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NATIVE CAPTURED BY A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD.

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to several kinds of flesh which are considered by us to be uneatable, we may say that different kinds of monkeys, porcupines, large rats, crocodiles, and other creatures, are used for food. It is very singular that the Negroes do not understand the milking of their domestic animals, and were above measure astonished when the explorers' servants milked the goats, and gave the milk to their master; and the Negroes often surrounded him in crowds to see him eat hens' eggs, a diet quite new to them, although they ate numbers of the large round eggs of the turtle, and the still larger crocodile eggs.

Mosquitoes abound everywhere; and next to them ranks an insect which has only been known in Africa during the last ten years—the sand flea, which is said to have been brought by the crew of a Brazilian ship who were suffering from them. They multiplied with incredible rapidity. The animalculæ enter the skin beneath the toe-nails, where they lay a bag of eggs as large as a pea; and the difficulty is to remove this bag without breaking it. If this is done, the wound soon heals; but if not, painful sores are the result, and the process of healing is very slow. Another interesting insect is the giant beetle, Goliath, an insect measuring nearly four inches. This black velvety beetle, marked with white on its upper side, is at home throughout all Africa; and, with its kindred types, forms one of the principal treasures of our collections, being so much in request that twenty-five dollars is paid for a fine specimen.

The Famous Gorilla.

The most interesting animals of these countries are beyond all doubt the gorilla and the chimpanzee. The gorilla is the largest of the man-like apes, an animal rather shorter, but considerably more broad-shouldered than a strong man. Although the gorilla was mentioned more than 2,000 years ago, by Hanno, the commander of a Carthaginian fleet, it is even now very imperfectly known. If the statements respecting the strength and savageness of the gorilla are only half true, there is little prospect of ever being able to bring over full-grown specimens to America; and the young gorilla presented to the zoological garden of Berlin unfortunately fell a victim to the foreign climate. Even the skin, skeleton, and remains of the gorilla preserved in spirits, are ranked among the greatest treasures of our Natural History Museums.

The second representative of the African man-like apes is comparatively frequent, and is well-known under the name of the chimpanzee, though few full-grown specimens have been brought to this continent; it is much smaller, slenderer, and more elegantly built than the gorilla, and often measures sixty inches in length. While the gorilla frequents

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THE WORLD-RENOWNED GORILLA.

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the densest woods, and is only found in the lands near the coast, the chimpanzee inhabits the whole of the West African sub-division, and seems to prefer being near the open clearings of the forests; both kinds of ape feed principally on fruits, nuts, and the young shoots of trees, perhaps also on roots.

As to the mental qualities of the chimpanzee in captivity, much has been written, and it is agreed that the animal may be ranked among the most highly gifted of its race. It not only learns to know its master, to love its friends, and avoid its enemies; it is not only inquisitive, but actually desirous of knowledge. Any object which has once excited its attention increases in value as soon as it has learned how to use it; the chimpanzee is cunning, self-willed, but not stubborn, desiring what is good for itself, betraying humor and caprices; one day cheerful and excited, another depressed and sullen.

A Very Human Animal.

When ill, it is patient under the surgeon's knife; and, according to Brehm, if not entirely human, has a great deal of the human within it. It cannot therefore excite our surprise that the natives of West Africa are of opinion that the chimpanzees were once men, who, on account of their bad qualities, have been thrust out from human companionship; and still persisting in yielding to their evil impulses, have gradually sunk to their present degraded condition. Less is known of the chimpanzee in a state of freedom; like the gorilla, it does not live in troops, as do other monkeys, but in pairs, or even alone; it is only occasionally that the young are seen to assemble in larger bands. The chase is difficult. From twenty to thirty skilled hunters are required for the pursuit. To them is entrusted the difficult commission of climbing up the trees for more than eighty feet, trying to outdo the chimpanzee in speed, and to capture it in the nets, after which it is easily despatched by lances.

When thus brought to bay, the apes defend themselves with savage fury, sometimes snatching the spears from the hunter's hand, and striking out wildly right and left; and even more dangerous than this method of defence is the grip of their pointed teeth, and the amazing muscular power of their nervous arms. Here, as in the woods on the western coast, legends are current of their carrying off human beings, and of the curious nest which it is said they build of leafy branches in the crest of the forest trees.

We must not omit to mention the smaller kinds of apes; for although they are very numerous in all the primeval woods of the tropical belt of Africa, they are principally found along the west coast and near the

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Upper Nile. The name sea-cats, by which they are sometimes known, was given centuries ago to these merest and prettiest specimens of the monkey tribe, because they were brought over the sea to Europe, and because something in their shape resembles the cat. The favorites of the children, the nimble, quarrelsome, amusing inhabitants of our menageries and zoological gardens, which sometimes win from the grave man of science a smile, belong to this category. The greyish green monkey, the slate-colored, white-bearded Diana, the ill-tempered black monkey, the reddish huzzar monkey, and numerous other kinds, are included in this family.

It is a real pleasure to meet with a band of these monkeys in the forest; it is a wild chaos of busy life, crying and fighting, quarreling and reconciliation, climbing, running, pilfering and plundering, grimacing and contortion. They recognize no leader of their commonwealth, except the strongest of their race; they acknowledge no law but that enforced by the sharp teeth and strong hands of their chief; they consider that no danger can exist from which he is not able to set them free, they adapt themselves to every position, have no fear of drought or famine, and spend their lives in perpetual activity and merriment. Their chief characteristic is the combination of most amusing earnestness with boundless frivolity, which accompanies the beginning and end of all their pursuits.

Inveterate Thieves.

No tree crest is too high, no treasure too safely hidden, no property too respected, for their attacks. It is therefore not astonishing that the natives of East Soudan only speak of them with unutterable contempt and anger. "Only think, sir, the clearest proof of the godless nature of monkeys may be seen in their never bowing before the word of God's ambassadors: all other creatures honor and revere the prophet; Allah's peace be upon him! The monkeys despise him. The man who writes an amulet, and hangs it up in his field to keep off the hippopotamus, the elephant, and the monkeys from devouring his fruit and injuring his property, always finds that the elephant alone pays any heed to the warning signal; that is because he is a righteous beast, while the ape has been transformed by the wrath of Allah into an abomination to all men; a child of the unrighteous one, just as the hippopotamus is the forbidding image of the loathsome sorcerer."

But for the impartial spectator it is an attractive and interesting spectacle to watch a band of monkeys setting off upon their predatory expeditions. The audacity they displayed used to delight me as much as it

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enraged the natives. Under the leadership of the old veteran father of the tribe they approach the corn fields, the females carrying their young before them, instead of on their backs; the young ones, to make themselves perfectly secure, twist their short tails round the tail of their lady mother. At first they approached with great circumspection, travelling generally from one tree top to another.

The old leader goes first, the others following exactly in his steps, not only seizing the same trees, but the same portion of the same branch. From time to time the leader climbs the highest tree, and surveys the country with careful glances: if his examination is satisfactory, the good news is announced to his followers by a low gurgling sound; if not, the usual warning is given. When close to the field, the band descends the tree, and hastens in vigorous leaps towards its paradise, and then the work begins with indescribable rapidity. First of all they lay in a stock. Quickly are the clusters of maize and ears of durrah torn down and stuffed into the mouth, until the cheeks are distended to the uttermost, and not until these storehouses are full do the marauders allow themselves any relaxation. They then begin to be more particular and dainty in the choice of their food. All the ears and clusters are carefully sniffed and examined after being broken off; and if, as is often the case, they do not come up to the required standard, they are at once thrown away. It may be safely said that of nine clusters which are gathered, only one is eaten; and generally the epicures only take a grain or two out of each ear, and then throw the rest away.

Quick Retreat.

All the members of the band place implicit confidence in the care and prudence of their leader. The latter often rouses himself from the most dainty morsel to attend to his duties, standing upright on his hind legs, and looking keenly round. After each survey he announces the result either by the gurgling sound, which indicates that he has seen nothing disquieting, or by the peculiar inimitable quivering cry of warning. When that sound is heard, his followers are gathered together in a moment, the mothers call their young ones, and all are at once ready for flight. The retreat is accomplished without the slightest sign of terror or cowardice.

The gorilla and monkey tribes appear to be closely allied to the orang-outang, found in some of the tropical islands. We here quote from the interesting narrative of a tropical traveller, who captured several orangs:

This monkey is found in Borneo, and thither Thursday (Thursday was

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a native)—now grown more civilized and more indispensable—and I turned our faces. We took passage on a craft going out with Chinese laborers, and a hard voyage we had of it, with head winds and a heavy sea. But at last, ten days late, we arrived at Saraouak, and immediately inquired of the native hunters where we could best find the game for which we were in search. They advised the Sadong River, running to the east from Saraouak, and bordered its entire length with dense forests. I hired a Dyak porter to carry our provisions, and we set out. Two days later we were floating on the river, and my ardent desire was about to be gratified.

Arms Longer than Legs.

Orang-outang is a word meaning in Borneo, "Man-of-the-Forest," and is applied to what is now a species of small stature, rarely five feet high, but of stalwart build, the body being often in circumference two-thirds of the height. His arms are a quarter longer than his legs, so that when travelling on all fours his attitude is half upright; but he never really stands on his legs like a man, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. When young his color is tawny, but he grows black with years.

The orangs live in couples in the most secluded parts of the forest, and are never active, like the chimpanzees, but sit all day with their legs round a branch, their heads forward in the most uncomfortable attitude, occasionally uttering mournful sounds. When pursued they climb slowly up a tree, and at night sleep in the huts built to cover their young, of which they are very careful, and whose wants they supply with almost human tenderness and devotion. When taken young they are susceptible of taming and domesticating, like the chimpanzee, but as they grow older they become cross and violent, and, curiously enough, the forehead—prominent in the adult—becomes retreating in later years.

Formidable Foe.

After waiting some days without seeing any orangs, my native guide advised our going away from the river, deeper into the unbroken forest; and this we did, a two days' march. One morning, just as I had killed and was examining a queer wild pig, I heard a rustling in the leaves over my head, and looking up, was paralyzed with surprise to see, some twenty-five or thirty feet above me, an enormous orang-outang quietly seated on a tamarind branch, watching me and grinding his teeth. My porter was making me elaborate signals of distress which Thursday translated into advice to shoot the beast, who was old and fully grown, with my explosive-ball rifle.

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ORANG-OUTANG CAPTURED.

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"He says he is an evil one," added Thursday, "and that the old orangs are very dangerous and will attack a man at sight."

"All right," I replied. "If he offers to attack us, I will stop him promptly with a bullet."

It is true that one of my most ardent desires was to obtain a skeleton of a fully-developed orang-outang, but I decided to postpone the gratification of it until I should have watched the animal's movements in a state of absolute freedom. I told my men to clap their hands and shout, to scare him, but all he did was to sit and grind his teeth; and I was almost persuaded to try my Dyak's advice, when the orang-outang coolly grasped a branch hanging near, and swung himself slowly from tree to tree without any apparent effort, about as fast as we could walk beneath. We followed him until the dense undergrowth made the path impracticable. An athlete would have performed this trapeze act with, perhaps, more grace, but nothing could surpass the indolent ease with which he left us behind.

Must Kill or be Killed.

This was my first interview with this peculiar animal; and the superstitious Dyak assured Thursday, relating numerous parallel cases, that as I had not killed the orang, the orang would certainly kill me. He said he had known a great many travellers who had been attacked by them and killed, and that I would soon join their number, although he confessed that he had never himself been present at such a misfortune.

One morning, as I was returning from a long walk through the woods in search of insects, one of my boys came running toward me, shouting with excitement, "Quick, take your gun! a large orang, a large orang!"

He had only breath enough left to tell me the animal was up the path toward the Chinaman's camp, and I hurried in that direction followed by two Dyaks. One barrel of my gun was loaded with ball, and I sent Charley—the boy—back to camp for more ammunition, in case I should find the game had kindly waited for me. We walked carefully, making almost no noise, stopping every now and then to look round ourselves, until Charley rejoined us at the spot where he had seen the orang, and I put ball in the other barrel and waited, sure that we were near the game. In a moment or two I heard a heavy body moving from tree to tree, but the foliage was so thick we could see nothing.

Finally, fearing I might lose him entirely, I fired at guess into a tree in which we thought he must be. For so large an animal he moved with remarkable swiftness and silence, but I felt sure if we could follow his

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general course, we should eventually catch sight of him in some more open bit of forest. And so it proved.

Cutting Down the Tree.

Just at the spot where he had first been seen by Charley, and to which we had now got back, his tawny side and black head appeared for an instant; I saw him cross the path, dragging one leg as if it had been broken. At any rate, he could not use it, and he took refuge between two branches of a lofty tulip-tree, sheltered from sight by the thick growth of glossy leaves. I was afraid he would die up there, and I should never get him or his skeleton. It was no use trying to get the Dyaks to climb the tree and cut the branch from under him; they were afraid, and said so. We tried to dislodge him with all sorts of missiles, but in vain. Finally we started to cut down the tree; but when the trunk was severed the tree only leaned over, and was held in that position by innumerable tough vines running to a dozen neighboring trees. It would take us all night to cut them all down; still, we began the work, which almost immediately gave the tree such a shaking that down came the gigantic orang with a tremendous thud. When we came to measure him, we found him a giant indeed, stretching from hand to hand over six feet. When he fell the Chinamen lashed him to a litter and carried him into camp, where it took Charley and myself all day to clean his skin and boil the flesh from his skeleton. From this and many similar experiences I have become convinced that, in spite of stories to the contrary, the orang-outang never attacks man. His policy is always flight, and to my own testimony is added that of all the Chinese wood-cutters whom I met in Borneo; and the island is full of them.

A Young Orang.

Soon after this a young orang fell into my hands, and I determined to rear him if I could. I started the Dyak off in search of a goat, and told him not to return until he found one. Meanwhile I mixed sugar, bread, and water together, and, although at first he declined it energetically, he soon sucked it from my finger with a decided gusto. It proved, however, too strong food for so young a stomach, and I was just beginning to think he would die on my hands, when the Dyak, followed by a Chinaman and a goat, came into camp. The Chinaman was sharp at trading; but finally, after pretending that I cared nothing whatever about his goat, and after long haggling on his part, starting at one hundred rupees (twelve dollars and fifty cents) and coming down to five, the goat became mine, and the little orang-outang obtained a step-mother that soon rivalled its own mother in tenderness. She nursed it and caressed

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APES AMONG THE TREES.

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it exactly as if it had been her own, and a very pretty sight it was. He soon grew large enough to travel on his own sturdy legs, at any sudden alarm running quickly back to his nurse and clinging to her with his sinewy fingers.

When he strayed away out of her sight in the woods, it was really pathetic to hear her bleatings and his answering cries. He had gradually come to know me, and he treated us all with the greatest gentleness. When he was three months old I began to give him bananas, of which he was very fond, and he afterward became accustomed to other fruits; but nothing ever pleased him like the goat's milk.

He learned very quickly, and at five months knew all objects in my tent by name, bringing to me anything I called for, which was certainly more than many children of two or even three years could have done. But with the latter, development progresses with giant strides after that age, while with an orang it ceases. What an animal is at one year of age he always remains.

A Clever Monkey.

One morning a Chinaman came to offer for sale a tiny monkey which he had partially tamed. This little animal looked like a pygmy beside my young orang, but he could do a variety of things, like feeding himself, etc., that the larger was not yet up to. So I bought him, and put them in the same hut, where they soon became fast friends; the monkey, on account of his more perfectly developed faculties, being easily master.

When he wanted to sleep nothing would do but that the orang must lie down too, and let him pillow his head on him. But there was another side to this; for the orang-outang looked upon him as a kind of doll, invented for his particular enjoyment, and when he felt in playful mood, he would seize the monkey by the ear or the neck or the tail, and swing him round and hold him in any uncomfortable position at his own sweet will. The monkey would rage and even weep, but only interference on our part would stop this rough treatment. He learned early, as all animals do, to distinguish the members of our party and their relations, and, as master, he always treated me with respectful obedience.

I taught him to eat rice boiled in milk, and to use a spoon and bowl like his little friend, who, by the way, was fond of stealing from him all he safely could. They were both gluttons, and nothing amused Thursday more than to set them quarrelling over some bit of choice fruit. As the orang's teeth grew, his temper and character became more pronounced, and, like an ill brought-up child, he wished all around him to give way to his whims.

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He had no consideration whatever for the Dyak, who washed and tended him with the greatest patience, but tried to pull his hair and bite him whenever the mood seized him. I named him Joseph and the monkey Jack—after my chimpanzee friend—and they answered promptly to their names when called, without mistake. I was proud of them and their accomplishments, and tempted to send them home to some naturalist, but chance prevented. You should have seen them—Jack, a napkin round his neck, seated at a corner of the table eating slowly with fork and spoon, like any well-taught child: Joseph, with a napkin over his arm, waiting upon him as solemnly as an English butler. To be sure, they stole the best fruit—but then, no one is perfect! It was with a real pang that I left these little fellows behind with a friend, to whom I gave them on my departure from Borneo.

Perhaps this is the only case on record of the growth in captivity of a young orang-outang, and it is interesting to note in what ways he resembled a child. When very young he lay nearly always on his back, with his legs in the air, and when he wanted anything he simply put his head back and howled till he got it. When he first began to walk it was with the same timid hesitation that a child does, and when he succeeded in taking a few steps without falling, he glanced at us with a very human look of triumph. The appearance of the goat always caused him a high degree of satisfaction, expressed, again like a child on the entrance of its mother, by little sighs of contentment. I may say, indeed, that up to the age of four or five months I saw nothing different in him from what I have remarked in a child except that difference of development mentioned before.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

A FAMOUS AFRICAN HUNTER.

Thrilling Incidents in the Life of Baldwin—A Man of Rare Attainments—Bold Hunter—Kaffirs and Hottentots—Terrible Drought—Two Stately Giraffes—A Rickety Old Wagon—Trouble With an Ancient Musket—Greedy Kaffir—Hostile Natives—Loud Talk and Bluster—The Land for Brilliant Sport—Troop of Elephants—The Buffalo and Rhinoceros—Bright and Burning Sun—Story of a Little African—Swimming a Turbid River—In Pursuit of a Huge Elephant—Crashing Through the Thicket—Hunter Charged by an Elephant—Fat Meat and Half-starved Natives—Immense Beasts Disappear Like Magic—Canoes Upset and their Crews Drowned—Race of Savages Always at War—Covetous Chief—An Open Air Dinner—Kaffir Girls for Waiters—Description of Kaffir Beauties—Roasted Giraffe for Dinner—An Unscrupulous Rascal—Trying to Get the Best of the Bargain—In Pursuit of Elands—Riding at a Slashing Pace—Floundering Among Pit-falls—Another Encounter With Elephants—Perilous Situation—In Close Contact With an Immense Beast—Shots That Went Home—A Famous Bird—Pathetic Death of a Dog—Combats With Tigers—Exciting Events in the Jungle—Indiscriminate Combat—Savage Charge by a Buffalo—Caught Among Prickly Thorns—Beast that Cannot Be Driven—Chase of the Giraffe—Unique Animal—Eyes of Wonderful Beauty—Elegant Roan Antelope—Crisis of Fate—A Herd of Harrisbucks—The Plumed Ostrich—Ingenious Method of Getting Water—Ostrich Chicks—Not Particular as to Food.

AS our object is to present every phase of life in the Continent of Africa, not merely following those great explorers whose aim is to make discoveries, prepare the way for commerce, and change the character of the savage races, but to also follow the adventures of the chase, we present some remarkable incidents in the life of William Charles Baldwin, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, whose graphic description of his life in South Africa may well be re-produced here and will certainly be read with absorbing interest.

Mr. Baldwin was not only a scholarly man, well fitted by natural attainments to hold the position of member of the Royal Geographical Society, but he was a very spirited hunter, a man fond of the jungle and the plain, a man of great nerve and endurance, and probably no hunter in Africa can tell so many thrilling tales as he. To some of these we now invite the reader's attention, and we shall allow Mr. Baldwin to narrate his adventures in his own language.

He says: I am now left entirely to my own devices in the deserts of South Africa, with three Kaffirs, two Hottentots, a driver and after-

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rider, a wagon, eighteen oxen, a cow and calf, five horses and seven dogs, with guns, powder and lead, beads, wire, and supplies of tea, coffee, meal, etc., for a twelvemonth at least.

It is a great change to find myself entirely alone after the row and racket of hitching up eleven wagons daily, but it is my own doing, and from my own choice. This is the beginning of the new Kaffir chief's reign; he is talking very largely, and has succeeded in frightening my Hottentots considerably, and they come to me with long faces to know what I will do. My answer is, "Hitch up at once, and get through his country as quick as possible." A full complement of elands and giraffes have fallen to our rifles, and a lion killed one of our oxen one pitch dark night and escaped unhurt.

Terrible Drouth.

I bought for beads about 600 lbs. of Kaffir corn, and the wagon is very heavy. The poor oxen are much to be pitied, having to drag it through deep, heavy sand, under a broiling sun, without one drop of water to cool their throats for two days. We must travel most of the night, too, as in the heat of the day they cannot move. A drop of cold, clear, sparkling water would be the greatest luxury that could be set before me just now; what we do get is stagnant, muddy stuff, from pits made by the Kaffirs, which they carefully fence round with hack-thorns to keep the game from drinking them dry. Two stately giraffes walked yesterday parallel with the wagon, not more than 400 yards off, for nearly half an hour, and we did not molest them, as we had a super-abundance of flesh for men and dogs.

This has been almost the driest season ever known, and travelling in in this thirst-land is no easy matter; you must undergo great hardships and much anxiety for your poor live-stock. I have sad misgivings about my wagon, which is twenty-seven years old, and very shaky and rickety; but perhaps, with the aid of green hides and rhinoceros skin, she may hold together. There are hardships enough in travelling in the thirst-land without the anxiety of fearing lest your old wagon should leave you in the desert far from any human assistance. I believe I have almost every other requisite for exploring the continent—health, strength, a constitution well inured to the climate, a constant supply of good spirits, a knack of gaining the good-will of the Kaffirs, natives, and Hottentots, who will go anywhere and do anything for me, as I always lend a hand at anything, and study their comforts as well as my own. I have no ties of kindred or friends here to make me wish myself among them. I never weary with vain regrets, but always make myself happy, and endeavor to

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make the best of everything, and interest myself in the journey throughout.

I have now got a two-grooved rifle, the most perfect weapon I ever handled. It shoots perfectly true with any charge of powder, but the recoil will, I fear, twist me out of the saddle.

The reader will perceive that Baldwin is narrating events as they were recorded in his journal from day to day.

Trouble With an Old Musket.

A Kaffir brought an old musket to be mended, and, in botching away at the lock, I succeeded in breaking it in two places beyond my skill to mend. Although I tried to explain to him that it was accidental, and that I was doing all I could to assist him without any compensation, and had worked unremittingly at it for near two days, and that it was useless to him when he brought it, and consequently it was no worse now, he would listen to nothing: I had broken his gun, and I must give him another; and, being a great man, brother to Chapeau, the captain, and having a strong force at command, I was forced to submit, take his old useless musket, and give him one three times the value. There is no arguing with a Kaffir; he said that Wilson, a white man, did the same —that is, broke his gun in endeavoring to mend it, and instantly went to the wagon and gave him a new one. I do not doubt that he did so, as he had a lot of muskets. In the Kaffirs' eyes a gun is a gun.

A party of Bamangwatos followed the wagon, well armed with spears, axes, bows and arrows, and two guns, saying that I must not hunt in their country until I first paid them for leave to do so; and that if I did not do so, and persisted in hunting, they would kill us all. My fellows talked very big, especially Auguste, a large, powerful Kaffir, saying that if they wanted to fight they must come on; we were quite ready for them at any moment, having plenty of guns and powder. I said nothing, but let things take their course, and merely ordered the wagon to go on, and left the Bamangwatos to do whatever they thought best. At night I served out plenty of powder and bullets, a watch was kept, and every man had his gun handy. My fellows talk largely, but what they would do in case of an actual skirmish I don't know. I don't place much confidence in one of them, nor do I fear the Kaffirs, unless they can catch me unprepared—and I and my gun are constant companions.

A Land for Brilliant Sport.

This river appears of immense breadth; nor do I see any possible way of crossing it, as I do not know where the stream runs to, and, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but reeds so tall and thick

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that it is impossible to force your way through them. There is safe harbor here for all the game and wild animals in South Africa. I never saw anything like it, and my Hottentots say it is the same all the way to Lake Ngami, about thirteen days from here in a wagon. It is not far, but the sand is so heavy that the oxen can only take slow and short stages. We have plenty of good water now, but the frightful annoyance from mosquitoes at night counterbalances this advantage. I know of no country in the world that can compare with Africa for brilliant sport, but it must be confessed that this part of it is a sandy desert only fit to keep a few miserable goats in existence. There is not a bite of grass now except along the edge of the reeds, but then it is winter. Although the sun is overpowering in the day, it is very cold in the early mornings and at nights, and it requires a considerable amount of courage to get from under the blankets before sunrise.

I found yesterday the fresh trail of a troop of elephants, some very large bulls and cows intermixed, and tracked them to the water. Last night all the dogs were made fast, and small fires only allowed, as we were by far too near the elephants' trail with the wagon; but, luckily, the wind was right, and John and I went this morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, to find out whether the elephants had drunk last night, but they had not. I wait quiet to-day in hopes they may come to-night; if not, I shall take the old trail and go in quest of them to-morrow, for if they don't come to-night they must find water somewhere else, as they must drink every second night at the longest.

There is plenty of buffalo, giraffe, and rhinoceros, but this is not what I want. The elephants are wary, and very hard indeed to come at, as they are now so much sought for, and every savage knows the value of the ivory. I have tried fishing to-day, as I dare not fire a shot for fear of frightening the elephants, who cannot be far away; but the water was too clear and the sun too bright to do any good.

A Little African.

One day I bought, for the identical old musket before mentioned that I was forced to take in exchange, and which I had managed to patch up with an old nail and the sinews of a buck, a little Masara boy—a waddling infant, certainly not more than two years old, but with an intelligent countenance, and not yet starved—whom I named Leche; and he is a fine, quick little fellow. I am now quite fond of him. A gang of Bamangwatos, returning from hunting jackals, lynxes, wild cats, and skins of all kinds, had picked up this poor little urchin. They remained all night by my wagon, and the one who called himself owner brought

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HERD OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

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him to me. My interpreter told me that if I did not take him they were just as likely to leave him as not, if they got tired of carrying him across the desert; and knowing the fate in store for him, even if they got him home—the slave of a Bamangwato, who live from hand to mouth themselves—I took compassion on him, and rescued him from their hands.

One afternoon we unhitched close to the river, within a few hundred yards of where elephants had drunk the previous night, and we made all ready for a hunt in the morning; and I was awakened at dawn by hearing loud cries from the Masaras, over the river, that the elephants had drunk there in the night. We swam the horses over with the aid of a canoe. The river is about 300 yards across, but the bottom is good, and the stream is not strong. The water is deliciously cold and clear—a great treat in this desert land.

A Huge Monster.

We took up the trail on the opposite side of three bulls, not, however, until the bones had been cast, and the witch-doctor or prophet had foretold that we should find them, and that I should shoot a fat bull, with one long and one short tusk. I followed silently in the rear of the men, through a thick thorny bush. I had a presentiment that we were near them, and took my gun from the Kaffir's hands; and not three minutes afterward I saw, from the gesticulations of the Masaras, they had seen them. The dogs were slipped, and all was quiet for some time, when I heard one bark, followed immediately by the trumpeting of a bull. I made the best of my way in the direction, when I was turned by a voice shouting, "Come here, Natoo," and made for him.

I heard a shot behind me, turned at once, and caught sight of the retreating monster. The bush being uncommonly dense, I was fearful of losing him, and fired, striking him in the thick of the thigh, and he took up a position in a thicket, trumpeting and charging the dogs in all directions, making a loud crashing. Unfortunately, the cap was driven into the nipple at the first shot, and I lost some time in trying to get it out, and broke the point of my knife, but I eventually succeeded with a strong needle which I had in my hat. There were five men with guns, but no one had ventured into the bush to give him a shot; and the Kaffirs, no doubt, thought me afraid likewise; but when I was sure of my gun, I rode in, taking care to have a clear passage for a speedy exit. When within about twenty-five yards, he threw up his trunk and came direct toward me.

The horse stood still as old Time, and I gave him a conical ball, five to the pound, backed by six drachms of fine powder, on the point of the

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shoulder-blade. Flesh and blood could not stand before such a driver; and, staggering and stumbling forward a few yards, he pitched right on his head within fifteen yards of me; then my brave followers immediately rushed in and gave him a volley as he lay on his broadside, and it was all over with him.

Though the other elephants could not have been far off, all hunting was over for that day, as the sight of so much fat meat was irresistible to the half-starved Masaras; and nothing I could offer would induce them to take up the trail of the other bulls, so they will live to fight another day.

Large Herd of Elephants.

We crossed the river at dawn of day; not, however, until I had paid a bag of powder and a bar of lead for the use of two old canoes, which, however, were indispensable to us. We took up the trail of a large herd of elephants, and followed it unremittingly till within two hours of sunset, straight away from the river, to a thick grove of mapani-trees, the leaves of which very much resemble the beech, and are even now, in the depth of winter, green and luxuriant. Here we found a large herd of fifty or sixty, all cows and calves. They were feeding, but, on seeing us, they disappeared like magic; and when the dogs got among them, they spread in all directions. I shot, also, an old bull buffalo, and the Masaras and Makubas, though well wearied, made a night of it—that is, did not stop eating until morning; consequently, only two, that we sent for water, were able to work the next day.

The next morning we found a troop of eleven or twelve bull elephants in a thick hack-thorn bush on the banks of the river. As they crashed away, I rode hard in their rear, shouting lustily, and singled out the largest bull. I rode close, and he cleared a path for me. He turned to see who had the audacity to ride so near, for the horse's nose touched him, when I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, and cleared out of his path. In reloading I lost him, and, cantering on his trail, he very nearly caught me, as he had stopped and turned round just where the path turned suddenly and sharply to the right, and I was almost under his very trunk ere I saw him. He was lying in wait, and made a terrific charge, trumpeting furiously; the horse was round like a top, and away I went, with both rowels deep in his flanks as I threw myself on his neck. It was a very near shave; his trunk was over the horse's hind quarters. I went through bush that, in cool blood, I should have pronounced impenetrable, but did not come off scathless; my poor hands are shockingly torn, and my trowsers, from the knee, literally in shreds, though made of goatskin. After giving the elephant two more bullets I

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CHASED BY AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT.

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lost him. The dogs were frightened to death, and would not leave the horse's heels.

Boat Crews Drowned.

The country all around appears to be a perfect flat, very unhealthy and uninteresting, with a lot of rubbishy reeds at this end, but it is wooded to the banks on the other side, and most of the way round. I gather from the natives that it is a three days' ride round the lake, but that the tsetse render it impossible for horses. The natives are afraid to cross in their frail canoes, as when a wind rises the water is very rough. Three canoes were swamped not long since, and their crews drowned. Not far from the southern point, the road the wagons take to Walvish Bay, there is a high ridge of rocks, Lechulatebe's strong-hold in case of an attack. These Kaffirs are always at war, cattle being the prime object. I could only get a very bad view of one end of the lake, but I must confess that I was disappointed in it. The chief went with me, and, by the aid of an interpreter, gave me all the information he could, and was very kind and obliging.

He is not a bad fellow at heart, I think, but a dreadful beggar and very covetous. He appears to have no idea of being refused anything he fancies, gives you nothing in return, wants your things on his own terms, and asks outrageous prices for his. He is young, active, an elephant-hunter himself, a good shot, and possesses good guns. On our return I swam the river, which is about 300 yards wide, and he invited me to dinner. We dined in the open air, and were attended by the prettiest girls in the kraal, who knelt before us and held the dishes from which we ate.

Kaffir Beauties.

They wear no clothing but a skin around their loins; their legs, arms, necks, and waists are ornamented with beads of every variety, and ivory, brass, and copper bracelets. Finer-made girls than some of the well-fed Kaffirs, I suppose, are not to be found. They have small hands and feet, beautifully-rounded arms, delicate wrists and ankles; their eyes and teeth unsurpassable, and they are lithe and supple as a willow wand.

They say perfect happiness does not exist in this world, but I should say a Kaffir chief comes nearer to it than any other mortal; his slightest wish is law; he knows no contradiction; he has the power of life and death in his hands at any moment, and can take any quantity of wives and put them away at pleasure; he is waited upon like an infant, and every wish, whim, and caprice is indulged in to the fullest extent; and

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DINING WITH THE KAFFIR CHIEF.

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he has ivory, feathers, and karosses brought to him from all quarters, which he can barter with the traders for every article of luxury.

Our dinner consisted of roasted giraffe, swimming in fat and grease. I always do in Rome as Rome does—eat (if I can) whatever is set before me, and shut my eyes if I feel qualmish. Nothing approaches the parts most relished by the natives in richness of flavor, and racy, gamy taste The Kaffirs know well the best parts of every animal, and laugh at our throwing them away. But enough; I enjoyed my dinner. Perhaps a person with a delicate stomach might have found fault with the means used to fasten on the lids of the different dishes; but the native plan is an excellent one, as everything is kept warm, and nothing can boil over or escape. Everything was scrupulously clean; and jackals' tails, waved in abundance by the many slaves in attendance, kept away the flies.

Shrewd Rascal.

I afterward exchanged my hat with the captain for a pair of leather crackers, but had to give beads, knife, fork, and spoon into the bargain. The rascal had no conscience; and after plaguing me till I promised to give him some tea for the second time, for I had sent him about a pound on my arrival, he immediately dispatched a messenger for an immense earthenware jar, which would hold at least two chests, and was highly indignant at the pigmy appearance of the tea I put in it. He then plagued me for meal; and when I offered to exchange with him for corn, provided he gave me two measures for one, he declared there was none in the state; he lies like a trooper, and only laughs when you find him out. He appears to be very good-tempered, however; but all Kaffirs have great self-command, and they rarely, if ever, come to blows.

Continuing his account of exciting adventures of the chase, Baldwin says: To-day I have been successful in bringing to bay a splendid fat eland cow. Accompanied by January on old Snowdon, two of my men, and seven Bakalahari, we sallied forth, and soon found fresh trails, which the Kaffirs followed in the most indefatigable manner; they led us in a regular circle. Though we maintained a dead silence, the elands must have got our wind, as we found from the trail they were off at full speed. January then took up the trail, holding on fast by the pommel with one hand, and kept it in the most marvellous manner at a canter, wherever the bush would permit of it, for three or four miles at least. I followed in his wake, my horse Ferus (fearless), who is in excellent condition, pulling hard. I should have called a halt, but the trail led homeward. January still kept on at a canter through the thick bush. At

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HEADLONG CHASE OF THREE ELANDS.

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length I got sight of three cows; the rest of the party had done their duty, it was now my turn: I contented myself by keeping them in sight till we got into a much more open part, when I let Ferus make play, and we went at a slashing pace over everything. The elands led me in among the Kaffir pitfalls, and I steered my nag wherever the fence was thickest, as being safest, and he jumped like a stag, and in a very short brush singled out and ran right into the best cow, when I fired from the saddle

Narrow Escape.

One morning I found five bull elephants, gave chase, and singled and drove out the largest, and gave him a couple of pills to make him quiet; he shortly turned and stood at bay, about forty yards off, and then came on with a terrific charge. My newly-purchased horse, Kebon, which I was riding for the first time, stood stock still, and I intended to give the elephant my favorite shot in the chest, but at every attempt to raise the gun for the purpose of so doing my horse commenced tossing his head up and down, and entirely prevented me from taking aim. During my attempts to pacify and steady him, the bull charged, and I fired at random, and whether the ball whistled uncomfortably near the horse's ear or not I can't say, but he gave his head so sudden a jerk as to throw the near rein over on to the off side; the curb-chain came undone, and the bit turned right round in his mouth.

The huge monster was less than twenty yards off, ears erected like two enormous fans, and trumpeting furiously. Having no command whatever of my horse, I dug the long rowels in most savagely, when Kebon sprang straightforward for the brute, and I thought it was all up; I leaned over on the off side as far as possible, and his trunk was within a few feet of me, as I shot close by him.

I plied the rowels, and was brought again to a sudden stand by three trees, in a sort of triangle; a vigorous dig, and he got through, my right shoulder coming so violently in contact with one of the trees as almost to unhorse me, slewing my right arm behind my back, over my left hip. I know not how I managed to stick to my gun, 14 lbs. weight, with my middle finger only hooked through the trigger-guard, my left hand right across my chest, holding by the end of the reins, which, most fortunately, I had in my hand when I fired, and in this fashion he went at a tearing gallop through a thick tangled bush and underwood mostly hack-thorns, over which my nag jumped like a buck. He was very nearly on his head three or four times, as the soil was very heavy, sandy, and full of holes.

The monster was all this time close in my wake; at length I got clear

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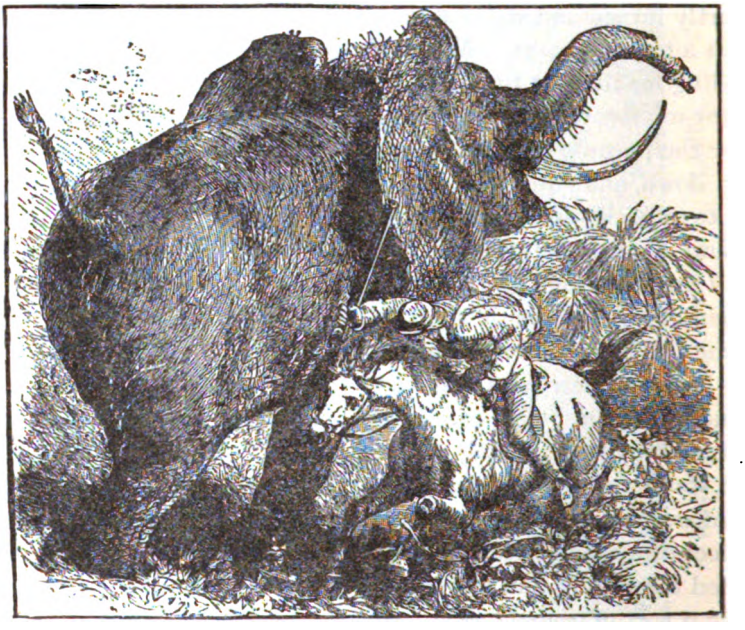
from him, and he turned and made off in the opposite direction at his best pace. As soon as I could pull up, which I managed after performing three or four circles, I jumped off, righted my bridle, and went after him like the wind, as he had a long start, and I was afraid of losing him in thick bush. After giving him ten shots, and sustaining three more savage charges, the last a long and silent one, far from pleasant, as my horse had all the puff taken out of him, and he could only manage to keep his own before the brute, to my great satisfaction he at length fell, to rise no more. I had long been quite exhausted, and could not even put a cap on the nipple. One of my men turned up about an hour after; he



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

said he fired all his powder away, giving his elephant sixteen bullets to no purpose; but the horse looked quite fresh, and both barrels were loaded, and every man has a perfect right to form his own opinion as to the reason why and wherefore.

Elephant hunting is the very hardest life a man can chalk out for himself. Two blank days, riding five hours at a foot's pace to a ravine, where the Masaras tell you they have drunk; sleeping in the bush with nothing to eat; a drink of muddy water in the morning, out of a dirty tortoise-shell, which serves for breakfast, dinner, and supper; all day in the saddle, under a broiling sun, following after three half-starved Masaras in

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greasy, tattered skins, who carry a little water, which is nauseous to a degree, and never seeing life the whole day. Two days like this, followed by two successful ones, is about what you may expect.

Nothing more miserable and dirty can be conceived than a Masara encampment. It consists of temporary half-thatched sheds, and a few bushes stuck in here and there to break the wind, with half-putrid dried flesh, water vessels, and shreds of old skins hung up in the surrounding trees. My trusty after-rider brings two or three armfuls of grass, and makes my couch in the most eligible corner, with my saddle for a pillow, and here I court sleep till daybreak, lying close to a green wood fire, the smoke of which passes over you when you lie close to the ground, and keeps off the mosquitoes.

There is something quite overpowering in the deathlike stillness of the forest at night—a brilliant sky, innumerable stars, bright and twinkling, dusky figures in all possible attitudes lying around, the munching of our faithful horses, which are tied to trees all night, and frequently the jackal's cry, the hyena's howl, the occasional low growl of a lion, or the heavy tramp and crash in the bush of a herd of elephants, with a scream which can be heard at an immense distance. This is the way our nights are usually passed in the bush, and the most light-hearted fellow in the world, when all alone for months, must have occasional fits of despondency.

A Famous Bird.

Full of thorns and bruises, and half dead from thirst, I off-saddled Kebon, knee-haltered him, and then lay under the shade of a tree, having not the most remote idea as to my whereabouts, shouting and firing blank powder to bring up the Masaras. To add, if possible, to the many mishaps, my horse had strayed, and I had to follow his trail, and did not overtake him for nearly a mile, and then I was obliged to retrace my own footsteps, which was not so easy. I had not long returned when one of my men turned up, and he led the way back at a trot on foot, distancing all the Masaras, and just at sunset got to the wagon, where I first got a drink. Such days as these are rather more than sport.

I was much amused by watching the tickbirds trying to alarm an old white rhinoceros that we were approaching from under the wind, quite ignorant of his danger. They ran into his ears and fluttered about his eyes, keeping up an incessant chirping, but he would not be warned till we got above wind, when he elevated head and tail, snuffed, trotted, and snorted, and went away in grand style at a swinging trot. We had better game in view; but to-night I am going to watch the water, as the moon is high, and then he must be more wary. My fellows have just made

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a hole at the edge of the water, as game is very scarce, and we are hard up for meat.

My poor dog Gyp, I grieve to say, was taken by a tiger. I had ridden forward to water, and she came after me. It was night, and a native heard the scuffle, and poor Gyp's last breath, which left her carcase, not in the shape of a yell, but rather of a fierce angry whine that she could not gripe the brute in return. She was the gamest of the game, and had numberless escapes, wonderful, lucky, or providential, whatever you like to call them. Except my perfect Juno, I had sooner the fate had happened to any other of the pack.

Combat with Tigers.

Baldwin does not give any extended account of hunting the tiger, but we are able to present a spirited account from a traveller of an exciting tiger hunt, which took place in India.

At break of day, he says, we set out in an imposing array. Twelve elephants, brilliantly trapped, bore the rajah, the principal officers of his suite, and your humble servant, lying, like the Romans at their feasts, on our backs, under the howdahs. Beside us lay several good rifles, and behind each of us, his eyes bandaged, a guepard, or hunting tiger. This curious animal, half-tiger, half-leopard, is famous for his extraordinary eyesight, his speed in running, and his courage in attack. At the same time he is a thoroughly good-natured and submissive companion, and makes a capital hunter besides.

There were some hundred men in the party, besides porters, servants, and cooks, and we journeyed by short stages in really royal style. No one ever complains of the sleepy slowness of an elephant's gait. You enjoy the scenery, you are rocked by his gentle movement into the happiest frame of mind, and you "get there."

After three days of this ideal travelling, one of our advance couriers came in to say that a tiger was reported in the neighborhood of one of the near villages, and we all prepared for an exciting day. I had my rifles cleaned and my ammunition and knives inspected, and resolved to give a good account of myself. We found that the tiger carried off daily a bull from the fields, and escaped with it into a densely grown marsh a few miles away. At least such was the story, if we chose to believe it.

Exciting Events Ahead.

Hardly had we reached the locality before the guepards gave unequivocal signs that they detected the presence of our game. Armed with spears, the men began to beat the bushes, much as if they were simply after hares. Still, as they did not seem to mind the danger, I could not

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see why I should worry about them, though I sat ready with gun in rest on my elephant's back.

The plan was successful; for two enormous tigers bounded out of the high underbrush like young cats. Our men's cries and the general hubbub confused them and made them lose their heads, and they ran back

A PERILOUS POSITION.

and forth without any plan or method. Suddenly one of them sprang at my elephant, with wild fury, as is their favorite method of attack. I came to the rescue with my rifle, and hurled the brute upon the ground, and the elephant placed his ponderous feet, one on its flanks and one on its head! I felt a violent jerk and shock, and heard the cracking of bones

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like the sound of a tree broken by the force of the tempest; and I saw the beast flattened under the weight of the massive pachyderm.

The latter, proud of his deed, never lost his dignity or temper for an instant, and I showered caresses and sugar upon him in reward for his prompt courage. Meanwhile the other tiger had not remained inactive. He had succeeded in bringing down a young elephant, on which was mounted a son of the rajah, now on his first hunt; the latter, however, had the good sense to desert his mount, and leave the poor thing to its fate.

Desperate Battle.

Immediately we all let loose our guepards, which fell upon the prey with their sharp teeth and indomitable courage. The fight became general; the wounded tiger held its own against the numerous foe, putting several *hors du combat*, laying them open with its fearful claws, or meeting its fangs in their throats. The struggle was intense, and the rajah's enjoyment of it was too, for he would not let me end it with a shot from my good rifle. After some minutes of this kind of thing he gave his men a signal, and they surrounded the combatants and with their spears put an end to the tiger, and drew off the limping guepards.

The foregoing narrative will serve to show what startling risks are run by hunters in the Tropics. Baldwin's experiences are evidence of this, and we again quote from his thrilling account.

I hardly know, he says, what I have done the last fortnight; I have been five consecutive days in the saddle without finding elephants; I am now three days on my road back again—a weary, long journey, without water so far, and I shall be obliged to wait for rain before I can get out, besides which the ravines are now full of a poisonous herb, which is certain death in a few hours to oxen, so that we are obliged to be most cautious. Painter, one of my horses, was left behind yesterday for dead; thirst and the intense heat of the sun had, to all appearance, finished him; but, to my amazement, he turned up again this morning, having found his way in the night to our old place.

Chased by an Infuriated Buffalo.

The best of my stud, Ferus, yesterday got desparately staked in the breast. A wounded buffalo, which I was trying to drive, charged me most savagely, and none other but Ferus could have brought me safely out. It was a near thing for about one hundred yards, and when she was not two yards from my horse's tail, taking advantage of an opening in the bush, I wheeled half round in the saddle, and gave her a bullet through her right ear and grazed the top of her back, without, however,

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TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH TIGERS.

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doing her any harm; but she shortly gave up the chase, when I reloaded, dismounted, and brought her down. It was among hack-thorns, and my clothes were completely torn off my body. We had not a bite of anything at all at the wagon, and no near probability of getting anything, therefore I was rash, as a buffalo is a beast you cannot drive.

The nipple of my gun broke short off in the worm the other day, and I tried every means to get it out for some time without effect, only making matters worse by breaking a plug short off that I had been hardening and shaping to fit all day. At last I made a drill bore, and succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and she is now none the worse. We are obliged to load heavily for South African game; six drachms are my smallest dose, and my powder this year is excellent.

I think it hardly possible for the country to be or look worse than now, and my poor oxen and horses have fallen off fearfully. All the water-courses are dried up, and we only get a small quantity of water at the fountains after hard digging, and the little grass there is terribly dry. In the early mornings, evenings, and night, it is so cold that there is ice in all the water-vessels, while the days are intensely hot; from ten to four it is hardly possible to travel; we sometimes have high and often hot winds; game of all sorts is as thin as deal boards, and the fare, consequently, very indifferent.

Chase of the Giraffe.

Let me give an account of a day's adventure with giraffes.

I took a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and saddled up. I rode old Bryan, a tall, narrow-built, ewe-necked, remarkably long, blue-skimmel horse, resembling very much in appearance the animal we went to hunt, but with a great depth of shoulder and breadth of chest, and good girth, and some capital points about him, though an ungainly, ugly brute, and very heavy in hand, with a tender mouth. We shortly met six Kaffirs, who told us they had seen fresh trail of a troop of giraffes, and turned back to show us. We followed the trail some four miles, through thorns, and very stony and bad travelling, ascending the different heights to try to see them, but always following the trail as fast as the Kaffirs could keep up. I saw them first, full 500 yards off, seven or eight of them, and, on whistling for Swartz, one of my men, they immediately took right away, with a tremendous start.

We made good play, at a swinging gallop, right through bush and stones, and, after a long burst, I came within twenty yards of them, when Bryan stopped in fear and trembling of the huge unwieldy brutes. I plied him sharply with the spurs, and got him once more under way,

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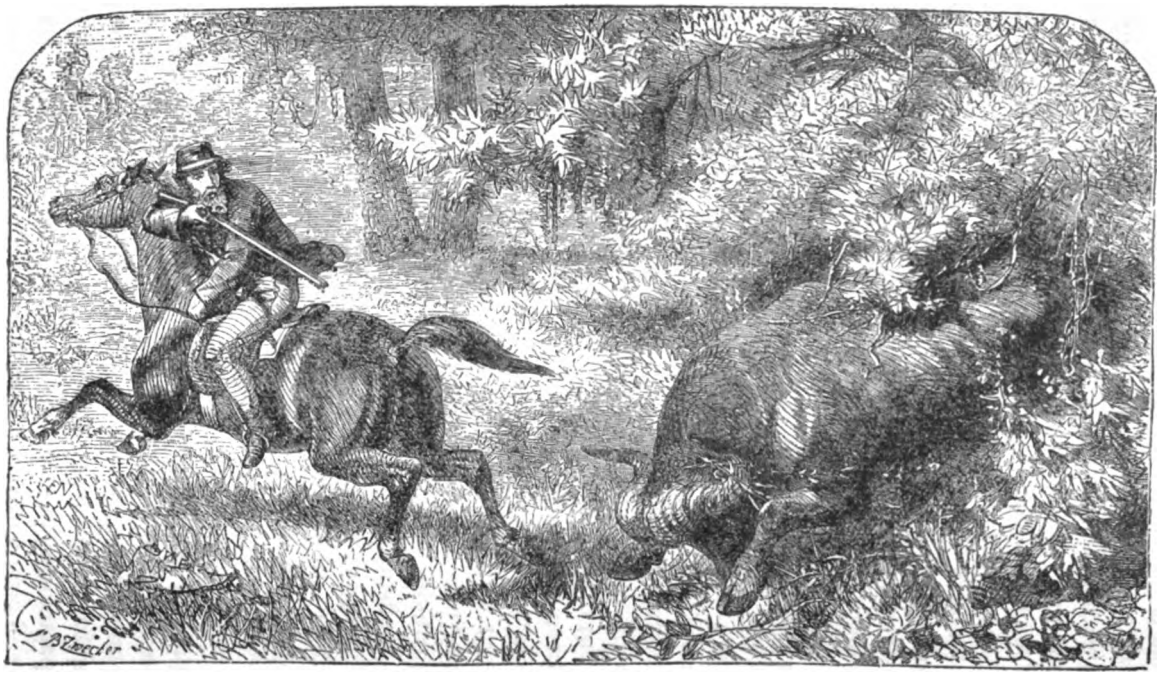

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A WILD BUFFALO.

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keeping above the wind, as the giraffes have a strong effluvia, which frighten horses unused to them. We came out on the clearing, Swartz forty or fifty yards in advance of me, and as far behind the giraffes. The sight of the other horse gave Bryan confidence, and he bounded away in good style, and was alongside instantly, when they again dashed into thick bush; here Swartz turned out a cow, the very one I had set my mind on, and I at once took after a large bull. Now he bounded away with his tail screwed round like a corkscrew, and going in one bound as far as I went in three.

"He Went Bang into a Bush."

Bryan crashed through everything, and I lost my hat and tore my hands, arms, and shirt to pieces. At length I got nearly alongside him, and fired, hitting him high in the neck, and taking no effect whatever on him. Here I got a pull on Bryan and managed to reload, still going on at a smart gallop, and once more got alongside, and, in trying to pull up to dismount, he went bang into a bush, which brought him up short, and he went to back out, the giraffe getting 100 yards in advance. I soon made up the lost ground, and headed him, endeavoring to turn him, but he slewed round like a vessel in full sail, bearing down almost on the top of me, with his huge fore legs as high in the air as the horse's back. I had lots of chances to dismount, but had no command of my nag; his mouth was dead; but not a sign of flagging about him. I steered him close alongside on the near side, held out my gun in one hand, within two yards of the giraffe's shoulder, and fired. The gun shot over my head, half breaking my middle finger, and down came the giraffe, with a tremendous crash, with his shoulder smashed to atoms. I must have had a heavy charge of powder in, as I loaded at random.

Bryan was as still as a post instantly, and I lost not a moment in off-saddling him ere I inspected my giraffe, and then put the saddle-cloth over my bare head, as the sun was intensely hot. I must have run nearly five miles through hack-thorns and stones of all sizes, as straight as the crow flies. Swartz killed his cow, about a mile back, with one shot, about one hundred yards off. We cut off his mane and tail as a trophy, and the tongue and marrow-bone for immediate use; and Swartz and John coming up, we went to his giraffe, which was the fattest, for meat. The Kaffirs were there, and I offered them some beads to find my hat.

I dispatched all the Kaffirs and dogs for meat early in the morning, as it was late when we got back the previous night. The meat is really tender and good. I followed my giraffe about twenty yards in the rear

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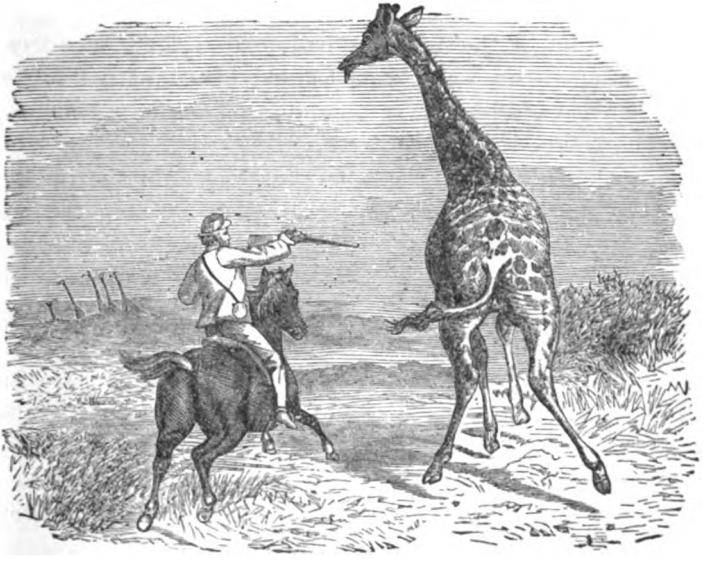
for a mile at least, the stones rattling past my head occasionally. Whenever the ground favored, and I made a spurt, he did the same, appearing to have no end of bottom; and Bryan could not come up with him, though he strained every nerve, and he has a long, swinging gallop, and leaves the ground fast behind him.

Till within the last century, the very existence of this magnificent animal was doubted by civilized peoples—at least, it was no more believed in than the unicorn. Who can wonder at the incredulity of the people? I have seen an animal, said a traveller, with the skin of a leopard, the head of a deer, a neck graceful as the swan's; so tall, that if three tall men should stand on each other's shoulders, the topmost one could



A RACE FOR LIFE.

scarcely reach its forehead; and so timid and gentle that the merest puppy by its bark could compel the enormous creature to its utmost speed, which excels that of the hare or greyhound!

This was all the traveller knew of the giraffe, and he told it, and when folks heard or read, they winked, wagged their heads, as do knowing people while exercising their leading faculty, and flatly refused to be "gulled" by any such "traveller's tale." Suppose, however, the traveller had known as much about the giraffe as *we* know, and related it? Suppose, in addition to the particulars respecting the animal's shape and size, the traveller had told our great grandfathers that the tongue of the giraffe was such a wonderful instrument that, protruded a foot from the

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mouth, it was used as a grasper, a feeler, and an organ of taste; that the giraffe's tongue was what in many respects the elephant's proboscis is to that ponderous animal? That the giraffe's nostrils, oblique and narrow, were defended even to their margins by strong hairs, and surrounded by muscular fibres, by which they can be hermetically sealed, effectually preventing the entrance of the fine sand which the suffocating storms of the desert raise in such clouds that man, with all the appliances suggested by his invention, must flee from or die? That the giraffe's beautiful eyes, lustrous and prominent, were so situated that he could, without moving his head, sweep the whole circle of the horizon on all sides, behind, before, every way, so that for any enemy to approach unawares was impossible?

I much question, if the traveller had related these wonders to our great grandfather—who was a stout-headed man and not to be trifled with—whether he would not have found himself behind a bedlam-grating in a very short time.

Besides these mentioned, the giraffe possesses other features equally peculiar. The first impression one receives on viewing the animal is, that its fore-legs are considerably longer than its hinder ones. This, however, is illusory. The walk of the giraffe is not majestic, the neck stretched in a line with its back giving it an awkward appearance. When, however, the animal commences to run, all symptoms of awkwardness vanish, though its progression is somewhat peculiar. The hind-legs are lifted alternately with the fore, and are carried outside of and far beyond them; while the long black tail, tufted at the end like a buffalo's, is curled above the back, and moves pendulum fashion exactly as the neck moves, giving the creature the appearance of a curious and nicely-adjusted piece of machinery.

Elegant Roan Antelope.

Soon after my adventure with the giraffes I fell in with a single roan antelope, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving a full account of the chase from first to last, as it will long live in my remembrance. I saw him first coming along at a swinging gallop, evidently startled by something, and endeavored to cut him off, galloping hard and keeping a tree between us. I got within 100 yards, jumped off, and missed him like a man going broadside past me; swallowed my disgust as well as I could, reloaded, and gave chase.

A stern chase is always a long one, and at the end of about three miles I could not perceive I had gained a yard on him. The bush getting thicker, I rode 100 yards wide of him, hoping I might gain ground

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GIRAFFES FLEEING FROM A HUNTER.

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on him unperceived, and as he burst once more into the clearing I had bettered my position fully 100 yards, which he perceived, and put on the steam once more, and I was just pulling up in despair, when I saw his mouth open, and heard his breath coming thick and fast on the wind. He was evidently much blown, but my good nag had likewise nearly all the puff taken out of him. The ground being frightfully stony, he had to change his legs, alter his stride, and hop about like peas on a platter; still I had faint hopes, if I was favored by the ground, I might get a long shot at him. I nursed my nag to the best of my judgment, roweling him well, but holding him fast by the head, and endeavoring still to keep a spurt in him whenever the ground favored, and in this manner I maintained my distance, about 200 yards behind the antelope, which I now perceived to be shortening his stroke as he was nearing the steep bank of a dry river.

Crisis of Fate.

Now or never! I spurred my horse, and he put on a capital spurt, and, as he is an admirably-trained shooting horse, I could rely on his pulling up in ten yards, and I never checked him till within twenty yards of the bank. The magnificent old buck seemed to know, by instinct, that this was the crisis of his fate, and tore away on the opposite bank harder than ever, making the stones clatter and fly behind him. In the twinkling of an eye I stood alongside of my nag, steadied myself, gave one deep-drawn breath, planted my left foot firmly in front, raised my gun, and fired the moment I got the ivory sight to bear upon him, making an admirable shot.

Not long after this I had a glorious day on my horse Jack. He carried me well up to a troop of roan antelopes, when my gun, unfortunately, missed fire. Saw a splendid old bull harrisbuck, but lost sight of him in trying to get below the wind, and never saw him again. Rode far, climbing to the top of the hills; at length saw about twenty-two harrisbucks; got below the wind and within 300 yards, when they took the alarm. I had a very long chase of five miles, at least. The ground being so bad, and my horse blind, I could only go steadily; at length, got them at advantage, and put Jack's powers to the test.

He galloped strong and well, and as they were thundering down a pass between two mountains, through a dry ravine, I got within three lengths of the hindmost buck. The pace was tremendous. One magnificent old bull I had set my heart on, and was close to him. Jack drew up short just on the brink of the ravine, and, in my hurry to jump off, I got my foot fast in the stirrup. I had my back to the bucks, and when I had

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HERD OF HARRISBUCKS IN FULL FLIGHT.

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extricated my foot I had lost my bull. I fired at a large black and tan cow, and either missed her altogether or gave her a bad shot.

"It was Fine Work at Times."

In the middle of the chase I almost jumped into an ostrich nest, but I could not think about eggs then. On returning to the wagons I heard my horse Bryan was very sick; he had wandered away from the wagons, and we lost him, though I followed the trail till dark. I luckily heard from two Kaffirs that they had seen a horse's trail on the path going back at the break of day. Inyous, one of my party, and myself started in the direction the Kaffirs told us, and, thinking it not improbable we might be away three or four days, I put a cap, box of salt, and a dry eland's tongue in my pocket, and Inyous carried two pounds of beads. On finding the trail eighteen hours gone, I pressed two Kaffirs from a kraal near by into the service. It was fine work, at times, tracking him out. We had many checks, and all spread out and made our casts in a most systematic style, your humble servant hitting off the trail three times, but Inyous and one Bushman Kaffir did the most of the hunting.

Once I had all but given him up on flinty, rocky ground: we cast around in every direction for an hour and a half to no purpose, and followed the trail for more than 300 yards on our hands and knees. the faintest imaginable track being all we had to guide us—a small stone displaced or a blade of grass cut off; so we kept on till we again got to sandy ground, when we took up the running four miles an hour, and about midday we found him. I need not say how rejoiced I was to see him.

The Plumed Ostrich.

Respecting the degree of intelligence displayed by the wild ostrich, the opinions of travellers are at variance, some ascribing to it the most complete stupidity, and others giving it credit for unusual vivacity and cunning. Livingstone evidently inclines to the former opinion. He says, "It is generally seen feeding on some quiet spot where no one can approach him without being detected by his wary eye. As the wagon moves along far to the windward, he thinks it is intending to circumvent him, so he rushes up a mile or so from the leeward, and so near to the front oxen that one sometimes gets a shot at the silly bird When he begins to run, all the game in sight follow his example. I have seen seen this folly taken advantage of when he was quietly feeding in a valley open at both ends. A number of men would commence running as if to cut off his retreat from the end through which the wind came, and although he had the whole country, hundreds of miles, before him by

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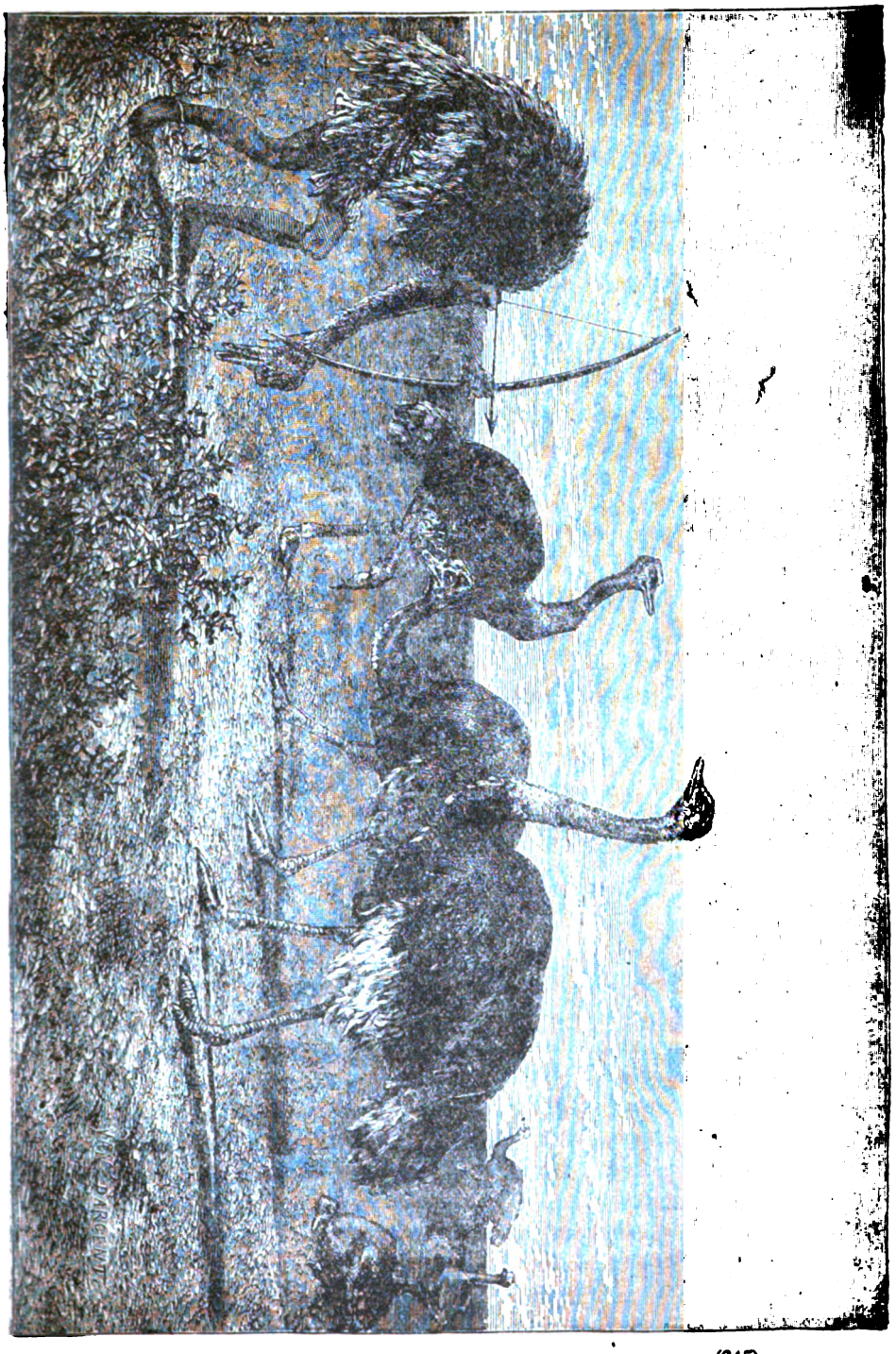

CURIOUS MODE OF CAPTURING OSTRICHES

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going to the other end, on he madly rushed to get past the men, and so was speared. He never swerves from the course he once adopts, but only increases his speed."

In taking the eggs, the natives, if they wish to continue drawing on the nest, are obliged to use considerable caution. It is common enough, even when the hatching period is close at hand, for the whole of the proprietors of a nest to wander away from it in search of food, a circumstance that has doubtless given ground for the erroneous supposition that the bird in question leaves her eggs in the sand, trusting to the sun for their vivification. When the native finds a nest of eggs so abandoned, he procures a long stick and rakes them out all but one or two; if this is managed cleverly, and the wind has been favorable, the bereaved bird will neither scent the thief nor be aware of her loss, but go on laying for months, from June to October, supplying the Bushman with new-laid eggs with the precision and regularity of the hens of our own farms and homesteads

Ingenious Method for Getting Water.

Even the shell of the ostrich egg is an item of the utmost importance in the domestic economy of the wandering Bushman. It provides him with plates and dishes and drinking-cups, and, more important still, with a convenient vessel in which to carry that first essential to existence, water, across the vast and thirsty plains of Africa. The singular and ingenious method of collecting water into these shells from the reedy and shallow pools is thus graphically described by Dr. Livingstone:

"The constant dread of visits from strange tribes causes the Batkalahari to choose their residence far from water, and they not unfrequently hide their supplies by filling the pits with sand and making a fire over the spot. When they wish to draw water for use the women come with twenty or thirty of their water-vessels in a bag or net on their backs. The water-vessels consist of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole in the end of each, such as would admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Then applying the mouth to the thin end of the reed they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw.

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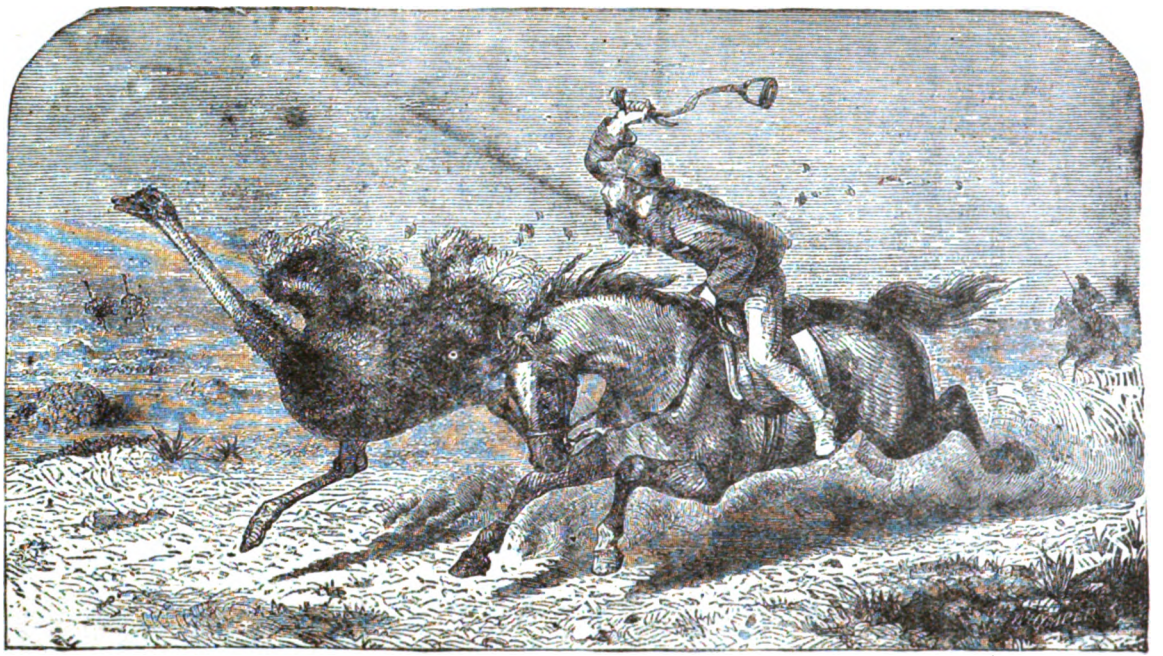

EXCITING CHASE OF THE WILD OSTRICH.

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"An intelligent Bakwain related to me how the Bushmen effectually baulked a party of his tribe which lighted on their village in a state of burning thirst. Believing, as he said, that nothing human could subsist without water, they demanded some, but were coolly told by these Bushmen that they had none, and never drank any. Expecting to find them out, they resolved to watch them night and day. They persevered for some days, thinking that at last the water must come forth; but, notwithstanding their watchfulness, kept alive by most tormenting thirst, the Bakwains were compelled to exclaim, 'Yak! yak! these are not men; let us go.' Probably the Bushmen had been subsisting on a store hidden underground, which had eluded the vigilance of their visitors."

Ostrich Chicks.

The newly-hatched chicks are about as large as pullets, and as soon as they escape from the shell are able to walk about and follow their parents. The cock-bird, it seems, is just as able and certainly as willing to take charge of his children as the hen. Dr. Livingstone says, "I have several times seen newly-hatched young in the charge of the cock, who made a very good attempt at appearing lame in the plover fashion, in order to draw off the attention of pursuers. The young squat down and remain immovable when too small to run far, but attain a wonderful degree of speed when about the size of common fowls. The color of the ostrich chick is a blending of gray and white, and harmonizes admirably with the color of the plains it is in the habit of traversing. Its external covering at this stage of its existence is neither down nor feathers, but a substance more resembling the bristles of the hedgehog spread scantily over its body."

Should a Bushman discover a nest when a long distance from home, he is of course desirous of securing the precious eggs; but how is he to carry them? Pockets he has not, he is equally barren of pocket-handkerchief, and he does not invariably wear either a hat or a cap. Under such circumstances, dear reader, you or I would just take one in each hand and one under each arm, and walk off, regretting that we were unable to secure any more. But the Bushman has a "dodge" almost as ingenious as it is unscrupulous. He takes off his trowsers, tears a strip off the waistband, secures the bottom of each leg therewith, and is at once provided with a commodious double bag which he fills with eggs, and contentedly trots home with his bare legs scorching in the sun. The Bushman has implicit confidence in powdered ostrich egg-shell as a preventive of eye diseases, and should his cattle be afflicted with strangury he will grind up a bit of the potent shell, mix it with vinegar, pour it

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SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH AND YOUNG.

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down the throat of the ox, and next morning the brute is sound again—at least, so says the Bushman.

Although there are no authenticated instances on record of the ostrich ever having eaten so indigestible a thing as a "great horse-shoe," the obtuseness of taste displayed by the giant bird is very remarkable. Methuen in his "Life in the Wilderness," when speaking of a female ostrich that came under his immediate attention, says: "One day a Muscovy duck brought a promising brood of ducklings into the world, and with maternal pride conducted them forth into the yard. Up with solemn and measured strides marched the ostrich, and, wearing the most mild, benignant cast of face, swallowed them all one after another like so many oysters, regarding the indignant hissings and bristling plumage of the hapless mother with stoical indifference."

Although it has always been known that the ostrich could be domesticated, it was not until within a comparatively recent period that this bird was supposed to possess any utility. Now the world is wearing ostrich feathers. These, which certainly are very graceful and attractive, are sold in all the great markets of the world, and are worn very extensively. Of course there is a fashion in feathers as there is in everything else, and at certain periods there is a greater demand for ostrich plumes than at others.

An attempt has been made in California to domesticate the ostrich, and on a limited scale there are farms on the Pacific coast for the purpose of raising ostriches with a view to obtaining their feathers. These farms have been, so far, attended with a good degree of success.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

GALAXY OF RENOWNED EXPLORERS.

Great Gorilla Hunter—Du Chaillu in the Jungles—First Gorilla Captured by a White Man—Formidable Monster—Ghastly Charms—Battle with a Bull—Hunter Tossed on Sharp Horns—The Camma Tribe—A very Sick Man—Infernal-looking Doctor—Snake Bones and Little Bells—Extraordinary Performance to Find the Sorcerer—Huge Fraud—Andersson in Africa—Guides Lose Their Way—Lives of the Whole Party at Stake—A Search for Water in All Directions—Necessity of Returning Without Delay—Two Men Exploring the Country for Water Left Behind—Suffering of Men and Animals from Thirst—Grand and Appalling Conflagration—Magnificent Spectacle—Cattle One Hundred and Fifty Hours Without a Single Drop of Water—Troop of Elephants—A Watch by Night—Wild Animals at a Water Course—Battle Between a Lion and Lion Hunter—Dogs and Natives—Exciting Hunting Scene—One Hundred Natives in the Field—Cameron in the Dark Continent—Illustrious Explorer—Expedition from Sea to Sea—Important Discoveries—Agreement Between African Explorers—Stanley's Fame Assured.

PAUL B. DU CHAILLU has made himself famous, not only by his travels extending into new and hitherto unknown regions, but also by his adventures with the animals of the Tropics. Especially are we indebted to Du Chaillu for his graphic account of the gorilla, and for the captures he made at the risk of his own life and the lives of those who shared his exploits. This remarkable animal has been made known to the world mainly by the thrilling accounts of Du Chaillu.

The following is Du Chaillu's narrative of the capture of his first gorilla:

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, at least so appearing, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests.

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He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance: meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

A Formidable Monster.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way,

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TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH A GORILLA.

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the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women. This evening we had again gorilla stories—but all to the same point already mentioned, that there are gorillas inhabited by human spirits.

The young athletic Negroes, in their ivory hunts, well know the habits of the gorilla. He does not, like the lion, sullenly retreat on seeing them, but swings himself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting the conflict, and clutches at the foremost of his enemies. The hideous aspect of his visage, his green eyes with their glaring fire, his open mouth and fierce-looking teeth, the savage hand-like claws which form the end of his lower extremities, all render him an object of terror. When he is pursued, as he is sometimes by daring natives who are his natural enemies, he will defend himself with the utmost courage, and has been known to attack his foes with indescribable fury.

Continuing his account of the adventures of the chase, Du Chaillu narrates what happened to one of his men. It is a wonder the poor native did not lose his life.

Hunter Tossed by a Bull.

I started out early to try and get a shot at some buffalo which were said to be in the prairie back of the town. Ifouta, a hunter, accompanied me, and met with an accident through losing his presence of mind. We had been out about an hour, when we came upon a bull feeding in the midst of a little prairie surrounded by a wood which made our approach easy. Ifouta walked around opposite to where I lay in wait, that if the animal took alarm at him it might fly toward me; and then began to crawl, in the hunter fashion, through the grass toward his prey. All went well till he came near enough for a shot. Just then, unluckily, the bull saw him. Ifouta immediately fired. The gun made a long fire, and he only wounded the beast, which, quite infuriated, as it often is at the attack of hunters, immediately rushed upon him.

It was now that poor Ifouta lost his presence of mind. In such cases, which are continually happening to those who hunt, the cue of the hunter is to remain perfectly quiet till the beast is within a jump of him, then to step nimbly to one side and let it rush past. But Ifouta got up and ran.

Of course, in a moment the bull had him on his horns. It tossed him high into the air once, twice, thrice, ere I could run up, and, by my shouts, draw its fury to myself. Then it came rushing at me. But my guns do not hesitate, and, as I had a fair shot, I killed it without trouble.

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"IT TOSSED HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR, ONCE, TWICE, THRICE."

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Ifouta proved to be considerably bruised, but, on the whole, more scared than hurt; and when I had washed him off in a creek near by, he was able to walk home.

When Du Chaillu was among the tribe called Camma, he had a curious experience with a doctor who was celebrated for detecting evil spirits and healing the sick. He says:

Ishungui, the man who had faithfully taken care of my house, lay at death's door. He had gone out on a fishing excursion, caught cold, and had now a lung fever. I knew when I saw him that he must die, and tried to prepare his mind for the change. But his friends by no means gave him up. They sent for a distinguished doctor, and under his auspices began the infernal din with which they seek to cure a dying man.

Infernal Looking Doctor.

The Camma theory of disease is that Okamboo (the devil) has got into the sick man. Now this devil is only to be driven out with noise, and accordingly they surround the sick man and beat drums and kettles close to his head; fire off guns close to his ears; sing, shout, and dance all they can. This lasts till the poor fellow either dies or is better—unless the operators become tired out first, for the Camma doctors either kill or cure.

Ishungui died. He left no property, and his brother buried him without a coffin in a grave in the sand, so shallow that, when I chanced upon it some days after, I saw that the wild beasts had been there and eaten the corpse. The mourning lasted but six days; and, as there were no wives or property, so there was no feast. The relatives of the deceased slept one night in his house, as a mark of respect; and then all that remained was to discover the person who had bewitched the dead man. For that a young man, generally healthy, should die so suddenly in course of nature was by no means to be believed.

A canoe had been dispatched up to the lake to bring down a great doctor. They brought one of the chief's sons, a great rascal, who had been foremost in selling me an idol, and who was an evident cheat. When all was ready for the trial, I went down to look at the doctor, who looked literally "like the devil." I never saw a more ghastly object. He had on a high head-dress of black feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe, from the nose upward, divided his forehead in two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of grass and also a cord, which held a box

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NATIVE FLEET ATTACKING AN EXPLORING PARTY.

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against his breast. This little box is sacred, and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast and were exposed about his person; and all these were charmed, and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells around his body.

A Huge Fraud.

He sat on a box or stool, before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo-horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake-bones, which he shook frequently during his incantations; as also several skins, to which little bells were attached. Near by stood a fellow beating a board with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple, who, after continuing their incantations for quite a while, at last came to the climax. A native was told to call over the names of persons in the village, in order that the doctor might ascertain if any one of those named did the sorcery. As each name was called the old cheat looked in the glass to see the result.

During the whole operation I stood near him, which seemed to trouble him greatly. At last, after all the names were called, the doctor declared that he could not find any "witch-man," but that an evil spirit dwelt in the village, and many people would die if they continued there. I have a suspicion that this final judgment with which the incantations broke up was a piece of revenge upon me. I had no idea till next day how seriously the words of one of these Ouganga doctors is taken.

The next morning all was excitement. The people were scared: they said their chief was not willing to have them live longer here; that he would kill them, etc. Then began the removal of all kinds of property and the tearing down of houses; and by nightfall I was actually left alone in my house with my boys, both of whom were anxious to be off.

Adventures of Andersson.

Another explorer who has gained a world-wide fame and deserves to be ranked with such heroes as Stanley, Emin Pasha, Speke and Grant, and others, is Andersson, who gives us a graphic account of his travels. Several of his remarkable experiences we here reproduce, and the reader will doubtless confirm the opinion that these are of special interest. One extraordinary part of his travels in the Tropics relates to the privations and sufferings which he and his party underwent from lack of water. The reader must remember that travellers in the Tropics very often suffer

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from extreme thirst. Andersson's experience in this respect is one of the most remarkable on record. The following is his vivid account of it:

On the second evening, or on the third after leaving Okaoa, I saw the guides suddenly halt and look about them, as if undecided how to pro-

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

ceed. They had a short time previously declared that we should reach water that night. My suspicions were therefore at once aroused, or rather my heart misgave me. "Surely," I muttered to myself, "the fellows are trying to deceive us, or they have lost their way!" The one conjecture was as bad as the other. For a few seconds I remained

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silent; but, seeing them still wavering, I advanced, and in a voice trembling with rage and distress, thundered out, "Where is the water, men?" adding, with my fowling-piece presented at the head of the acting guide, "If you don't bring us to water before noon to-morrow, you die Proceed."

It soon became obvious, however, that they had lost themselves, and that, under such circumstances, threats would only tend still more to confuse them. I consequently, as they were wandering to and fro like men groping in the dark, and the night was fast closing upon us, sounded a halt to bivouac. That night was perhaps the most painful one in my life. I felt most keenly that not only the issue of the undertaking, but the lives of my party, were at stake. The agony I suffered is indescribable; yet, lest I should frighten my attendants, I did not betray the deep emotions that agitated me. They had, nevertheless, already taken the alarm; dismay—nay, despair—was depicted on every countenance, but, be it said to their credit, not a murmur escaped them. Supposing the place we were in search of should not be found, the nearest water, Okaoa, was three long days' journey off. Could this place be reached in safety in our present weak state? I dared scarcely answer the question. The possible answer seemed too awful to dwell upon.

Lost in the Wilderness.

Sleep was that night, of course, out of the question, and before break of day I was in the saddle in search of water, having first dispatched three different parties on the same errand in as many directions. I returned to the camp after eight hours' sharp riding and walking, my horse completely done up—unsuccessful! My approach was watched by the men at the wagon with feverish anxiety; there was no need of words; my face told but too plainly my complete failure. One of my men who had also been absent on a similar mission, soon joined us, equally successless. Two parties were still absent, and on their efforts rested now all our hopes; but hour after hour elapsed without any news. The sun set, yet no men. The shadows of evening crept upon us, yet no men. The moon rose, yet no men.

Our anxiety was at its height. Had the men found the water, or had they lost themselves in this fearful and death-boding wilderness? Should I wait for the return of daylight before finally deciding on what course to pursue, or should I face back at once? These and many others were the distracting thoughts that crowded in rapid succession on my giddy brain. The delay of a night would occasion the loss of another day, and

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LEOPARD AND ANT-BEAR IN MORTAL COMBAT.

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then, just suppose the absent parties unsuccessful in finding water, what would be the result? Apparently inevitable destruction.

Terrible Sufferings.

The oxen had now been four days without water, and their distress was already very great. Their hollow flanks, drooping heads, and low, melancholy moans, uttered at intervals, told but too plainly their misery, and went to my heart like daggers. My poor horse was no longer an animated creature, but a spectre of himself—a gaunt, staggering skeleton. The change that had come upon him during the last twenty-four hours was incredible. From time to time he would put his head into the wagon, into anyone's hands, and, looking wistfully and languidly into his face, would reproachfully (his looks conveyed as much) seem to say, "Cruel man, don't you see I am dying; why don't you relieve my burning thirst?" The dogs, again, ceased to recognize my caresses. Their eyes were so deeply sunken in their sockets as to be scarcely perceptible. They glided about in spectral silence; death was in their faces. The wagon was heavily laden, the soil exceedingly heavy, the sun in the daytime like an immense burning-glass, and the oppressiveness of the atmosphere was greatly increased by the tremendous fires, which, ravaging the country far and wide, made it like a huge fiery furnace.

Under such circumstances the oxen could never hold out for seven days—the time which must, I calculated, elapse before I could reach Okaoa—without water! Well, then, with all these ominous facts and forebodings before me, would it be advisable to await the return of the absent men? A few moments of anxious self-communion determined me not to do so, but to retrace my steps without farther delay. This resolution was, of course, the death-blow to the expedition. Before starting on our backward course I fired a number of shots, which received no answer, to attract the notice of the absentees.

Appalling Spectacle.

I had yet a small supply of water in the wagon, having taken the precaution at starting to take the entire stock under my immediate charge. I now served out a few mouthfuls to each individual, left a small quantity, together with a few biscuits, on a bush for the absent men, should they find their way back, and then began the return journey at a brisk pace, but with a heavy heart.

Health and strength, time and the season, had been thus wasted and lost, heavy pecuniary sacrifices made, the life of men and valuable beasts jeopardized, bright prospects blighted, and all—all to so little purpose!

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SOUTH AFRICAN KANGAROOS.

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My feelings on this memorable occasion may be more easily imagined than described.

We had proceeded but a comparatively short distance, and were just escaping out of a thorn-thicket when we were suddenly startled by a grand, but to us appalling sight.

The whole country before us was one huge lake of flames. Turning to one of the natives, I exclaimed, "Good God, our return is cut off!" I had seen many wood and grass fires, but nothing to equal this. Immediately in front of us lay stretched out like a sea a vast pasture prairie, dotted with occasional trees, bounded in the distance by groves of huge giraffe thorns, all in a blaze! Through the very midst of this lay our path. By delaying a few hours the danger would have been considerably diminished, if not altogether over; but delay in our case seemed almost more dangerous than going forward, and so on we pushed, trusting to some favorable accident to bring us through the perils we had to face.

WARRIOR WITH BATTLE-AXE.

As we advanced we heard distinctly the sputtering and hissing of the inflamed grasses and brushwood, the cracking of the trees as they reluctantly yielded their massive forms to the unrelenting and all-devouring element, the screams of startled birds and other commingling sounds of terror and devastation. There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterward turning abruptly into a burning savanna. By the time we had reached this point, the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage, into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and reeking, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent besom of hot flames that had swept over it.

Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes step out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, while the

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numerous nests of the social grossbeaks in the ignited trees looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing, and splendid. It was altogether a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.

At break of day we halted for a few minutes to breathe and to change oxen, then continued to journey on. I dispatched all the loose cattle ahead, giving the men orders to return with a fresh team as soon as they had drunk, fed, and rested a little. We arrived at the ravine a little before midnight, but on attemping to kraal the oxen, notwithstanding their fatigue, the thirsty brutes leaped over the stout and tall thorn fences as if they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okaoa fountain, which they reached the following day, having then been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water!

CARVED IVORY TRUMPETS.

Before reaching the water the men in charge of the loose cattle had become so exhausted with long and incessant marching, suffering all the time from burning thirst, that one by one they had sunk down. The cattle, unherded, found their way to the fountain without much difficulty; but the wretched horse missed his, and kept wandering about until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. Some natives fortunately found the brute, and reporting the discovery to their chief, he good-naturedly brought the dying beast some drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. The animal, when found, had been seven days without water. I had no idea that a horse was capable of

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enduring fatigue and thirst to the extent experienced by this hack of mine.

The poor dogs were by this time in a fearful state. What was once a clear perspicuous eye now appeared like a mere lustrous speck under a shaggy brow. Blood flowed at times from their nostrils, and it was with difficulty they dragged along their worn and emaciated carcasses. Sometimes they tried to give vent to their great sufferings in dismal howls, half stifled in the utterance.

CHIEF WITH REMARKABLE GOATEE.

Some of the men were nearly as much affected. One was more than once speechless from thirst, and it was quite pitiful to see him, like a man despairing of life, chew old coffee-tobacco and withered tea-leaves. For my own part, I am thankful to say I suffered on this trying occasion, in a bodily sense at least, less perhaps than the rest of my party.

The day after our arrival at the water-course the lost men suddenly and unexpectedly made their appearance, and, to my great surprise, I learned that they had accidentally stumbled upon the very water we had so long searched for in vain. In retracing their steps to the wagon to report the good news they had unfortunately lost their way, and, after a fruitless search, were obliged to bivouac on the waste. Like myself, they had repeatedly discharged guns, but as this was done long after dark, it is probable the wagon had by that time taken its departure, so that their signals were unheard and unanswered.

On the eighth day, late in the evening, I reached Okaoa in safety, without the loss of a single man or beast, all, however, being in a dreadful state of prostration, not only from fatigue and hardship, but from torn and lacerated feet. This, coupled with the impossibility of procuring trustworthy guides, with the evident dearth of water, the absence of game, and many other formidable hinderances, induced me to face homeward without any further delay than was necessary to recruit in a measure the strength and vigor of bipeds and quadrupeds.

By a careful computation, I found that the distance was 115 hours'

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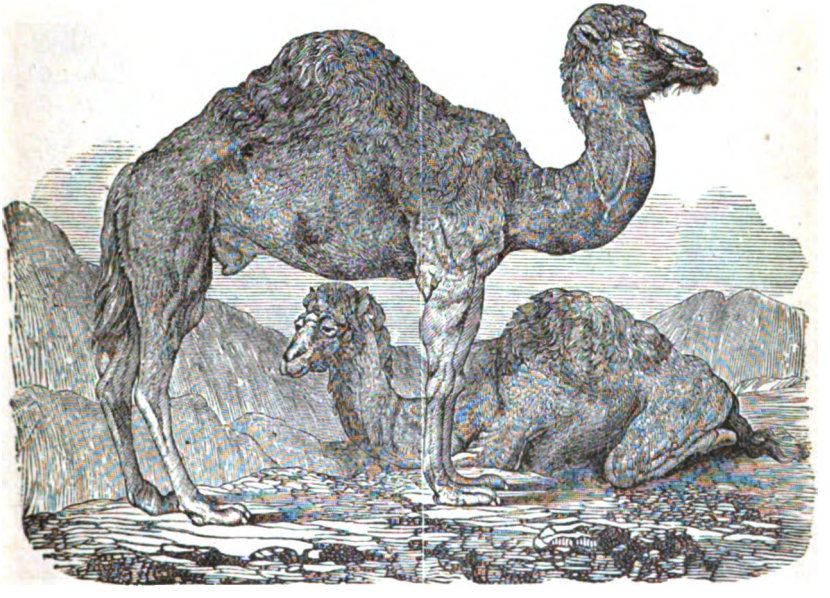
actual travel, which is equivalent to 300 English miles in round numbers, while in our last two fruitless attempts to push northward we had travelled one hundred and twenty hours, that is, about three hundred and thirty English miles—a distance more than sufficient to have brought us to the Cunene—nay, there and back again—had we been able to hold our course directly for that river.

If I had been travelling in the North of Africa, for instance, crossing the Nubian Desert, I could have availed myself of an animal that undergoes privation arising from want of water better than horses or oxen. The camel is celebrated for its endurance. It seems to be constructed



CAMEL OF ARABIA.

for the purpose of carrying sufficient water to last it for a number of days. It can drink and then go a long time without any apparent inconvenience. The Arabs, who cross tropical deserts, also have a way of carrying water in skin bags, which, although not very palatable after a number of days' journey, is, nevertheless, better than none at all. The accompanying engraving shows a traveller in the desert leading his camel, and among the various articles with which the beast is loaded, we may be sure there is a supply of water.

Andersson mentions another remarkable animal, sometimes sought by the hunter: Wild boars were rather numerous along the Omuramba, and frequently afforded us excellent coursing. The speed of these animals is

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surprisingly great. On open ground, when fairly afoot, I found the dogs no match for them, and yet some of my curs were rather swift of foot. The dogs, nevertheless, dodged them at times successfully; at others

TRAVELLER AND CAMEL CROSSING THE DESERT.

they came willingly to bay. They fight desperately. I have seen wild boars individually keep off most effectually half a dozen fierce assailants. I have also seen them, when hotly pursued, attack and severely wound their pursuers. We killed occasionally two, and even three of them, in

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HUNTING THE WILD BOAR IN AFRICA.

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the course of a day. When young and fat they proved capital eating, and from their novelty were quite a treat.

Other game was almost daily secured, and my party gorged to their hearts' content on animal food. Indeed, we had plenty to spare. The animals we usually killed were a kind that can abstain long from drinking, for water is exceedingly scarce in this country—so much so that it was only with very great difficulty we could obtain a sufficiency for our cattle.

One night I encounted a troop of lions under circumstances which exhibited these royal beasts in a somewhat new light.

In the early part of the night I had observed several animals gliding noiselessly to the water, but considerably out of range. Not being able to make out what they were, I slipped quietly out, and approached the spot where they were drinking. I got, from the nature of the ground, pretty close to them unperceived, yet was still unable to name them. From the sound of lapping at the water, I concluded that I had hyenas before me, and as one of three animals was leaving the water-way I fired. The bullet took effect, and, uttering a growl, the beast disappeared. Whereupon, "Surely not lions!" I muttered to myself. The remaining two had in the mean time also ceased drinking, and were moving lazily away, when a low shrill whistle from me at once arrested their steps.

I leveled and pulled the trigger; in vain this time, the ball went too high—in short, right over the object aimed at. The animal did not, however, budge an inch, and I now clearly saw a lion. Rising to my feet, I shouted, in order to drive him off; but he remained stationary. I did not at all like his appearance, and hastened at once back to my ambush to reload. When again quite ready and on the look-out for him, he was gone; but almost immediately afterward two others resembling the first approached the water. Having drunk their fill, they were about to retrace their steps, when suddenly—my person being purposely exposed to view—they seemed to espy me, and eyeing me for a few seconds, one—the largest—made straight for my ambush.

An Exciting Duel.

This seemed strange; but, to make quite sure of his intentions, I stood up, and when the brute was within about forty yards of me, shouted. To my utter surprise, instead of moving off he came quickly on, till at a distance of twenty-five paces or thereabouts he suddenly squatted, evidently intending to spring on me. "Nay, old fellow," I muttered to myself, "if that's the ticket, I will be even with you;" and, dropping the double-

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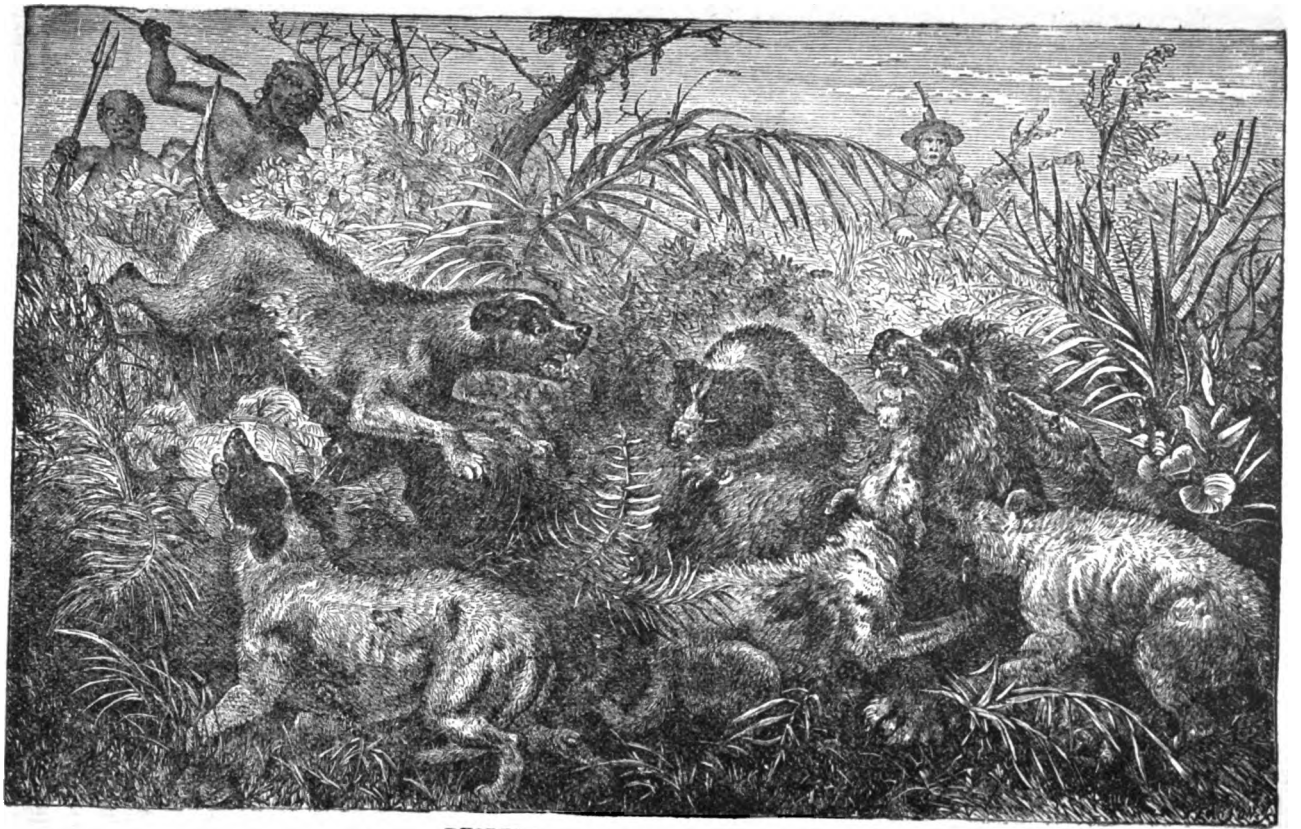

DESPERATE COMBAT WITH A LION.

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barreled gun which I held in my hands at the moment, I seized the elephant rifle, leveled, took a very steady aim at his chest, and fired. The bullet sped true, and I thought I had killed him outright; but not so, for after rolling over two or three times, he scrambled up and decamped. However, I had no doubt in my own mind that the wound would prove fatal. On receiving the shot he gave a startling growl, and in making his escape was joined by his associate, who had, while the duel was pending, remained a passive spectator.

Death in the Jungle.

At break of day, taking up the trail of the wounded animal, I had only proceeded about two hundred yards when the dogs gave tongue at a small bush, where immediately afterward I saw a stately lion rise to his feet and limp forward two or three paces. But the exertion was too much for him; he halted, and, turning half round, looked fiercely at his assailants. Not being myself in a favorable position, I shouted to my men to fire.

One responded to the call, and the lion dropped to rise no more. In an instant the dogs were clinging to his ears, throat, and head. The brute, still alive, grappled bravely with his assailants. The next moment half a dozen spears were quivering in his body, and a hundred more or so would soon have been similarly sheathed had I not promptly ridden up and stopped the natives, who were rushing in upon the prostrate foe like maniacs. I wished the dogs to finish him, and they did so; but three of the best were wounded in the scuffle, only one, however, at all seriously. The aim which had killed this lion had been most perfect. The bullet had entered exactly the centre of his chest, and, traversing the entire length of his body, had taken its egress through the right hind quarter. It was really, therefore, to me a matter of great surprise that the beast had survived the wound so long.

This was decidedly the most exciting hunting scene I have ever witnessed. Besides my own people, more than one hundred natives were in the field, vociferating frightfully, and waving and darting their ox-tail plumaged spears with a ferocity and earnestness that would have made a stranger think they were preparing for some dreadful battle.

Cameron's Expedition.

Another name on the illustrious roll of tropical heroes is that of Cameron. Cameron shares the distinction with Stanley of having crossed the Dark Continent from sea to sea. His expedition was a remarkable illustration of perseverance and heroic endurance. His route lay through Central Africa, and the reader has probably been made

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aware of the fact that this is the most interesting portion of the Dark Continent, for the reason that it is the portion which has been explored the least, and also from the fact that it contains the sources of the Nile.

KAFFIRS, LIVELY WAR-DANCE.

The problem of many centuries has been "Where does the Nile rise?" This question has been asked by scientific societies, by individual explorers and by the world in general. It was very natural that Speke

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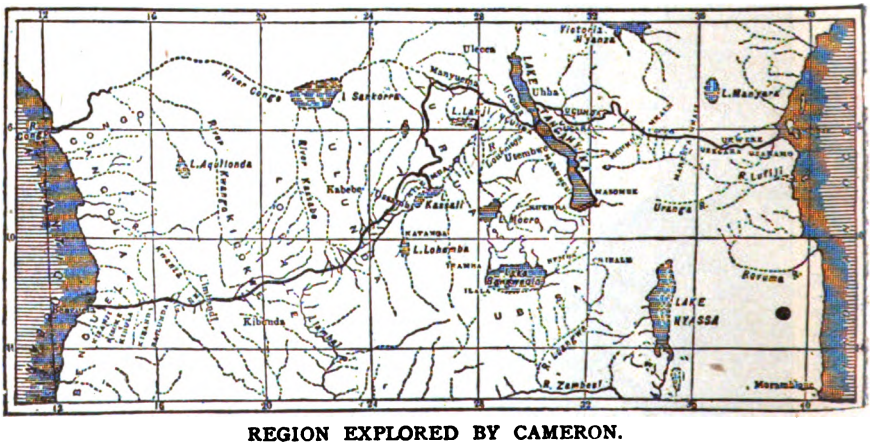
and Grant, Stanley and Livingstone, and then Cameron should make this region the field of observation and exploit. Baker started from Cairo and came south through the White Nile Valley. His name is associated with the Soudan and the regions adjacent. It was left for Cameron to place his name beside that of Stanley by making an expedition from one ocean to the other. This he did, and accompanying this sketch of his achievements is an accurate map showing the region he traversed.

Cameron has rendered important service to physical science and geography. His discoveries have been of a very important character, and these have only confirmed the discoveries which were made before his expedition and since. In fact it is noticeable that the great African explorers who have traversed realms widely apart and then have been



REGION EXPLORED BY CAMERON.

brought together at some point of conjunction, have agreed almost perfectly concerning the physical characteristics of the continent. While jealousy has, of course, been excited on the part of their friends, and many absurd claims have been made, the men themselves have been comparatively free from this petty spirit.

Stanley was doubted, was called in question, and there were those who at first disbelieved that he had ever seen Livingstone, but when they came to obtain the evidence of his wonderful triumph, which could not be denied, they gracefully yielded and gave to him the unqualified praise he deserved. From this time on Stanley's fame was assured; no one doubted that he was the foremost hero of the age in tropical discovery.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CELEBRATED EMIN PASHA.

A Remarkable Man—Last of the Heroes of the Soudan—Birth of Emin Pasha—Early Education—Charmed with the Life of an Explorer—Determined to Visit Africa—Acquaintance with "Chinese" Gordon—Gordon's High Estimate of Emin—Emin Appointed to an Important Position—Governor of the Equatorial Province—Difficulties of the Situation—Strong Hand and Iron Will Required for the Natives—Emin's Very Irregular Troops—Marvellous Success of Emin's Government—A Large Deficit Changed to an Immense Profit—Construction of New Roads—Villages Rebuilt—Immense Improvements Everywhere—Emin's Devotedness to his Great Undertaking—Wonderful Tact and Perseverance—Great Anxiety for Emin—Speculations Concerning His Situation—Resolve to Send an Expedition—Stanley Called upon for a Great Achievement.

WE come now to the world-renowned Emin Pasha, whose career in Africa for the past few years has awakened the interest of both hemispheres. Emin Pasha is the last of the heroes of the Soudan, and among the list, including the name of "Chinese" Gordon, must be reckoned some of the world's most dazzling names.

Mr. Stanley's last expedition in Africa was planned for the relief of Emin Pasha. Emin had been appointed governor of a vast region, and with wonderful spirit and courage had undertaken his work. For a long period of time it was feared and believed that he was having a desperate struggle in his great undertaking, and consequently the government of Belgium was especially interested in ascertaining what was his situation and what could be done for his relief in case he were in straits. Of course Henry M. Stanley was the man to plunge again into the heart of Africa on such an important mission as this.

It will interest the reader to have some account of the celebrated Emin Pasha, who, divested of his Oriental title, is none other than Edward Schnitzer. We condense his biography from a history of him by his friend and fellow-traveller, Robert W. Felkin, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Emin Pasha forms at the present time the central point around which all the interest in Central Africa revolves, and now that it is generally known that the Arabic name "Emin" is only a cognomen chosen by a German, curiosity is aroused, and people are making all kinds of speculations as to his birthplace.

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Edward Schnitzer was born on the 28th of March, 1840, in Oppeln, in the Prussian province of Silesia. He is the son of the late Ludwig Schnitzer and his wife Pauline. His father was a merchant. After being educated in the Gymnasium of Neisse, Edward Schnitzer commenced the study of medicine in 1858 at the Breslau University. He completed his medical education at the University of Berlin, graduating in 1864.

EMIN PASHA (DR. SCHNITZER).

In 1875 Dr. E. Schnitzer paid a visit to his family in Neisse, devoting his leisure hours to the study of Natural History. Suddenly the desire for travel came over him again; and, in 1876, we find him entering the Egyptian service. He was ordered to join the Governor-General of the Soudan at Khartoum, and was sent to act as chief medical officer in the Equatorial Province of Egypt, of which Gordon was then Governor.

Gordon was the very one to value a man like Emin, and to use to the

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full his gifts and powers. He sent him on tours of inspection through the districts which had been annexed to Egypt, and employed him upon several diplomatic missions. In March, 1878, after Gordon Pasha had been appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, Dr. Emin Effendi received from him the appointment of Governor of the Equatorial Province, which post he has occupied up to the present time.

In order to form, to some extent at least, a just estimate of what Emin Pasha has accomplished during the past few years, it is very necessary to consider briefly his work as a Governor.

When Gordon Pasha left the Equatorial Province of Egypt to become, a few months later, the Governor-General of the whole Soudan, he left it well organized and peaceful. Its financial position was not so satisfactory, for the province labored under an excessive debt, caused in part by the initial expenses of its occupation, and also by sums not justly belonging to it having been debited to it by various Governors of the Soudan, sometimes with the object of freeing their special province from inconvenient debts, and sometimes in order to cook their own accounts, which were not always in a flourishing condition.

A Beggarly Crowd.

After Gordon Pasha left for the wider sphere of work, his place was at first filled by Colonels Prout and Mason, who, however, only held office for a few months, as they both had to retire on account of ill health. Then followed a succession of incompetent native Governors, under whose abominable rule the province rapidly deteriorated to a pitiable condition. Oppression, injustice, brutality, and downright robbery grew like the upas tree, and it was under these conditions that Emin was entrusted by Gordon with the reins of office.

Up to this time, Emin had been the surgeon-in-chief of the Equatorial Province; he had often travelled throughout its length and breadth in company with his chief, Gordon, from whom he had learnt much, and whose work he so much admired. During this time he became intimately acquainted with native character, and was entrusted by Gordon with three very difficult diplomatic missions—two visits to Uganda and one to Unyoro. This, however, was all the experience he had had when placed in power, and at first his difficulties were greatly increased by want of a definite rank, for, although appointed Governor, no rank had been given to him on account of the intrigues of some Khartoum officials.

The state of his province in 1878, when he accepted the post of Governor, is difficult to describe in a few words. The population consisted of

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numerous and varied tribes, who, having once experienced the beneficent rule of Gordon, had suffered greatly from the oppression and cruelty of his successors, and there was also a scattered population throughout the country, consisting of former slave-dealers and many of their late employés, who were settled in small fortified villages over the land. The officials, too, for the most part, were disreputable men; the greater number of them were criminals, who had been banished from Egypt, and after undergoing their sentences, had been taken into Government employ.

The Egyptian soldiers were very unreliable, and their acts of oppression were resented by the natives, and tended to bring about continual friction between the Administration and the mass of the population. Some of Emin's "regulars" were very irregular. Added to all this, many of the stations themselves required rebuilding, and a block in the Nile prevented all supplies being sent to the Equatorial Province for the first two years of Emin's rule. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the cares of government rested heavily upon him. Constant journeys had to be made, daily complaints arrived from all sides of difficulties between officials and native chiefs, and a continual round of stated duties filled up his time from sunrise to sunset. Many a man would have shrunk from undertaking the responsibility of inducing order out of such chaos. Not so Emin Pasha.

Wonderful Changes.

Slowly but firmly, and with ever-increasing success, he became master of the situation, and when I passed through his province the second time, in 1879, a most wonderful change had taken place. Stations had been rebuilt, discontent was changed into loyal obedience, corruption had been put down, taxation was equalized, and he had already begun the task of clearing the province from the slave-dealers who infested it. This was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, for they had rooted themselves very firmly in the soil, and most of the officials in Emin's employ were in full sympathy with them. Emin was entirely alone; no friend or helper was near. Indeed, with the exception of a few months when Lupton Bey was his second in command, he has been alone from the day of his appointment in March, 1878, until the present time.

By the end of 1882, Emin Bey (for he received that title at the end of 1879) had the satisfaction of being able to report that his province was in a state of peace and contentment. He had got rid of nearly all the Egyptian soldiers, replacing them by natives whom he had trained to arms. He had added large districts to his province, not by the use of the

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SOME OF EMIN PASHA'S IRREGULARS.

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sword, but by personal negotiation with native chiefs. To all this must be added the cultivation of cotton, of indigo, of coffee and rice, the establishment of a regular weekly post through his dominions, the rebuilding of nearly all his stations, the construction of better and more permanent roads, the introduction of camels, and the transport of goods by oxen; and last, but not least, he was able in that year to show a net profit of £40,000, whereas on his taking up the reins of government, there was a deficit of £160,000 per annum. The commercial value of the province may be estimated by this successful state of affairs, which was brought about notwithstanding the fact that during the six years, 1878–84, only nine steamers had been sent from Khartoum to Lado, and only six of these had carried supplies.

A Remarkable Character.

From the 8th of October, 1878, the day on which I first met Emin Pasha, up to the present time, my admiration and respect for him have steadily increased. It is impossible to become thoroughly acquainted with anyone in a very short time, but perhaps the best chance of getting to know a man's character quickly is afforded by a meeting such as I experienced with Emin Pasha in the heart of Africa, and shut off completely from the civilized world. Under such circumstances, if they possess any points in common, men are rapidly drawn together; and there is certainly a wonderful keenness of enjoyment in such intercourse, contrasting as it does so completely with the isolation, often experienced for months or years together, by men whose work lies in such remote regions as that which Emin Pasha has made his home.

A striking trait of his character which called forth my admiration was his unselfishness. His whole heart seemed to be centred in the welfare of his people and the advancement of science, and no idea of fame appeared to enter his mind. His interest, too, in the work being done by others seemed to be quite as keen as that he took in his own.

Emin's dealings with the natives are worthy of notice. He has always been patient in the extreme with them; he has a high opinion both of their intelligence and their capabilities; he respects their peculiarities, their modes of thought, and their beliefs, and the influence which he is able to exert upon native chiefs is very remarkable. His dealings with Mtesa and Kabrega were characterized, not only by a keen sense of justice, but also by a thorough appreciation of their various needs. Mtesa had the highest respect for him, and on several occasions he expressed to me his appreciation of the way in which Emin had preserved his independence, when it was threatened by the injudicious

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AFRICAN KING AND HIS GREAT CHIEFS RETURNING A VISIT.

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action of Nur Bey, who had marched to his (Mtesa's) capital with three hundred Egyptian soldiers with the intention of annexing Uganda to Egypt.

Peace More Effective than War.

This action of Nur Bey's, by the way, was in direct opposition to Gordon Pasha's orders. Emin's power over the natives may also be gathered from the fact that he entered into friendly relationships with so many of the petty native chiefs whose districts adjoined his province. One after another began to trade with him, and sooner or later, with very rare exceptions, they asked him to extend Egyptian authority over their lands, and without a shot being fired they became tributary chiefs. They recognized that it was to their advantage to do so, for, once having placed themselves under his beneficent rule, they knew well that their district was safe.

I must touch upon one other point. Emin Pasha refers in many places to the trouble he suffered from limited authority. Baker and Gordon were absolutely independent of any central authority at Khartoum; they had the power of life and death, and were responsible to the Khedive alone for their actions. Not so Emin. He was obliged to report almost every detail of administration for the approval of the Governor-General of the Soudan, and when one considers that months, sometimes years, elapsed before he received an answer to his communications, it will be readily understood how greatly his hands were tied, and how difficult it was for him both to maintain order and to introduce improvements into his province.

With regard to the commercial administration of the province, it was the old story over again—the Egyptian Government requiring the bricks to be made and refusing to provide the straw. Emin could not obtain supplies from Khartoum, and even the seeds which he required for cultivation experiments had either to be purchased with his own money or to be begged from his numerous friends. What wonder that the Equatorial Province did not prove a gold-mine! The wonder is that, left to his own resources, he was able in so few short years to transform the finances of the country, and, instead of holding his province at a yearly deficit, to make a net profit.

Emin's Desperate Struggle.

The difficulties and dangers which disturbed the Equatorial Province in consequence of the evacuation of the Soudan are described in Emin's letters. He was himself unaware of the events which were taking place north of his territory, but it was only too evident that the prosperity of his

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IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

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province was threatened, and he had a desperate struggle for its very existence. At length the Mahdi's hordes began to retire, and Emin was subsequently able to recover most of the ground he had lost.

In October, 1886, temporary aid arrived in the shape of a caravan from Uganda with supplies from Dr. Junker. Emin speaks of the almost childish joy with which he and his people welcomed this caravan. In April, 1887, he heard that help was probably coming from England, and in a letter written to me then he says:—"You can imagine better than I can tell you that the heartfelt sympathy which has been expressed for me and my people in England have richly repaid me for many of the sorrows and hardships I have undergone." Mr. Stanley led the expedition with his usual undaunted courage and perseverance.

It will be noticed how firmly Emin states his intention of remaining at his post until the future of the country he has ruled so long and of the people in whom he takes so much interest be settled. He says:—"The work that Gordon paid for with his blood, I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and with his spirit;" and, again, his concluding words are:—"All we would ask England to do is to bring about a better understanding with Uganda, and to provide us with a free and safe way to the coast. This is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not! If it is developed in such a way that the good of the people be secured, it will form a centre of civilization and liberty to the whole of Central Africa."

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CHAPTER XXX.

EMIN PASHA IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

Emin's Graphic Story—Sent to Unyoro by "Chinese" Gordon—Emin's Company on the March—Drenched with Rain—Ox-hide Clothing—Fine Present—Very Difficult Marching—Handsome Young Chief—A Manlike Animal—Ape Nests Among the Trees—The African Parrot—Several Species of Baboons—The King Sends an Escort—Tooting Horns and Rattling Drums—Arrival at Kabrega's—Cows With Neither Horns nor Humps—Country Well Peopled—Tall Grasses and Gigantic Reeds—The King's Greetings—Kabrega on a Stool—How the King Was Dressed—Kabrega's Fair Complexion—Amused with a Revolver—A Merry Monarch—A Savage Who Could Forgive—Funny Little Hump-backs—Numerous Albinos—Interesting Custom—Embassy to Gen. Gordon—A Worthless Governor—Exciting Melee.

WE have already stated that Emin Pasha is the last of the heroes of the Soudan and worthy to rank with General Gordon, whose fame is now a cherished treasure not only by his own country, but by all the nations of Christendom. For a number of years Emin has been the central figure around which interest in the Dark Continent gathered. He has told in his own graphic way the story of his exploits in Africa, and we cannot do a greater favor to the reader than to let him peruse this stirring account as it is given by the pen of Emin Pasha himself. The following is Emin's graphic description of his travels in the Dark Continent:

It was in May of the year 1877 that His Excellency Gordon Pasha, prompted by the wish to be on good terms with the Negro princes in the south, entrusted me with the honorable commission to visit, if possible, the king of Unyoro, Kabrega, who, since Baker's retreat from Masindi, had always been our enemy, and to try and bring about a peaceable solution of existing difficulties. Favored by fortune, I succeeded in my mission, and the following pages are the result of my stay with Kabrega. Few travellers have as yet seen Unyoro, which circumstance may lend to these notes a special value. It also struck me, while perusing Baker's books, that they contained very little information with regard to land and people, habits and customs. I therefore set myself the task of collecting all that I could learn upon these subjects, in which endeavor my knowledge of the language was an essential help.

We left Mruli on December 13, 1877. The road, as far as Kisuga, was already well known to us, and led through a slightly hilly country.

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gently sloping away from the river towards Khor Kafu, into which it drains, and abounding in the thorny acacia. The ascent towards the west is very gradual indeed, and it is only made apparent by the denudation of all the higher parts, which has laid bare the red clayey subsoil, whilst the hollows are filled up with the grey fine-grained loamy deposit which is so characteristic of this country. Aloes abound. A circular basin, cut, as it were, in the red ground and filled with clear water, provided a welcome resting-place for my porters, who, after a short repose, continued the journey, and, two hours later, stopped for their midday rest under a group of trees, and near little pools of water. A bush with shining dark green leaves and white blossoms, resembling a passion-flower, the stamens of which were of a yellowish white color, and the pistils red and yellow, was quite new to me. The red berries are eaten by children

Drenched with Rain.

My companion, Kapempe, a Motongali of Kabrega's, entertained me by mimicking in a most amusing way the gestures of the porters who found their burdens too heavy. These people express astonishment in a way quite new to me—a rapid raising of the closed fists to the crown of the head, from which they are drawn energetically to the forehead. The rumbling of thunder in the distance and dark clouds overhead warned us to start, but we were hardly on our way, when the rain poured down in torrents. Every moment a porter would stop to cover himself with a banana-leaf, or to take off the ox-hide which serves him for a dress, in order to protect it from the rain, which renders it hard. In this way the whole column was brought to a standstill—a very pleasant episode in such rain as this, which poured in at one's collar and out at one's boots! Then, in great haste, we again started forward, through banana fields, till, after a march of seven hours, we reached Kisuga, where we were obliged to rest the next day to dry our baggage.

When at last we were ready to start, one of the soldiers who accompanied me was taken ill, I expect, from fear of the dangers he apprehended on the journey. I had therefore but one soldier left to take charge of my horse, and my two servants, boys between ten and twelve years of age—an imposing escort! Being put on my guard by Baker's account of Kabrega's talent for begging, I left everything that was not absolutely indispensable, even my gun, in Kisuga; and then we started in the direction of Londu, along the road we had previously trodden, through tall grass and numerous banana groves, in which reddish-yellow flowers threw their tendrils across our path. The soldiers marched in

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total silence, a contrast to the noisy Waganda; no drum was carried with us. Our halts became frequent, and the porters seemed to be very hungry, as on every possible opportunity they picked up some bananas or a sweet potato. Towards midday we reached Londu, the defenceless stockade of which, with many a spot charred black by fire, produced a very painful impression. Small herds of bullocks and goats and a few solitary inhabitants were visible in the vicinity.

Ox-hide Clothing.

After having settled ourselves for the night as best we could, we sent to the chief of the district, who lived near, to request porters for the morrow, as Kabrega had promised them. I should have preferred my own porters from Mruli, as I could then have been more independent in my movements; but Rionga's people absolutely refused to follow me into the land of their deadly enemy, and thus I had to rely upon Kabrega's people. Biabo, the Matongali who had charge of this place, a corpulent young man with slightly prognathous features, paid me a visit in company with five or six of his men. They were reddish-brown in color, except one who was deep black—a man from the district of Shifalu, which lies near the rapids of Tada. The color of the people throughout this country is very various, and graduates from black to yellow; yet, for the most part, the fundamental color is red. The people are clothed in soft ox-hides, from which the hair has been removed, except at the borders, where a strip of hair of two fingers'-breadth has been left as an ornament; their costume is completed by arm-rings and anklets made of brass and necklets composed of roots. The head is not shaved—shaving is a sign of mourning—indeed you often see very elegant corkscrew-like curls. A small present of beads procured me in return several baskets full of sweet potatoes, and as I had brought a bullock with me from Kisuga and presented it to my porters, song and revelry lasted far into the night.

During the night rain began to fall gently, and early in the morning it poured down in torrents; but in spite of that the promised porters arrived, and I prepared for the journey. Considering, however, that the baggage would get an unavoidable soaking, and that the troublesome and useless tent we had dragged with us required, when wet, five men to carry it, I determined to wait; and I did well, for at two o'clock it still rained as persistently as ever, so our further march was put off until the following morning. My porters, who last night devoured an ox, were now lying hungrily around a smoking fire; and I too had only what was absolutely necessary.

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Next morning a very cloudy sky did not promise well for our further journey; nevertheless we broke up camp in good time in order to reach our distant quarters at the appointed hour. A very hilly country spread itself out before us; both sides of the way were flanked with solitary hills, and our progress was rendered irksome by antediluvian grass and bushes often ten feet high. Magnificent growths of papyrus fringed the watercourses. This day, too, we did not escape the rain; and as only grass and forest lay before us, and neither huts nor plantations were to be seen, we were compelled to press vigorously forwards, until, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached a small group of miserable huts, where we were obliged to remain for the night.

A Valuable Present.

The inhabitants had fled at our approach, but we found fires still burning in the huts. Matongali Vukimba, the chief of the village, did not keep us long waiting, for we had hardly placed our things under cover when he, accompanied by two subchiefs and several of his people, put in an appearance, to pay his respects to me and to present me with a goat and two sheep—quite a luxury. The people impressed me favorably; they were modest and unpretentious, and satisfied with anything that was given them. If they were allowed to choose between glass beads and cloth, they preferred the latter. This place was called Kimanya.

The Wanyoro appear to be very much afraid of dew and rain; at any rate they will never get up early in the morning; and if, when on the march, they come upon grass wet with dew, they lay down their loads and quickly tie before them either a large banana-leaf or a bunch of dry leaves in order to protect themselves. A woman who was travelling with us was so completely covered with dead leaves that she looked exactly like a wandering withered bush.

On the 18th we started very early, but after ten minutes' march we came to a halt near an extensive plantation of bananas and sweet potatoes, in order to change our porters. Matongali Vukimba had the best intentions; but much palaver and some blows were required before he was able to convince the people that they must go on; and when, after a quarter of an hour's halt, we were again on the move, he followed us, with one of his subchiefs, gesticulating and shouting in such an energetic manner that I expected every minute a fight would ensue. At last, however, the dispute was settled, and soon after Vukimba turned back to his village.

We then proceeded upon our way, stopping, however, at every group of huts to try and press porters into our service. The road led at first

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through fine fields and banana groves, then up and down through high wild grass. On either hand, at a distance of two or three miles, there rose mountain groups forming distinct ranges. Magnificent "gallery" woods skirted two muddy rain-gutters, which we crossed.

The silvery-haired guereza was seen among the tops of gigantic trees which were enveloped in climbing plants. Other monkeys swung among the creepers, and phœnix bushes formed the underwood. In the hollows where the rain collects there was very little water; it reaches nearly to our waists; but the mud and imbedded roots made our progress difficult. The horse I had with me was perfectly useless; I managed far better on foot.

Very Difficult Marching.

A short march brought us to another stream with magnificent "gallery" woods. The red tulip-like flowers of the spathodia shone against the thick dark foliage like flames of fire. We now left the high grass and marched upon a road which had been formed by pulling up the grass and cutting down the trees. Unfortunately, however, marching was rendered very difficult by the existence of deep holes where roots had been pulled up. For some distance a stream flowed by us at our right hand, its course being marked by dense foliage of overhanging shrubs. We then once more arrived at clearings, where bananas, sweet potatoes, and lubias intermingled, and here and there the green stalks of maize were seen, or the broad leaves of Virginian tobacco. Compounds containing three or four huts lay scattered throughout the cultivated land. They were hemispherical, and their grass roofs stretched down to the ground all round, except where a porch was formed over the door. The frames were made of light reed wickerwork and supported by numerous poles. Inside, the huts were not exactly inviting; they were divided into two compartments, the floors of which were covered with hay, and infested by innumerable mice, cock-roaches, crickets, and fleas. Household utensils were not numerous, for the inhabitants had fled before us, taking all their treasures with them.

Handsome Young Chief.

We halted at Kitongali, in one of these clearings, where I was fortunate enough to obtain three huts for myself, my people, and my belongings. Here I had the pleasure of a visit from the village chief, a good-looking young man, whose father is Kabrega's confidant. He made quite an imposing figure, being clad in thin white skins, over which hung a reddish-brown loose robe; his servant bore after him a double-barrelled sporting-gun. The usual presents having been exchanged, he

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CHIRPING CRICKET.

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sent a messenger to Kabrega to apprise him of my approach, for the next day we expected to reach our destination. If, however, I understand African ceremonials rightly, many a day will still pass before I reach Kabrega's, although we are quite near to his residence.

It is always uncomfortable to travel during the rainy season, because you are never master of the situation, which, indeed, leaving the rain out of question, is rarely the case. From midnight the thunder rolled on all sides, thick fog enveloped the country, and it rained as if it were absolutely necessary for the clouds to rid themselves of their whole contents that day. Of course, it was no good thinking of further progress in such weather; and to make matters worse, my hut was not water-tight. I had seen none of my people that day, for, on account of the rain, and possibly also of hunger—for meat does not satisfy them, and corn could not be obtained—they were having a long sleep.

Notwithstanding my orders that if the sun came out I intended to march forward, no preparations were made for a start. My people informed me flatly that the grass was too wet and the sun too hot, and that therefore I must wait until the next morning. A beautifully colored woodpecker hammered upon a tree-trunk, which process he accompanied by an angry twittering, as if he were indignant at his tiresome work. In the evening we heard the almost deafening chirping of a huge brown grasshopper. The creature is three inches long; it had been attracted by the light, and hopped about the hut.

All the trees were literally covered with the nests of astrilda, in which I found both eggs and young. A lower nest contained the mother (at night) and her eggs. Above this was a small nest for the father.

A Manlike Animal.

The chimpanzee is not uncommon in the southern districts of Unyoro. It inhabits the woods as far north as Kiroto and Masindi, whereas in Uganda it remains much farther to the south, and, so far as I know, it is not seen farther north than Uddu. It is called it Unyoro *kingabantu* (manlike). This, in connection with Schweinfurth's reports from the Nyam-Nyam districts, shows that its northern boundary is dependent upon the nature of the vegetation. People here say that it has nests in the trees, and as it chooses the highest trees to build in, it is very difficult to catch. It appears that this ape is found much more frequently in the Monbuttu and Nyam-Nyam districts than here, probably because the thicker woods in those countries afford it greater safety. In 1877–78 four living specimens were sent from there to Khartoum, where they died, and were not made use of in a scientific or any other way.

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The distribution of the parrot coincides with that of the anthropoid ape. The bird is to be seen all over Unyoro, flying about in twos and threes. It is a high, heavy flier, screams continuously during its flight, and is one of the earliest birds. Even before sunrise it is heard screeching; towards midday, however, it vanishes, in order to take its midday rest, and is seen again from four o'clock until the evening. The numerous sycamores provide it with necessary food. Possibly, also, it feeds on bananas; at least some of the specimens I obtained ate this food readily, and preferred it to sugar-cane. The bird is very common in Uganda, and is sometimes kept in the huts, where, without any instruction, it soon learns to speak. In Usoga, where the bird is exceedingly numerous, it is caught in small nets, and the red feathers from its tail are plucked out and used as ornaments. Care is, however, taken that the person performing this operation is unknown to the bird. The feathers are reproduced very slowly. Baboons of several species are common in the mountains. I have been told two or three times that black parrots are to be found; but as their existence here has not been proved, it is probably a dark specimen of some other bird that has been seen. Still, it is perfectly true that many new discoveries remain to be made here.

The King Sends an Escort.

At midnight the horns were blown—the drum serves only as a war signal—to assemble the porters; yet at six in the morning not ten persons had turned up, and when, after half an hour's bargaining and palaver, a few more Negroes appeared, no one seemed to know the road, although Kabrega's capital could not have been more than five or six hours distant. I was therefore compelled to send two men to Kabrega to beg him to send me a guide, knowing all the while that this ignorance was a mere pretence. Fortunately, I had been able to procure a sheep and a few fowls, as well as some sesame for my people in exchange for a few beads, so they at least did not starve. There were several heavy storms of rain again that day,

At last, on the 21st, we started. The horns had been blowing for hours, and my people had urged me to march. As, however, I had heard the beating of a big drum for about half an hour, I concluded that Kabrega was sending one of his chiefs to meet me; and so it turned out, for soon after Makango (big chief) Bkamba appeared, accompanied by a drummer, a gun-boy, and some five or six other people, to greet me and to escort me at once to Kabrega. Everything was now arranged like magic, and off we marched, our luggage in advance. We climbed up through well-cultivated land, in which were many huts; then, turning

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round by a large banana grove, we descended to a big papyrus swamp, the crossing of which, although it was only about two hundred yards broad, occupied a whole half-hour, because the water between each single thicket reached up to our necks and the roots caught our feet like nooses. Only one who has experienced such a passage can form an idea of its unpleasantness, especially when stinging and prickly vossia-grass abounds.

Neither Horns nor Humps.

When we at length found ourselves safely on the opposite bank, the porters, who were most wonderfully willing, went on before, and we passed through dense masses of grass with many mimosas, which occasionally gave place to meadow-land, until we entered a sort of defile between two ranges of mountains, and marched on, up and down hill. In a banana grove, where fig-trees and phœnix palms were growing, we saw the fresh trails of two large hyenas. At length we left the mountainous defile, entering again into high grass and reeds, and pausing at last to rest by a small brook with clear bubbling water, which flowed over mica slabs and tasted strongly of iron. Gray cows, possessing neither horns nor humps, stood in the water (they destroy the horns of the cattle here as soon as they commence to grow, by cauterizing them with a red-hot iron, in order to enable them to pass with greater ease through the tall grass and the jungle). All the houses lay at a distance from the road. Probably in order to impress the stranger with the immense size of the land, and therefore with the greatness of its ruler, he is led round about for days through the high grass, when the direct route would hardly occupy three marching hours. The country is said to be well peopled.

Soon after crossing the small stream we found ourselves again between rows of mountains, several summits of which may attain an altitude of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the general elevation of the country, which is probably as much as 4,000 feet. Then followed cultivated fields, with many miniature votive huts, erected with the idea of obtaining a good harvest. Giant reeds came next, and at last the mountains opened out, and before us lay Kabrega's headquarters, Unyoro's capital. The huts which had been prepared for me lay to the left of the road, upon a hill, above which high mountains towered. The spot is about ten minutes distant from the great compound of huts which comprises the king's residence, and which, with another compound lying near it, forms the village.

Our goods were hardly under shelter when the rain began to pour

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and the thunder to roll. Late in the evening Katagrua, Kabrega's prime minister, once a companion of Baker, came to visit me and to bring me his master's greetings. Kabrega had intended to receive me immediately, but was prevented doing so on account of the rain. For the same reason it had been impossible for him to gather together for me any kind of present, and therefore he begged me to excuse it. I simply remarked that I was very much obliged to his sovereign, but that I was not come in order to receive presents. Makango Bkamba, whom I had sent with

ARRIVAL AT KABREGA'S.

my greetings to the king, brought me the promise of an audience to-morrow.

The sun had hardly risen when Katagrua arrived, bringing with him the present he had yesterday led me to expect. Two fat white oxen with long horns, a package of fine white salt (from the Albert Lake), three packages of corn and two packages of meal of the same kind of corn, were laid before me, together with several jars of very good banana wine, accompanied by Kabrega's best greetings. After Katagrua had gone, I

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had hardly time, before my audience with Kabrega, to prepare the presents which I had brought for him, and which far surpassed anything that he could previously have received. Exactly at midday my guide, Kapempe, appeared, this time dressed in presents from me, and our procession started. It was headed by three Matongalis; then followed my guide, Kapempe, with all his people; then two porters carrying the presents for Kabrega; and I, in uniform, on horseback, attended by my soldier, brought up the rear.

The road was full of papyrus. We passed over a bridge which had been built in my honor, then again uphill, past two small compounds, in the shadow of which stood crowds of staring people. We crossed an open square, leaving to our right the king's cattle yard, in which were numerous houses for the Wahuma herdsmen. A circular building rose before us, with lofty entrances in front and at the back, the space before which was roofed in. The floor of the building was clean and strewn with green papyrus-leaves; in the middle of it sat Kabrega upon a high stool, surrounded by his office-bearers, crouching upon the floor; behind the king stood about ten men and boys, armed with guns. At his feet crouched Manyara, the interpreter, a man with a bird-like face. My stool was placed close to that occupied by the king, and we surveyed each other intently for several moments.

How the King Was Dressed.

This, then, was Kabrega, the cowardly, treacherous, beggarly drunkard described by Baker. The graceful folds of a piece of fine salmon-colored bark cloth covered his body up to the breast, above which it was perfectly bare, except the left shoulder, over which was thrown, like a plaid, a piece of darker-colored bark cloth. Two burnt scars were visible on the temples of his well-formed, smoothly shorn head, these constituting the tribal mark of the Wanyoro; his four lower incisor teeth were wanting, as is the case in all Wanyoro, and the upper incisors projected slightly, and were brilliantly white. (The lower incisors, sometimes also the canines, are always removed from girls and boys as soon as they arrive at puberty. They are forced out with a broad piece of iron used as a lever.) A necklace of hairs from a giraffe's tail, upon the middle of which was strung a single blue glass bead, encircled his neck. A root amulet and an iron bracelet were the only ornaments on his strong muscular arm; his hands were small and well kept. He is strikingly fair, probably in consequence of his pure Wahuma blood. He made, upon the whole, a very favorable impression upon me, but there was a decided voluptuous expression on his face. His attendants, about fifty in num-

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ber, were clothed in skins and bark cloths, and amongst them was his brother, an ugly black fellow.

After presenting him with my credentials, to which I added a few words, a very lively conversation sprang up between us. Kabrega speaks the Soudan Arabic fluently. He requested me, however, although I speak Kinyoro, to talk with him in Arabic, and to permit my words to be translated by his interpreter, "so that his people could understand them." I next gave him the presents I had brought with me, and much enjoyed his pleasure in receiving them. He paid especial attention to a few pieces of scented soap. My soldier had a small revolver in his girdle; Kabrega requested permission to view it, and comprehended at once its mechanism. He took it to pieces, put it together again, and then gave it back to me. He then asked me to inform him how I had enjoyed myself last year in Uganda, and what I had seen there, and he was highly amused with my description of the court ceremonials which obtain in that country. Threatening rain brought our conference to an end before either wished its conclusion. He promised, however, that he would soon call me again into his presence, and then took leave of me in a thoroughly dignified manner.

A Merry Monarch.

I have often visited Kabrega subsequently, and cannot say that I ever heard him speak an improper word or make an indecent gesture, or that he was ever rude, excepting, perhaps, that he sometimes spat on the ground before him, one of his chiefs immediately wiping up the saliva with his hand from the grass mat. Might not a like official find employment at European courts? Kabrega is cheerful, laughs readily and much, talks a great deal, and does not appear to care to be bound by ceremony—the exact opposite to Mtesa, the conceited ruler of Uganda.

The next day I was again called to the king, whom I found surrounded by ten or twelve persons. Anyone who has seen the strict etiquette in Uganda could not help being greatly surprised at the nonchalance and informality of the Wanyoro, who lie about the floor chewing coffee in the king's presence in a perfectly unceremonious manner. We had a long interview, concerning which I would specially note the willingness with which His Majesty acceded to my requests, and also his account of what took place here during Baker's residence. Kabrega very readily consented to my proposition that some of his people should go with me, or rather be sent, to Khartoum, to pay a visit to the Governor-General, Gordon Pasha. My watch caused much astonishment, and I was requested to send him a loud-ticking watch after my

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return home. I certainly cannot charge Kabrega with begging; on the contrary, he sent me daily, in the most hospitable manner, stores of corn and meal, which, although they were only intended to supply the wants of one day, could easily have been made to last us for a fortnight.

A Savage who Could Forgive.

During my repeated visits Kabrega gave me the impression of being a thoroughly hospitable and intelligent man. Quite apart from the rich gifts of food, bark cloths, etc., a return for which it was impossible for me to make—he proved this in a very noteworthy manner in connection with an incident which might have brought me into a very awkward position. Notwithstanding my strict orders that no hostile action should be taken against Kabrega by the Egyptians during my visit to Unyoro, the soldiers in our nearest station, led by stupid, jealous officers, made a raid upon the country, and killed several of Kabrega's people. Katagrua was sent by the king to give me this information, and to assure me at the same time that, although this occurrence was highly displeasing to him, it should in no way affect our personal relations!

I paid a long and very interesting visit to Kabrega on the 5th of October. The conversation turned upon a hundred various topics. As the sky was again overclouded, I withdrew after four hours' chat, and had hardly time to reach home before the storm broke over us. Although I suffered considerably during my fourteen days residence here on account of the torrents of rain which fell three or four times daily—which state of things, according to the report of the inhabitants, will last till November—I have never in all my life experienced such an uproar as this storm. A deep darkness enveloped the land, now and then streaked by blue lightning, and, whipped by the raging south-east wind, hail and rain came beating down, the hailstones being as large as horse-beans. After continuing for half an hour, the hail gave place to a true deluge of rain, and until late in the night it still continued raining steadily. All our huts were full of water, and the next two days were occupied in repairing them.

I received visits daily from Kabrega's chiefs, amongst whom Katagrua and Melindua were two really pleasant, sensible men. As regards the former, I have pleasure in being able to confirm what Baker said of him, namely, that he was the only gentleman at Kabrega's court; not once did he request a single thing from me, and he received with signs of the greatest gratitude the little presents I was able to make him. I am indebted to both these men for much valuable information concerning the life and customs of Unyoro.

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On the 30th of September I was just preparing to utilize a pause in the rain by taking a walk, when I was called to Kabrega, whom I found sitting on his divan enveloped in a bark-cloth of beautiful pattern. People from Karagwa had arrived, bringing with them arms and ammunition, to be exchanged for ivory and slaves, and Kabrega wished to show his white guest to them. I had taken with me Speke's book, in order to astonish the king; and as I showed him his father, Kamrasi, in it, as well as other pictures, especially the one of the famous dwarf Kimenya, who died several years ago, the pleasure of those present knew no bounds. Two small men, but certainly not dwarfs, were immediately led before me, one of whom, a regular hump-back, formed a subject for the company's hilarity. Hump-backed people, it appears, are not uncommon here. The conversation turned to the subject of white and colored people; and in order to prove that light-colored persons also exist here, a lanky young man was introduced to me, who was distinguished by the yellow ground-color of his skin. He was offered to me as a present, but was declined with thanks.

The production of white children (albinos) by black parents is certainly not uncommon, but there is no question of their having anything to do with the marriage between blood relations, notwithstanding Mtesa believed this to be the cause. He probably heard such an opinion from Europeans. In this country brothers marry their sisters without producing albinos. Albinos are supposed to bring with them misfortune, and are therefore not considered to be of equal birth with their brothers and sisters. I had an opportunity subsequently in Uganda of examining carefully an albino girl. The presence of white people in Uganda is denied there, but still Albinos are found there; and I could only hear of one white man who had tried to go to Ruhanda, but had not succeeded —probably Stanley.

As on the 8th of October Kabrega sent me supplies, I called to thank him, and was taken to his private house, where I, for the first time, found him clothed in Arab dress, and I chatted with him in Arabic. The fat women whom I saw on this occasion came up in all points to the description of Speke and Grant, those reliable and conscientious travellers, who saw similar fat women in Karagwa. Such a custom as this of fattening up the king's wives says more than all else for the original unity of these countries, or at least goes to prove the same origin of the rulers; the ruler of Uganda is, notwithstanding his "pedigree," only an usurper and parvenu.

As soon as the new moon becomes visible she is greeted by the firing of guns. Horns and flutes form a lively, if not very harmonious, concert,

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the musicians marching up and down, either upon their heels or only upon their toes, bending at the same time their bodies backwards and forwards. Kabrega himself is at this time occupied in preparing his magic powders, his amulets and talismans, and no doubt also dabbles a little in the art of divination, as is the custom with all Wahuma chiefs during the first few days of the new moon.

Perpendicular Mountain.

Early on the 9th of October, in celebration of the feast of Ramadan-Bairam, Kabrega sent me a present of an ox. As, for a wonder, the weather permitted me to get about, I climbed the towering mountain which was near our camp. A footpath, well worn by the herds, leads up to the highest peak, the base of which is hidden by grass and reeds and many mimosas. The soil here consists of reddish gray vegetable mould, under which there is a layer of brown humus two feet thick, having underneath it sharp-edged quartz fragments. The ascent from here is very difficult, in many places hardly possible except by crawling. So steep indeed, is the side of the mountain that only here and there a tree with willow-like leaves is able to take root. Short turf covers the thin layer of earth, which is bedded upon granite, except in some places where one finds quartz in small pieces. The higher one climbs, the scantier becomes the vegetation, until upon the summit itself, which I reached after three-quarters of an hour's climb, there are only four or five stunted trees amidst blocks of rock and structures of ants.

Two Zanzibar merchants arrived here from Karagwa without touching Uganda; both were freed slaves who wished to buy ivory by order of their masters; it is abundant and pretty cheap. They offered in exchange cloth, guns, powder, percussion-caps, copper and brass. Near midday, on the 10th of October, a company of Waganda also arrived in order to trade. Their chief, Mbazi, an old acquaintance of mine, sought me out at once, and informed me that Mtesa had sent people to Mruli to fetch me from that place. Letters which I received on the following day from Mruli confirmed the arrival of one hundred and fifty Waganda, but as I was not there they returned to Uganda. At the same time I received English and Arabic letters from Mtesa inviting me to come, but "to bring no soldiers with me." I was told, too, that some of my things, which I intended to present to Kabrega, had been forwarded, but they had been taken from the porters by Kabrega's people. I, of course, claimed them back at once, upon which Kabrega sent me word that I need not trouble about them, for he himself was the aggrieved party, and would immediately take steps for their recovery.

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Two days after, the messengers whom Kabrega had sent to find them, returned and laid the unopened bundle at my feet. According to their account, all the inhabitants of the village had fled and deposited the goods in the house of a neighboring chief, who had delivered them up to them. I sent at once to Kambrega to thank him, and, moreover, to request an audience, when I intended to ask for permission to depart. At this audience, which took place on the 15th, my official business was brought to an end to our mutual satisfaction, and I cannot refrain from again recording the friendly treatment extended to me by Kabrega, which was never disturbed by a single unfriendly word, even up to the last moment, so that I shall always remember with pleasure the days I spent here. His embassy to Gordon Pasha, composed of Kasabe, Baker's former guide, who had already been in Gondokoro, and the interpreter, Msige, were either to accompany or to follow me. As a parting gift, I presented Kabrega with a richly gilded sabre, which very much delighted him. I could therefore anticipate being able to start upon my return journey in a week, if no unforeseen delays occurred. Kabrega gave me his "dead" watch for me to get repaired in Khartoum. He also requested me to send him an Arab clerk.

King's Taxes.

To judge by the sounds of the Uganda drums, the Waganda were really received at court on the 19th of October, after waiting nine days. This seemed to be the day for paying tribute; at least the quantity of packets and bales lying before Kabrega's divan, as well as piles of new bark cloth, and the number of people who had collected together, proved that a great reception was taking place. The king sent some loads of meal for our journey. Several days later I received, in addition to this, six oxen; they were the hornless kind, having small humps.

On the 22d of October I was again called to Kabrega. He was carrying on a lively conversation with a number of people, amongst whom I noticed the Waganda; but when I arrived the whole party was dismissed, and I was, in the first place, requested to show him my revolver. After he had examined it, he asked me to send him some like it. A very animated conversation followed upon the most varied subjects, and was prolonged until near evening, when pouring rain commenced, and compelled me to return home. My real business here was at an end. It was almost impossible to collect anything, for all specimens, bird-skins, etc., were spoilt on account of the indescribable humidity. I was therefore ready to march. I had my farewell audience the next day, and can state, with satisfaction, that the wish on both sides to meet again

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was very cordial. The people who were to go to Khartoum were still away setting their houses in order; the king informed me that they would overtake me at Mruli.

The porters who had been promised me for the next day, of course, did not appear, although Msige, who was to accompany me, was early on the spot.

A Worthless Governor.

To my great surprise I received letters from Magungo containing very curious reports concerning the doings of Nur Bey, the acting Governor of the equatorial provinces—a worthless, mendacious sneak. In consequence of this I almost decided to go to Magungo, but soon gave up the idea, for, on account of the constant rain, the distance would have been too great for my people. Having received two big elephant's tusks as a parting gift from Kabrega, we began the return march on the 25th of October, by the same road which had brought us here. A volley of guns was fired from Kabrega's headquarters in honor of the parting guest. Owing to the persistent rain, all the grasses had shot up higher, the reed thickets had grown more impenetrable, and thorns more troublesome. At the same time the water was knee-deep in the holes and puddles. After we had passed Khor Kabrogeta, the water of which is so strongly impregnated with iron that it is said to distend the intestines, we marched a little farther, and then suddenly turned to the right into a much-neglected banana grove, where it was suggested that we should pass the night. The people scattered immediately; but when I looked round for shelter I only found one broken-down, abominably filthy hut; so I insisted on a further march, and although an hour passed before I got the people together, we left this inhospitable Kikinda, continued our difficult march through water and bush for more than an hour and a half, and finally occupied at sunset some huts in the village of Blindi. In one of the huts here a wooden triangle was hanging, to which were suspended a large number of small gourds filled with pebbles; this was a rattle to accompany the dance.

No rain fell during the night, but in the early morning all the sky was grizzly gray, in spite of which we set out, keeping, with few deviations, to the road, along which we marched on our journey to Kabrega's. The winding Khor Kyal, although now roaring and full of water, was twice forded without difficulty; but the great papyrus swamp which followed gave us a good deal of trouble on account of its entangled roots. We had hardly crossed the swamp, when the rain, till now bearable, beat down with such violence that we rushed forward at great speed for about

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half an hour, when we reached Kitongali, somewhat below the place where we had previously passed the night.

Exciting Melee.

We sheltered in some huts, dried ourselves by a blazing fire, and could not think of continuing our journey until midday. An unpleasant incident happened to me here, for I discovered that, unluckily, I had lost my note-book during the rain, and in spite of an energetic search I was not able to find it; but after the rain was over, a woman returned it to me uninjured. Another occurrence took place shortly before starting. Msige wanted to take a jar full of lubias from a woman, but she, taking the joke ill, struck him over the head with the jar, and wounded him badly. A fearful disturbance arose, and at first they wanted to kill the woman; but finally, after my energetic protestations, were satisfied with carrying off a young ox, as well as bark cloths and skins, from her hut. The district here belongs to my acquaintance Melimbua, who was not likely to approve of this summary kind of justice. Msige's head was bandaged as well as possible, and then we resumed our march. After wading through much mud and water we got back to the old road, and reached Kimanya late in the afternoon. The huts we had previously occupied had been burnt down by the inhabitants, because I, a white man, had slept in them. Yet I received a friendly welcome from Vakumba, and was even able to procure a goat.

Kabrega had sent Matongali Matebere to look after my porters and my comfort, but he took little trouble about these matters. It was already nine o'clock on the 27th of October, and not a single porter was to be seen. I therefore sent to him, but received neither answer nor porters. So I gave the order to start, and left him behind with all my traps, for which I held him responsible to his master; he promised to follow me soon. Passing by a magnificent sycamore, the hanging roots of which had grown into nine stems, we went on up and down hill, through tall grass, till we rested a while beside a pool that had been made for watering Kabrega's cattle.

This continual struggle with thorns and grasses had thoroughly tired us out, so we were very thankful soon after to reach a few miserable huts, where we could take shelter from the torrents of rain which began to pour down upon us. Only the most useless of my loads had yet arrived, while my bedding and cooking apparatus remained behind, so I was obliged to go to bed supperless, while the leaky hut, with its mosquitoes, and water pouring in on all sides, proved no paradise, and I preferred sleeping on a bullock's hide in the open air. But in the morning

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it grew desperately cold, and when the sun rose we were all ready to start at once, although our things were only arriving in driblets. This place was called Btobe, and was inhabited by only one family, consisting of one man, eight women, two children, and a dog.

A short journey through tall grass brought us to Londu, which we left a little to one side, to halt half an hour's march beyond it, in Kijiveka, where some good huts were at once placed at our disposal, and where we were given some sweet potatoes, which we relished much after our thirty-six hours' fast. The Madundi, who inhabit this district, are of a very dark color, and speak a language quite different from that of that of the Wanyoro. It strikes one particularly by its humming tones and jerky syllables. These people are said to have originally come from beyond the Albert Lake, and they still practice circumcision. Their houses differ from the hemispherical "bee-hives" of Unyoro, in the construction of their reed walls and high porches. Some of the children are swag-bellied, a result of irregular nourishment—to-day a great deal, to-morrow nothing. The women wear the pretty striped aprons of bark cloth noticed by Baker. All smoke pipes with enormously long reed stems.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

EMIN PASHA'S DESCRIPTION OF THE WANYORO.

Emin's Scholarly Attainments—A Shrewd Observer—The Wanyoro—Cleanly Habits—Sweet Perfumes — Triangular Finger-Nails—Wanyoro Cookery—Eating Earth—How Great Chiefs Eat—How Women Eat—What Africans Drink—Proud Wives of Chiefs—Use of Tobacco—Treating Friends With Coffee-berries—Wild Sports in Unyoro—A Famous Witch—Scene at a Fire—How Love Matches Are Made—Paying for a Wife by Installments—How Crime is Punished—The Country's Government—The King's Cattle—King Kabrega Claims All the Young Ladies—Legend of the Creation—Belief in Charms—Curious Superstitions—Legend of the Elephant—Legend of the Chimpanzee.

NO explorer in Africa has been a more curious observer of African traits and character than Emin Pasha. Not only is he one of the first scientists of the world, and therefore has looked at Africa as a scholar would, taking account of the geography, its geology, its botany, and all its natural features, but he has also gained a very keen insight into the habits and customs of the savage tribes. Particularly has he described the Wanyoro nation, and the following description from his pen will possess a fascinating interest for every reader:

The Wanyoro, though they do not despise the flesh of a cow which has died a natural death, are very clean and particular in their eating and in their persons. They will never eat on the bare ground; even on a journey they carry with them a little mat for a tablecloth; but, strange to say, they do not wash their cooking-pots after using them. Washing is much in vogue, but notwithstanding the cleanly habits of the people, there unfortunately exists a quantity of vermin, which especially infest the bark cloth. The custom therefore prevails of fumigating the cloth every two or three days with smoke from pieces of dried papyrus-stalks stripped of their bark; the thick and peculiarly pungent smoke is said to drive away parasites, and at the same time imparts to the material a perfume perceptible at some distance. As for scents, however, for rubbing on the body, a kind of sweet-smelling very compact gray clay is used, and a species of touchwood which smells like musk. The clay is brought from the south, and is sold at a high price. The body is always clean shaved, the head only as a sign of mourning.

The Wanyoro cut their finger-nails in the form of a triangle, the vertex of the triangle being in the middle of the nail. All cuttings of the

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hair and nails are carefully stored under the bed, and afterwards strewn about amongst the tall grass.

Brother, sister, brother-in-law, and son-in-law are the recognized grades of relationship. I have never noticed any intimate connection between more distant relations.

The food of the Wanyoro consists principally of vegetables, bananas, sweet potatoes, gourds, purslane, etc. All these are made into a porridge with ground sesame seeds, except bananas, which are plucked before they are ripe and roasted. Ripe bananas are seldom eaten; they are used to make an intoxicating drink. When meat is to be had, it is eaten, even if very old; the bones are broken in pieces and boiled with the meat, and then the marrow is eaten, but it is much disliked when raw. Marrow, with ants and sesame, is made into a dish "of which a man leaves nothing for his children." Milk is drunk fresh and unboiled. Antelopes are a favorite food, while elephant's flesh is never eaten, and hippopotamus meat is shunned, as it is thought to produce skin diseases. Many of the Wanyoro (in the lake districts) are industrious fishers, and eat fish with great gusto; but others entirely avoid and despise it, as well as fowls and eggs.

Wanyoro Cookery.

All the Wanyoro eat salt. Fire is produced by holding a stick vertically in a shallow hollow made in another stick lying horizontally, and twirling it quickly round; the spark is caught in hay or old bark cloth. This process, however, demands a good deal of skill. The honey of wild bees is much liked; it is eaten alone or with porridge.

The habit of eating earth is known in Unyoro, and is practiced as a remedy for a disease to which both sexes are liable. The kind of earth most liked is that with which the termites are in the habit of arching over their passages on the trunks of trees, but ordinary earth is not despised. This practice, if long continued, is said to cause discoloration of the skin and hair, as well as general emaciation, and finally death. Nightmare is ascribed to overheating the body by food or clothing.

Throughout Unyoro and Uganda the women are the cooks; but the chiefs employ men cooks, with whom they have made blood-brotherhood, and have separate kitchens for the men and women. The great chiefs always eat alone, and no one may touch or look at the dishes prepared for them. Inferior chiefs often invite their favorites to their table, and whenever a crumb happens to fall to the ground from the chief's hand, these men snatch it up at once and swallow it, in homage to their lord! Women eat in a separate place, and after the men have finished;

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it is considered a particular sign of favor when a woman is invited by her husband to eat with him, but the Wawitu women who spring from ruling families are privileged in this respect, for they always eat with their husbands. The boys eat with the women. Meat is preferred cooked with vegetables, especially unripe bananas. The pots used for cooking are round, and exactly similar to the water-vessels, but smaller. The food, when ready, is poured into boat-shaped dishes standing on feet, which are placed on a mat; the company gather round them, and eat with their hands; spoons, however, cut out of gourd-shells, are in use. There are altogether three meals in the day. After eating, in which the Wanyoro are moderate, a strip of wet banana bark is used to wipe the hands. The fireplace used for cooking is often situated in a small compartment walled off by reeds (in Uganda they have separate huts for cooking). It consists of five stones so placed that the longest and broadest is in the middle, and the others stand two in a line to the right and left of it, so that several vessels can be put on the fire at once.

What Africans Drink.

For storing corn clean holes in the ground are used. Fish is split open, cleaned, and dried over a smoky fire; this is the method of curing employed on both lakes.

The drinks used in Unyoro are *sandi* and *mwenge*. *Sandi* is the juice of ripe bananas, freshly pressed out, and little, if at all, fermented. It is a pleasant drink, resembling wine, and slightly sparkling, and is more especially affected by the ladies; when it comes into the market at all it is rather dear. *Mwenge* is prepared by mashing bananas ripened artificially over a fire or underground, adding water and roasted durrah, and allowing the liquor to stand until it has become highly fermented. This beverage is sour and very intoxicating. Corn is not malted here. The use of *mwenge* is so universal in Unyoro, and particularly in Uganda, that I believe many people never drink water. The Wanyoro take enormous quantities of it, and even little children drink it with the greatest delight. Yet I have never seen drunken men here as in Europe.

Coffee-drinking is unknown, though the tree grows in the south, and berries are exported in large quantities from Uganda to the north. The sugar-cane, which is cultivated everywhere, is eaten, but not made into sugar.

Very Genteel!

It is remarkable how proud the wives of the chiefs in this country are. To begin with, they do no cooking; field work and water-carrying are left to the servants, and the mistresses sit on their mats and do nothing

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but smoke and talk. For clothing, they affect fine leather imported from Uganda, covered with material made from bark, and adorn themselves with rings of brass and copper, strings of pearls round the neck and waist, sometimes also with anklets. The rings often cover two-thirds of the forearm. I have seen cuts or scars as ornaments, but only on women from the south-western districts.

The food of the people varies extremely according to their rank. Whereas milk is much liked by all classes, and the fat wives of Kabrega and the greater chiefs are only permitted to live on milk, except twice a week salt porridge mixed with broth, and sometimes a handful of raw salt, the lower classes, unless they are prevented by personal dislike or fear, eat whatever their limited agriculture and the animal world afford them. Kabrega himself eats bananas and beef only, and drinks milk and *mwenge*. His cook, as also all his body-servants, are united to him in blood-brotherhood. To perform this ceremony a slight incision is made with a razor above the fifth rib on the right side. Coffee-berries are soaked in the blood, and are exchanged and eaten by those participating in the rite. The covenant thus made lasts for life. The parties to it never desert one another in danger, and frequent the houses and converse with each other's wives without constraint or suspicion. A case of breach of faith has never been known.

Among the narcotics used, tobacco, which is much smoked by both sexes, takes the first place. The tobaccos from Nkole and the highlands of Uganda are considered the best. The pipe-bowls are spherical, large, and strong, and are attached to long stems, which in Londu are formed of two pieces tied together with skin, and are as much as five feet long. Everyone has his own pipe; but when he happens not to have it with him, he takes a few whiffs from his neighbor's. The larger the bowl of the pipe, the greater the gentleman who uses it; I have seen bowls which would easily hold a pound of tobacco; they are half filled with glowing embers and half with tobacco; perhaps the carbonic oxide increases the soothing effect of the tobacco. The most singular pipes I have yet seen are those used by Unyoro magicians; a huge twin bowl, ornamented all over with short conical spikes, is fastened to a short heavy stem.

Treating Friends With Coffee-berries.

In addition to tobacco, coffee-chewing is also indulged in in Unyoro and Uganda. The coffee-tree grows in the southern portions of both countries; it resembles the tree I have seen in Southern Arabia, only that the leaves of the kind which grows here are larger. The pods are

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gathered when still green, dipped in hot water and dried in the sun, and then sold and consumed without further preparation. Many persons, however, partially roast the pods. The taste of the pod is peculiarly aromatic, and causes a slight secretion of saliva; I could never discover any other effect; on the contrary, the natives maintain that a couple of coffee-berries will drive away hunger, and likewise that the berries are a remedy for over-indulgence in *mwenge*. It is customary among the better classes to offer one another a few coffee-berries.

My attention was repeatedly aroused in the evening by a drumming, rapping noise, which continued far into the night. It was produced by the collectors of ants, who light a fire beside the ant-hills and, as they imagine, induce the male ants to swarm out more rapidly by beating pieces of wood together. These insects are eaten raw or roasted.

It is a curious fact that, among all the Negro tribes in this part of Africa, domestic animals, kept in confinement, are exceedingly rare. The Negro's mind is not adapted for taming wild animals; his nature is entirely negative. Here and there one comes across a domesticated wild cat, or perhaps a house-cat brought from the north. The dogs are of medium size, with slightly pointed muzzles; they carry their rather long, short-haired tails erect, are lop-eared, long-bodied, lean, and usually of a buff-color.

Wild Sports in Unyoro.

Hunting parties often take place. When they are arranged privately, those that take part in them choose the leader among themselves; but when they are set on foot by the chief of the tribe, he appoints the leader. The man who throws the first spear at an animal receives a fore-foot if it is killed. The division of the booty is effected by general agreement. If the game runs on to ground belonging to another man, and dies there, the owner receives the right fore-foot. If a leopard or lion is killed near the king's dwelling, the whole animal is carried to him; if the place where the animal is slain is too far off, only the skin is brought to the king. When people kill one of these animals on foreign soil, the skin belongs to the king of the country. One tusk of all elephants slain belongs by right to the king, the other may be kept by the hunter, but the king usually gives him a girl in exchange.

The huts of Kabrega's capital are grouped in threes and fours, surrounded by straw fences, and hidden away in banana woods and in depressions of the ground; but being scattered about in large groups, they cover a great extent of ground; there may be, perhaps, more than a thousand of them. Most of them have two rooms and high doors with porches.

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Some five or six smithies are scattered about the village, each employing four or five workmen. A large flat stone, with a smooth even surface, driven into the ground, serves as an anvil; a solid piece of iron, one end of which is beaten into the form of a handle, does service as a hammer. There are, too, gourd-bowls filled with water to temper the iron, some small pitchers for melting copper and brass, and a contrivance made of wood for wire-drawing. Native iron, copper, and brass are worked into spear-heads, knives, razors, arm and leg rings, and necklaces, but the workmanship is by no means superior. Brass and copper come from Zanzibar through Uganda. The smithies are also meeting-places for all lovers of gossip. Guns are repaired by Waganda smiths, who come here periodically, but they are very exorbitant; for example, demand a female slave in exchange for a gun.

The preparation of cow-hide for clothing is very simple. The hide is tightly stretched on level ground by a large number of small pegs, and then scraped with knives until all bits of flesh are removed; then it is dried, and rendered pliant by rubbing in butter. Every fall of rain makes the hide stiff again, and then fresh rubbings are necessary; that this process is not exactly agreeable to the olfactory organs of the bystanders is evident. Every one wears hides and bark cloths; men prefer cow-hides, women goat's-hides, four of which sewn together make a dress. The manufacture of cloth from the bark of various kinds of fig-trees, which are planted in banana groves, has been fully described by Baker, and likewise the mallet, which is used for beating it. This cloth is also made here; but the finer, handsomer pieces, those in particular with black patterns, which only Kabrega wears, come only from Uganda, where the people excel in the manufacture of these goods.

A Celebrated Witch.

I saw an elderly woman, wearing a fantastic head-dress of feathers and skins, sitting in an isolated hut; I was told that she was a very famous witch; she would not, however, enter into conversation, but went on patching up her torn dress perfectly unconcerned.

About midnight I was awakened by a great commotion, and saw two houses in the village in flames. Fortunately there was no wind blowing. Everything was damp from the daily rains, and therefore the men soon succeeded in subduing the fire. No excitement of any kind was perceptible, fires being of too frequent occurrence. As before stated, the floors of the houses are padded with a thick layer of hay, and the fireplace stands in the middle of the house. Very often, too, the master of the house lies down to sleep intoxicated, with his pipe alight, and so the mischief is done.

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When two families are on friendly terms, and wish to make a match between their children, the two fathers, in the first place, visit each other twice or thrice to drink *mwenge*, and on such occasions many guests are invited. Then the bride's father goes to the father of the bridegroom, and offers him his daughter "for friendship's sake." After this, the price of the bride is discussed and fixed, and a great feast follows, to which both parties contribute. A few days after the stipulated sum has been paid, the bride is fetched in the midst of a large procession; amidst singing and dancing, and copious libations of *mwenge*, the way is taken to the bridegroom's house, where she is handed over to the bridegroom, and the whole company spends the night in singing, dancing, and drinking.

The father of the bride receives for himself and his people the two hindquarters of the ox slaughtered on this occasion by the bridegroom's father. On the third day after the completion of the marriage, the whole village assembles to pad the hut of the newly wedded couple with hay, when fresh libations follow. On the sixth day after the wedding, the young wife visits her parents, and during this visit, of three or four days' duration, the husband keeps aloof. Fresh drinks given by the father of the bride bring the ceremonies to a conclusion. The young wife then returns to her house, and if her husband is in good circumstances, passes her time in smoking, coffee-chewing, idling, and paying visits.

Paying for a Wife by Installments.

If a man marries, and his wife falls ill and dies during a visit to her father's house, the husband either demands a wife—a sister of the deceased—in compensation, or receives two cows. There are instances of a man putting away his wife and afterwards taking her back again, a cow being killed on her return. When a poor man is unable to procure the cattle required for his marriage at once, he may, by agreement with the bride's father, pay them by installments; the children, however, born in the meantime belong to the wife's father, and each of them must be redeemed with a cow.

Should the head of a house die without children, his brother inherits everything, even the wives; if there are several brothers, the younger ones receive small shares in goods and wives, according to the good pleasure of the eldest, who is the chief heir. When there are no brothers, the chief of the tribe inherits. But when there are sons, the eldest inherits all that is left by his father, the wives included, who, with the exception of his own mother, become his wives. The younger sons receive two women, two cows, and as much of the other property as the principal heir will give them. Wives and daughters have no share in the

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inheritance under any circumstances. If at the death of the head of the house there is a daughter left under age, the principal heir brings her up, and marries her. In default of male relations, the chief of the tribe fills their place, and usually takes such girls into his harem.

How Crime is Punished.

Theft is punished in Unyoro by confiscation of cattle or women for the benefit of the person robbed. When a man is killed, the nearest relatives of the murdered man have the right to seize the murderer and kill him with a spear, and they receive, besides, a cow from the family of the murderer. But should the murderer escape, and they apply to the chief of the tribe to procure the punishment of the guilty man, the chief receives from them nine cows and three sheep or goats as his due, in return for which he causes the murderer to be seized and killed, and exacts payment of the cow. Adultery, provided the injured man surprises the offender, is atoned for by a fine of four cows. If the chief is called upon to interfere he receives a cow. The guilty wife is beaten, and she may also be divorced, in which case a very curious ceremony takes place.

The injured husband cuts a piece of bark in two, half of which he keeps himself, and the other half is sent with the wife to her father. When the cows formerly paid as the price of the bride are restored, this piece is returned to the husband, who then burns both pieces. Wives are seldom put away because they are childless, and the man is always blamed who does it. I have myself seen a curious punishment. One of the men who had been assigned to me here as servants had tied a string round his wife's neck, and fastened her to a tree, where she had to remain the whole night; and this—because she had told him a lie.

The whole of Unyoro is divided into large districts, over each of which a makungo, temporarily appointed by the king, presides, whose duty it is to collect the contributions of cattle, corn, etc., due to the sovereign, and to administer justice; but he does not possess the right of pronouncing the sentence of death, which belongs to the monarch alone—not as in Uganda, where every makungo may put a man to death. Appeals are often made to the king by those sentenced by the makungo. The petitioner kneels down before Kabrega's door at a distance of ten paces, and sets forth his requests. Kabrega then decides—not always in favor of the makungo. A makungo is dependent for provisions for himself and those belonging to him on the district he administers, in which he cultivates large tracts by means of his own slaves, and has his own herds. If he acquits himself of his duties well, he remains in office; if not, a small executive force is sent by the king, his zeriba is surrounded, and

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everything it contains—wives, children and herds, with the exception of grown-up sons—is confiscated on behalf of the king. Another makungo is appointed, who immediately enters into his office. They are bound to present themselves from time to time at the king's court with presents.

Punishments consist for the most part in the confiscation of girls, women, and cows; a sentence of death is but seldom decreed by the king, for, as Kabrega very justly observed to me, "a dead man pays no taxes." Here, as in Uganda, the bodies of those who are put to death may not be buried, but are thrown into tall grass.

"The King's Cattle."

The only place in the Upper Nile district where I have seen smooth, fat cattle, is Kabrega's capital. They pass by to the watering-place every afternoon, about 1,500 in number, most of them humpless, with enormously long horns. It is a pleasure to see the stately animals climb the steep mountain like goats; most of them are gray, but some are entirely light brown.

The cows, which supply milk for Kabrega's personal consumption, are kept quite separate; they are milked in his presence in the morning, and then go to pasture, escorted by a man and a boy. The boy goes before them calling out loudly "the king's cattle;" and every one who happens to be near must withdraw as quickly as possible if he does not wish to be killed. When I asked the reason, I was answered, there were people whose look could turn milk into blood.

The daughters of Kabrega's subjects are unconditionally at his disposal, but he marks his approval of any particularly attractive girl by giving her father a present of cattle. He possesses also, in accordance with the universal Wahuma custom, all the wives of his deceased father.

Should the monarch die, all the tutors of the princes at once assemble and determine which of the sons of the deceased king is the best and fittest to be his successor. Naturally, the decision is seldom unanimous, but parties are formed, and war breaks out, and continues until one of the princes overcomes his rivals, and gains possession of the throne, standing in the mortuary hut of his father, whereupon his authority is recognized. Then his brothers and nearest relations, with few exceptions, are killed, for so custom demands; in Uganda they are burned.

Legend of the Creation.

In primeval times, says the Wanyoro, people were numerous on the earth. They never died, but lived forever. But as they became presumptuous, and offered no gifts to the "great Magician," who rules the destinies of men, he grew angry, and, throwing the whole vault of

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heaven down upon the earth, killed them all. But in order not to leave the earth desolate, the "great Magician" sent down a man and woman "from above," both of whom had tails. They produced a son and two daughters, who married. One daughter bore a loathsome beast, the chameleon; the other a giant, the moon. Both children grew up, but soon disputes arose between them, for the chameleon was wicked and spiteful, and at last the "great Magician" took the moon up to the place whence it still looks down upon the earth. But, to keep in remembrance its earthly origin, it becomes large and brilliant, and then decreases, as though about to die, yet does not die, but in two days passes around the horizon from east to west, and appears again, tired from its journey and therefore small, in the western sky. But the sun was angry with the new rival, and burnt it so that the marks are still visible on its face. The chameleon and its progeny peopled the earth, the tails were lost, and the originally pale color of the skin soon became dark under the glowing sun. At the present time the heavenly spheres are inhabited by people with tails, who have many herds. The stars are watchmen which the "great Magician" posts during the night. The sun is inhabited by giants.

The belief in magic and amulets, as well as in the possibility of making people ill, or even compassing their death by means of charms and incantations, is widely diffused in Unyoro and Uganda. Naturally no trace is to be found of the idea of a future life. In both countries the women are buried in the court of the house they have occupied to the right-hand side of the door, the men to the left of it. The graves are horizontal, and three to four feet deep. The corpse lies on the right side, as is usual in sleep. The Wanyoro, however, who live on the Albert Lake, bury their dead, men or women, in the middle of the court-yard, and erect above the grave a miniature hut, in which tobacco, pipes, bananas, etc., are deposited. Young children are everywhere buried in the garden which adjoins each house.

Curious Superstitions.

Africa seems to be the original home of superstition. If an owl screeches near the house, its master dies. If a hyæna or a jackal repeatedly approaches the house, misfortune is at hand; when the rhinoceros-bird croaks, rain may be looked for. If a wagtail sings on the threshold, guests or presents arrive. If a man kills wagtails in the house, fire breaks out in it. If a wagtail forsakes its nest made in the house, misfortune is near. Vultures and ravens are chiefs among the birds, and their slaughter causes illness. If vultures alight on the top of a poor man's

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house, he will receive rich gifts and presents. A piece of the hide of the white rhinoceros, worn on the body, makes a man invulnerable. If a woman is the first to enter the house in the morning, it is a good sign; if a man, the contrary. An eclipse of the sun announces the death of the ruler. If on moving from one house to another, anything is broken or a woman falls on the way, the family returns to the house it has just left. If, on starting for a campaign, a buffalo runs across the path, or a guinea-fowl flies up before the warriors, this portends the death of many men, and everyone turns back. The bat, which flies into the house, brings news. The Wanyoro spit three times whenever they see a shooting-star.

According to the Unyoro traditions, elephants and chimpanzees were once men, and the dog too was gifted with speech, but spoke only to his master. I give a literal translation of some of these legends.

Legend of the Elephant.—In ancient times a man had an honest son, but he himself was violent, and had taken many cattle from his neighbors. Once upon a time he ordered his son to go and occupy a neighbor's house; if he did not do so he threatened to kill him. The son went and slept in that house, but found in the early morning that the inhabitants had fled. He durst not return home, whilst by himself he would have starved; so he prayed the "great Magician" to rescue him; and was thereupon, together with the house, turned into an elephant.

Legend of the Chimpanzee.—An honest man had an only daughter, and she was wooed by a neighbor for his son, who had turned out badly. The young couple lived happily for a short time, but when the young wife absented herself occasionally from the house to visit her parents, her husband reproached her with availing herself of this excuse to go after other men. Each day he treated her worse; so she fled, and returned to her father, to whom she related her misfortune, and he, angry at the stain that had fallen on his own and his daughter's honor, killed himself. At this moment the son-in-law arrived, and was transformed by the "great Magician" into a chimpanzee. But the wife, who would not desert him in spite of all that had happened, followed him, and from them are sprung the chimpanzees, who still talk among themselves like men, and have a fondness for women.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

EMIN PASHA'S PERILOUS SITUATION.

The War of the False Prophet Goes on—Emin's Concern for Amadi—Sends Messengers to Obtain News—Stirring Reports From the Scene of Conflict—Heroic Spirit of Some of Emin's Soldiers—Contemptible Treachery of a Part of Emin's Forces—Presumptuous Letter From the Commander-in Chief of the Mahdist's Army—Intelligence of Gordon's Death—Exultation Among Moslem Arabs Over the Death of Gordon—Emin Summons His Officers to a Council of War—Resolution Passed by the Council—General Recommendation of a Retreat Southward—Emin's Personal Supervision of the Southward March—Manner in Which Emin Received the Summons to Surrender—The Equatorial Provinces in a Perilous Situation—Emin's Letter to Dr. Felkin—News From England of a Proposed Expedition for Emin's Relief—Thanks for Heartfelt Sympathy—Emin's Expressed Resolve to Remain With His People—Gordon's Self-sacrificing Work Must be Carried on—Emin's Statement of What He Wants From England—Disreputable Arabs—Emin Anxiously Awaiting the Outcome of Present Troubles—Destructive Fire and the Loss of the Station at Wadelai—The Station Re-built—Emin's Estimate of His Own Supporters—Emphatic Determination Not to Evacuate the Territory.

STANLEY'S latest expedition into Africa was undertaken as the necessary result of Gordon's death and the fall of Khartoum. The conquest of the Soudan and the building up of a genuine civilization in Equatorial Africa was undertaken by Gordon in 1874. He wrested the country from the Arab slave-hunters and sent Emin Pasha to Lado as Governor, under himself, of the southern province. This was in 1876, and Emin has lived and ruled in that region ever since, until brought away by Stanley. He possessed in the highest degree the true spirit of adventure, and for ten years, until he met Gordon, he was wandering about in Turkey, Armenia, Syria and Arabia, under the name of Dr. Emin, having assumed a Turkish identity and professed, it is said, the Mahometan faith.

Gordon sent him to Lado almost as soon as he entered the Egyptian service, and his administration from the very first, and, indeed, until Selim Bey and his rebel following deposed him, early in 1889, was a great moral and financial success. He maintained an army of 2,000 Egyptian and native soldiers, exterminated the slave-hunters from his province, established schools and missions, and gave an enlightened, progressive and powerful government to a country of 6,000,000 theretofore savage and ignorant people.

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Meanwhile Gordon had left Khartoum, and his successor was unable to cope with the slave-dealers. The Mahdi, claiming to be a second Mahomet, had created an Arab uprising, and was conducting a spirited rebellion against the Anglo-Egyptian government of the Soudan. He massacred Hicks Pasha's army and created havoc generally. Gordon was induced by the English government to go to Khartoum and restore order.

Gordon's Untimely Death.

He was not supported by an efficient military force, however, and while a relief expedition was slowly crawling up the Nile, his garrison rebelled and murdered him, giving over the city and the Soudan wholly to the Mahdi. This left Emin and his province, south of the Soudan, in the greatest danger; in fact, quite at the mercy of the Arabs. Their extermination was merely a question of when the Mahdi should feel disposed to attack them. Internal disorders in the prophet's forces delayed the intended blow, and, while allaying them and preparing for new conquests, the Mahdi died—probably by violence. His place was not long vacant. Another Mahdi, claiming divine inspiration, promptly assumed command of the Arab forces and Emin's situation was rendered as desperate as before.

We will let Emin relate, with his own pen, the startling events which placed him and his scattered army in such extreme peril. For greater safety he removed from Lado to another station, namely Wadelai, and from there, in December, 1885, he sent the following thrilling narrative in a letter to his friend, Dr. Schweinfurth, at Cairo. The reader will understand that Amadi was one of Emin's stations. The Mahdist forces, already referred to, were bent on conquest.

Being anxious, he says, at the absence of news from Amadi, I sent an official there to bring me a true report of the state of affairs. Before his arrival, or rather because they heard he was coming, the officers resolved on a sortie, which was so successfully carried out that the entrenchments of the Danagla (the Danagla were part of the Mahdi's forces) were stormed, their huts burnt, and part of their ammunition destroyed. Instead, however, of taking advantage of the victory, the commanding officer ordered a retreat, and though the soldiers and officers urged him to complete the work on the next day, nothing was done; the officers caroused, the men suffered hunger. All that was left of money and goods in the magazine was wasted, and the fate of Amadi can no longer be doubtful.

I had written many times to the officer in command, ordering him to send

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the sick and wounded to Lado, and the women and children to Makraka, and finally, should the enemy's forces become too large, to retreat in good time to Lado, which is well and strongly fortified, or to enter Makraka, where there is plenty of corn. But I had received either no answer at all to my letters, or they were so worded that it was evident that sordid self-interest had pushed into the background all thoughts of the welfare and troubles of the province, and of the honor of the Government we serve. In any case, I gave orders to the chief of Makraka to take corn and reinforcements to Amadi as quickly as possible, even though the letter should consist only of armed Negroes; but he did not carry out my orders, for he could not leave the wretched Makraka spirits.

On the 21st and 22d of February I at last received more news from Amadi. Keremallah (commander of the Mahdi's forces) had arrived there in person with a large following of clerks—including those that had been sent from here—soldiers, and Danagla. He had written to Murjan Aga, the commandant of Amadi, summoning him to surrender. A Soudanese officer from the Bahr-el-Ghazal (a district in Emin's province), attended by some soldiers, had also paid a visit to Murjan Aga, and invited him to join the champions of the faith, but had not uttered a word about Khartoum, and Murjan Aga had been so accommodating as to let him withdraw unmolested. I can give the remaining incidents concerning Amadi in a few words. In a very short time the station was surrounded on all sides, and cut off even from the river, though the distance from it is very short, and then the brave soldiers had to endure days of great hardship.

Evacuation of Amadi.

When the chief of Makraka did at last come up with reinforcements, and when men, hastily collected from all the neighboring stations, appeared before Amadi, they were too late too break through the blockade. I cannot even yet understand why the commandant of Amadi, knowing, as he did, that relieving forces had arrived within two hours' march of the station, never attempted a sortie. The soldiers before Amadi were again and again led to the attack by their officers, but lost their courage, and at last ran away. The chief of Makraka, instead of sticking to his post, collected his scattered men, and went back to Makraka and his spirits. All was then given up for lost.

Three soldiers from Amadi came into Lado on March 29. They related that the soldiers had repeatedly urged their officers to make a sortie and cut their way through, but that the latter had always hung

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back, and probably intended to yield to the enemy. At last the men became desperate, and, led by six brave officers, left against the will of their superiors, cut their way through the Danagla, inflicting heavy losses on them, and took the road (at least most of them did) to Makraka. Murjan Aga followed them at last when he found himself deserted. All the soldiers had taken their arms and ammunition with them. The commandant of Amadi and two of his officers had actually planned a surrender, and had addressed a letter to Keremallah with this intention, but the greater part of the officers retained their honor amidst many faults, and the soldiers in particular behaved splendidly, though for nineteen days they lived on cow-hides, and at last ate their sandals, while their superiors drank spirits and made themselves comfortable.

A Desperate Move.

On April 1 the civil and military officers in Lado handed me a document, wherein they petitioned that all the stations in the south should be given up, and that we should restrict ourselves to the line from Lado to Kiri. Suicidal as such a suggestion was, for we should then be confined to the most unfruitful part of the province, and consequently throw ourselves into the jaws of famine, besides cutting ourselves off from the only way of retreat which would at last be open to us—unfortunate as this motion was, persuasion would have effected little, and so I had to give at least an apparent consent, and issue the necessary orders.

According to the last news that had reached us, the Danagla had sent off skirmishing parties to within two days' march of Lado, in order to incite the Negroes against us, and had then concentrated themselves in Amadi. Letters also arrived from Keremallah. The first, a kind of official dispatch, told me of the events that had taken place in and around Amadi, said that the garrison, though summoned five times to surrender, had refused, that then the siege was commenced, and that finally the soldiers had forced their way through, and had taken the road to Makraka. Murjan Aga, the commander of Amadi, accompanied by the lieutenant Rabih Aga, had been overtaken on the way, and both had been slain, their heads being taken to Amadi.

More than two hundred deserters, Dragomans, were in Amadi, besides many soldiers and officers. The letter concluded with a summons to appear at Amadi with the higher officials of the province within ten days; otherwise he, Keremallah, would march from Amadi against Lado; whatever might then happen would be my own fault.

The second, also from Keremallah, but directed to me privately, informed me that he was only coming to support me; no harm should

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happen to me if I would come and surrender. The third letter is signed by some of our own people, who have joined the Danagla in Amadi. These informed me that the officers in Amadi were drunk night and day, while the soldiers ate old leather and hides to appease their hunger, and they invited me to give myself up, for that they, the writers, had not received any bad treatment from the rebels. As Khartoum is not even mentioned in any of these letters, we may almost conclude that our opponents had also received no news from there for a long time. The bearers of the letters were two Negroes of Amadi.

Meanwhile the Danagla had not remained idle, but had pushed forward their outposts again to within three days' march of Lado, and had instigated the Negroes to slay unmercifully any stragglers from Amadi, and to close the road to Makraka. A detachment of the enemy had dispersed the few officers and soldiers in Kamari, near Wandi (another military station), and then marched against Wandi, which was untenable owing to its position. The soldiers therefore retired in good order towards Rimo, intending to take the road from there to Rejaf. But before they reached it, the Danagla attacked them fiercely, and were thoroughly defeated, losing a large number of men, and flying precipitately. The march forward was then commenced, and detachment after detachment arrived safely at Beden, with their sick men and followers. I sent some clerks and officials from Lado, where scarcity of corn prevailed, to the south and to Gondokoro, where they could find food, and I was myself engaged in an inspection of the fortifications, when, on April 18, I was again honored by despatches from Keremallah.

Gordon and His Men Slain.

The letters contained the usual invitations to us all to join the champions of the faith, but the most important communication was the news that Khartoum had fallen. I should find the details, he said, in an enclosed copy of a letter from the Mahdi. This letter contained the news that Khartoum was taken by storm on the morning of Monday, January 25, and that everyone in it was slain except the women and children. Gordon, the enemy of God, had refused to surrender, and he and his men had fallen; the Mahdi had lost ten men only. The letter, written in old-fashioned Arabic, and imitating in its expressions the older chapters of the Koran, concluded with an injunction to Keremallah to act in a similar manner here and in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. I returned no answer at all to these letters.

On the 2d of April a reinforcement of 130 men marched into Lado, and on the 24th I called together a council of all the officers to discuss

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the measures to be adopted to save us from famine, and to guard against unnecessary exposure to danger. After mature deliberation, and when I had retired for half an hour, resigning the chair to Major Rihan Aga, in order that the decision might be quite impartial, the following resolution was carried, in the presence of Captain Casati, an Italian officer: "Considering that there is not corn enough in northern stations to support the men that have come from Kakraka as well as our own people, that the next harvest is still far off, that by sending out foraging parties we should exhaust our meagre supply of ammunition and be left at the mercy of the Negroes, while, on the other hand, it is impossible to procure corn by any other means—having regard to all these circumstances, it is resolved that the women and children shall be sent to the south, that the stations shall be occupied by soldiers only, to the exclusion of all civilians, and that they shall be given up if needful, so that all our strength may be concentrated in the south. The line of retreat to be chosen towards the south, because the route northwards beyond Bor is impassable, and, further, we do not know whether Khartoum has not actually fallen, while we possess strong points of support in the south at Dufile and Wadelai, where there is plenty of corn and rich lands in the rear. Finally, we should have a chance of sending letters and men to Zanzibar and Egypt, or, if everything went against us, of throwing ourselves into the arms of Kabrega or Mtesa's son." The requisite orders were issued immediately; three compinies remained in Lado under the command of Major Rihan Aga. All the civil functionaries had already been sent southwards, while I only and three clerks were left.

Emin's Heroism.

It will be seen from the foregoing account that Emin was driven from one point to another, and that very dangerous enemies were resolved to overturn his government. It is one of the surprising features of the situation that he never once thought of his own peril, never gave up the hope of holding his province, was not slain by any murderous hand, did not count his own toils and dangers, and with each repulse only nerved himself to greater courage and effort, and still fondly clung to his cherished purpose. He proved himself to be a heroic soul, and history will write his name high on the scroll of honor.

In a very interesting letter to his friend and former traveller, Dr. R. W. Felkin, of Scotland, dated at Wadelai, April 17, 1887, Emin says:

Some English newspapers, from which I learn that it has been proposed to send us help, have been received. You can imagine yourself better than I can tell you that the heartfelt sympathy which has been

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expressed for me and my people in England, and the many friends we appear to have made, have given me extreme pleasure, and have richly repaid me for many of the sorrows and hardships I have undergone. I could never have believed that I, a stranger, and my poor people, could have received such generous thoughts, and that any one would be ready to make such sacrifices for us. If, however, the people in Great Britain think that as soon as Stanley or Thomson comes I shall return with them, they greatly err. I have passed twelve years of my life here, and would it be right of me to desert my post as soon as the opportunity for escape presented itself? I shall remain with my people until I see perfectly clearly that both their future and the future of our country is safe.

Gordon's Self-sacrificing Work.

The work that Gordon paid for with his blood, I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and in his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the government of this country in my hands, he wrote to me: "I appoint you for civilization and progress' sake." I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me, and that I have to some extent been successful and have won the confidence of the natives is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present day in the midst of hundreds and thousands of natives. I remain here the last and only representative of Gordon's staff. It therefore falls to me, and is my bounden duty, to follow up the road he showed us. Sooner or later a bright future must dawn for these countries; sooner or later these people will be drawn into the circle of the ever-advancing civilized world. For twelve long years I have striven and toiled, and sown the seeds for future harvest—laid the foundation stones for future buildings. Shall I now give up the work because a way may soon open to the coast? Never!

If England wishes really to help us, she must try, in the first place, to conclude some treaty with Uganda and Unyoro, by which the condition of those countries may be improved both morally and politically. A safe road to the coast must be opened up, and one which shall not be at the mercy of the moods of childish kings or disreputable Arabs. This is all we want, and it is the only thing necessary to permit of the steady development of these countries. If we possessed it, we could look the future hopefully in the face. May the near future bring the realization of these certainly modest wishes, and may we be permitted, after all the trials which God has seen fit to bring us through, to see a time of peace and prosperity in Central Africa.

You can imagine with what anxiety I look for the outcome of things,

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and how I count the days which must still pass before I receive definite news. I thank God that I am still able to work and to keep my people well in hand. As long as I have plenty to occupy me, I seem to forget all trials, of which we have, unfortunately, only too many. I had only just returned here from Rejaf, when, owing to the stupidity of the Negroes living near this station in burning the grass during a gale of wind, the flames spread, and Wadelai was burned to the ground. With the help of the neighboring Negro chiefs, I have been able to rebuild the station, which is now much handsomer than before. It was only by tremendous exertions that we were able to save our arms and ammunition, but all else became a booty to the flames. It is true that we had not much to lose, but what little we had was very precious, and its loss all the more grievous.

Things go on with us in the same way as before. We sow, we reap, we spin, and live day after day as usual; but February was an unlucky month, for in nearly every station fires broke out. This was due to the exceptionally strong winds in that month, and to the carelessness of the natives in burning the grass. We have docked our steamers, and renewed them as much as possible; and, besides this, we have built several boats, so you see we have plenty to do. I have been obliged to evacuate Lado, as it was impossible for me to supply the garrison there with corn; but, as a set-off to the loss of this station, I have been able to reoccupy the district of Makraka.

At present, therefore, we occupy nearly all the stations which were originally entrusted to me by General Gordon; and I intend and expect to keep them all. I should like here again to mention that if a relief expedition comes to us, I will on no account leave my people. We have passed through troublous times together, and I consider it would be a shameful act on my part were I to desert them. They are, notwithstanding all their hardships, brave and good, with the exception of the Egyptians. We have known each other many years, and I do not think it would be easy at present for a stranger to take up my work and to win at once the confidence of the people. It is therefore out of the question for me to leave, so I shall remain. All we would ask England to do is to bring about a better understanding with Uganda, and to provide us with a free and safe way to the coast. This is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not!

It has already been stated that Emin was much averse to abandoning his province. In one of the preceding chapters Dr. Felkin reiterates this purpose which is freely expressed in the foregoing letter.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

STANLEY'S LAST GREAT EXPEDITION.

Stanley Again in Africa—Fears for the Safety of Emin Pasha—King of the Belgians Resolves to Send an Expedition—Deciding upon a Route—Stanley States the Character of the Expedition—A Country That Does Not Pay—Bees' Wax and India Rubber—Cutting off the Nile—A Country That Might Be Starved—Stanley States That His Mission is Pacific—Stanley's Old Friend Tipo-tipo - Six Hundred Men Enlisted—Meeting the Expenses of the Journey—The Expedition Leaves Zanzibar for the Mouth of the Congo—Overland Journey of Nearly Seventeen Hundred Miles—Appalling Difficulties—Transporting Munitions and Stores—Difficulty to Obtain Porters—Mystery of the "White Pasha"—Gigantic Falsehood Told Concerning Emin—Gloomy Predictions—Fears for the Safety of Stanley—The Whole Expedition Thought to Have Been Massacred—Blunders Committed in the Soudan and East Africa—Hostile Relations Between the Native Tribes—Dangers Always Threatening a Passing Caravan—Marauders Eager for Plunder—Stanley's Selection of the Congo Route Criticized.

THE King of the Belgians resolved to send a relief expedition to Emin Pasha. This was in December, 1886. Only a few days previous to this Mr. Stanley had arrived in New York after an absence of thirteen years. When the new expedition was resolved upon, Mr. Stanley was immediately summoned by the King of the Belgians to take command. His stay in the United States was cut short, and he girded himself again for another journey in the wilds of Africa. That he was moved by humane impulses; that he was interested in tropical exploration; that he felt it his duty to render aid to one who was in a critical situation—is evident from the facts in the case. At once there was a great deal of discussion concerning the route to be taken in order to reach Emin Pasha. There were those who thought that the expedition should travel inland from Zanzibar, but Mr. Stanley resolved to proceed by way of the Congo. He describes the expedition as follows:

The expedition is non-military—that is to say, its purpose is not to fight, destroy, or waste; its purpose is to save, to relieve distress, to carry comfort. Emin Pasha may be a good man, a brave officer, a gallant fellow deserving of a strong effort of relief, but I decline to believe, and I have not been able to gather from any one in England, an impression that his life, or the lives of the few hundreds under him, would overbalance the lives of thousands of natives, and the devastation of immense tracts

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of country which an expedition strictly military would naturally cause. The expedition is a mere powerful caravan, armed with rifles for the purpose of insuring the safe conduct of the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and for the more certain protection of this people during the retreat home. But it also has means of purchasing the friendship of tribes and chiefs, of buying food and paying its way liberally.

A Country that Doesn't Pay.

Proceeding from England to Cairo, Mr. Stanley made all needed arrangements with the Egyptian government for his journey. It was reported that he intended to seize Emin's province, and make it an English possession, but he said:

The province is not worth taking, at least in the present state of affairs. The difficulty of transport from either coast is too great, and the expense, also, to give a return for money. As long as the Nile is closed the Central provinces will never pay, and it will be years before it is open again. Yes, the Central African provinces would be valuable enough were river communication free. On the east side there is no sufficiently navigable river, the presence of the tsetse fly prevents the employment of bullocks and horses, the ground is unsuited for camels, and the African elephant has never been tamed, so the only means of transport is by the Wapagari, or native porters, and a precious slow and expensive means it is, too; for any large trade purposes it would be utterly inadequate; besides, the only present trade is in ivory and ebony—you know what I mean by that, I suppose? and ivory is getting scarcer. Of course, if the Nile were open there might be a splendid and most remunerative trade in gum, hides, bees-wax, india-rubber; anything, too, I believe, could be cultivated to perfection in these provinces, and probably the natives would soon learn, when once they got to appreciate the benefit of trading, to grow cotton, tea, perhaps coffee, rice, and the cinchona plant. Some parts are suited well for one kind of plant, other parts for another. Thus, cotton would grow nearer the coasts, whereas tea and coffee and the cinchona plant could be cultivated on the slopes. But, as I said before, the true transit for trade is by the Nile.

In the course of further conversation he said: Do you know that the Nile itself could be turned off with comparative ease? The Victoria Nyanza is on a plateau like an inverted basin. It could be made to trickle over at any point. The present King of Uganda is fond of his liquor; waking up any morning after drinking too much "mwengi" (plantain wine) over night he might have what is called "a head on him" and feel in a very bad temper.

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He might then take it into his head to turn off the Nile; he might do this by ordering a thousand or so natives to turn out and continue to drop stones across the Ripon Falls at the top till they were blocked. To do this would be quite possible. I calculate this could be done by the number of men I mention in nine months, for the falls are very narrow True, the effect of this could be counteracted in a year or so by reservoirs and dykes; but, meanwhile, the population of Egypt would be starved. His father, King Mtesa, once actually contemplated doing this, not with a view of creating mischief, but because he wanted to water some particular tract of land, and for this purpose to make the lake dribble over it.

Concerning his expedition, Mr. Stanley talked at some length. Tell them at home, he said, that my mission is purely pacific. Does anyone think I am going to wade through blood to get at Emin? If I succeeded, what would be the consequence? News would be brought to the King, "Stanley is coming with an army of thirty thousand men"—you know how figures increase when estimated by savages—and what would be the consequence? "Ho! is he indeed?" the King would say; "I'll teach him to bring an army into my country. Chop off the heads of the missionaries." And what, I should like to know, is the value of Emin's life in comparison with that of the lives of such noble men as Mackay, Litchfield, Pere Loudel, and Frere Delmonce? Does anyone think I would sacrifice them for the sake of Emin?

Stanley Again in Africa.

The foregoing is Mr. Stanley's estimate of the work he had undertaken. He immediately started for Africa and arrived at Zanzibar, where he found Tipo-tipo, whom he had employed in 1877, when he made his celebrated journey from sea to sea. Six hundred men were already enlisted for the expedition. Emin was reported to have a large quantity of ivory in his possession, and it was thought that this would go far toward defraying the expenses of the expedition; the amount to be derived from the ivory would be realized when the party, on their return, reached Zanzibar.

Stanley considered it important to enlist the services of Tipo-tipo, and offered to give him the position of governor at Stanley Falls, and to pay him a fair salary. Tipo was pleased with this offer and consented to accompany the party. In the latter part of February a steamer left Zanzibar for the mouth of the Congo; on board were seven hundred men who were to accompany Stanley. The voyage required about four weeks, and that too with a steamer, giving us an idea of the immense distances in the Dark Continent. Of course the steamer sailed around

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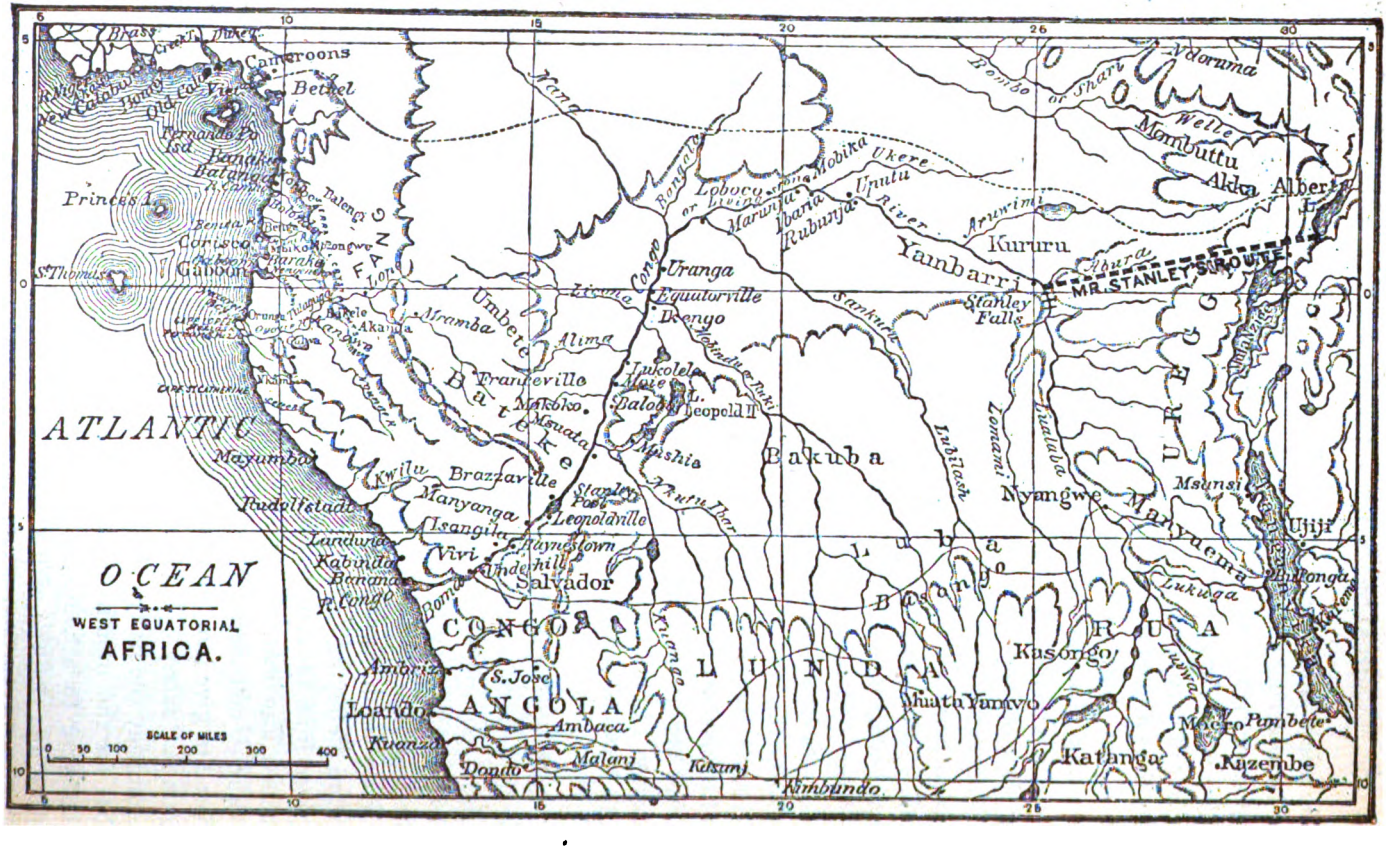

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the Cape of Good Hope, but when Stanley arrived on the western coast at the mouth of the Congo he was still twelve hundred and sixty-six miles from Aruwimi, from which point he would be four hundred miles from Emin's capital in the Equatorial Province; thus making a journey of nearly seventeen hundred miles from the coast.

Appalling Difficulties.

Pushing on with all possible speed, he was at Aruwimi about the middle of June, having suffered some delay from insufficient transportation, a thing by no means unusual in African exploration. Wishing to rebuild the storehouses at Stanley Falls, he left men for that purpose, and very soon began the overland march. He ascended the River Aruwimi as far as it was navigable, and when he began his land march, the baggage of the party, consisting of munitions and provisions, had to be transported on men's backs. A large quantity of rice was taken, as this is a wholesome and harmless food. Mr. Stanley's steel whaleboat, which he had brought with him, was found to be of very great service. Only a sparse population was found in the country through which they passed. Early in August it was reported that Stanley was advancing without the ammunition and supplies intended for Emin. It seems that provisions were very scarce and a large number accompanying the expedition were suffering from hunger. Disease had also broken out, and the fate of the expedition seemed doubtful.

The truth was that Tipo-tipo had not kept his contract, and the five hundred carriers who were to convey the stores had not put in an appearance. This, however, was not due to any treachery on the part of Tipo. For a time Mr. Stanley disappeared, and very soon perplexing rumors came from Africa, one of which was that he had reached Emin and brought him relief; another, that he and his party had been massacred; another, that he had placed himself at the head of Emin's army and was advancing on Khartoum, determined to avenge the death of "Chinese" Gordon, and overthrow the Mahdi; and still another that he and Emin had been made prisoners by the Mahdist forces.

Mystery of the "White Pasha."

There were reports, too, concerning a mysterious "White Pasha" in one part of the country, and there were those who firmly believed that the mysterious White Pasha was none other than Henry M. Stanley, and that he had reached Emin's capital, namely, Wadelai, and was now returning to the coast. On the 15th of December, however, came unexpected news from the Red Sea Coast of Egypt that Emin's territory had been captured by Arabs and that Emin himself and Stanley had been

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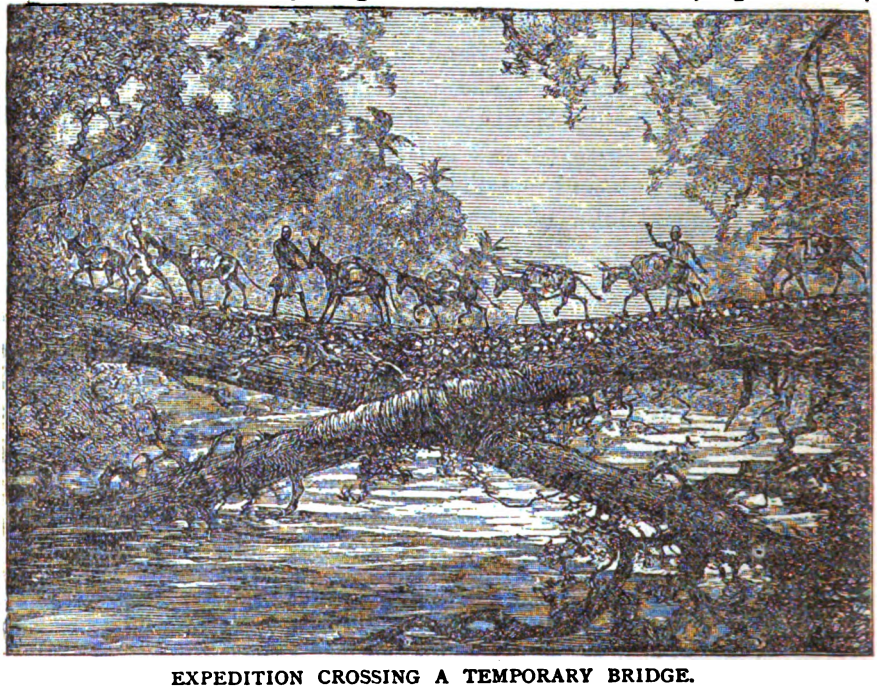
made prisoners. In proof of this, the following letter, which purported to have been received from a Mahdist officer in the Soudan, was forwarded. The letter was as follows:

"In the name of the Great God, etc. This is from the least among God's servants to his Master and Chief Khalifa, etc., We proceeded with the steamers and army. Reached the town Lado, where Emin, Mudir of Equator, is staying. We reached this place 5th Safar, 1306. We must thank officers and men who made this conquest easy to us before our arrival. They caught Emin and a traveller staying with him,



EXPEDITION CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE.

and put both in chains. The officers and men refused to go to Egypt with the Turks. Tewfik sent Emin one of the travellers, whose name is Mr. Stanley. This Mr. Stanley brought with him a letter from Tewfik to Emin, dated 8th Jemal Aowal, 1304, No. 81, telling Emin to come with Mr. Stanley, and gave the rest of the force the option to go to Cairo or remain. The force refused the Turkish orders, and gladly received us. I found a great deal of feathers and ivory. I am sending with this, on board the 'Bordain,' the officers and chief clerk. I am also sending the letter which came to Emin from Tewfik, with the banners we took from the Turks. I heard that there is another traveller who came to Emin

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but I heard that he returned. I am looking out for him. If he comes back again, I am sure to catch him. All the chiefs of the province with the inhabitants were delighted to receive us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. Please return the officers and chief clerk when you have seen them and given the necessary instructions, because they will be of great use to me."

Gloomy Predictions.

It turned out afterwards that this letter was only a transparent lie, the object of which was to alarm the British forces and induce them to abandon the country. Reliable news came from the Stanley expedition of sufferings and disasters, and multitudes of people were very much concerned for Mr. Stanley's safety. The following opinion was expressed by Mr. Joseph Thompson, the well-known African traveller:

"Stanley," he said, "has met his terrible fate in some such way as this: He started from the Aruwimi, and almost immediately plunged into dense forests, to be made worse by swamps further east. Through such a country his caravan would have to travel in single file, with probably no more than twenty men in sight at one time. Under such conditions it would be impossible for the Europeans to keep in touch with their men, and thus scattered, thus without officers in a sense, they would fight at a terrible disadvantage. And fight they would have to for daily food if nothing else, and consequently with each succeeding week less able to coutinue the struggle. In this way they plunged deeper and deeper into the recesses of the unknown forest and swamp—and deeper and deeper, no doubt, into the heart of a powerful tribe of natives. And then the end came. Probably in that last struggle for life not a soul escaped.

"If you ask me why no news, no rumor of that catastrophe leaked out, I answer because there was no trade, not even a slave route, through that region. There was no native or Arab merchant to carry the news from tribe to tribe; and as each tribe has little but fighting relations with the neighboring ones, the tidings would not get through by their means. And, after all, what would the massacre of a passing caravan be to those savages? Only a common incident not worth speaking about beside the continual tribal wars they are accustomed to. The one thing they would find to remark would be the wonderful character of the plunder. Some day, no doubt, the news will leak out, but it may be months before anything reaches us. It is not much use crying over spilt milk, but one cannot help lamenting over this probable new disaster. It is all so much on a par with our terrible blunderings in the Soudan and East Africa.

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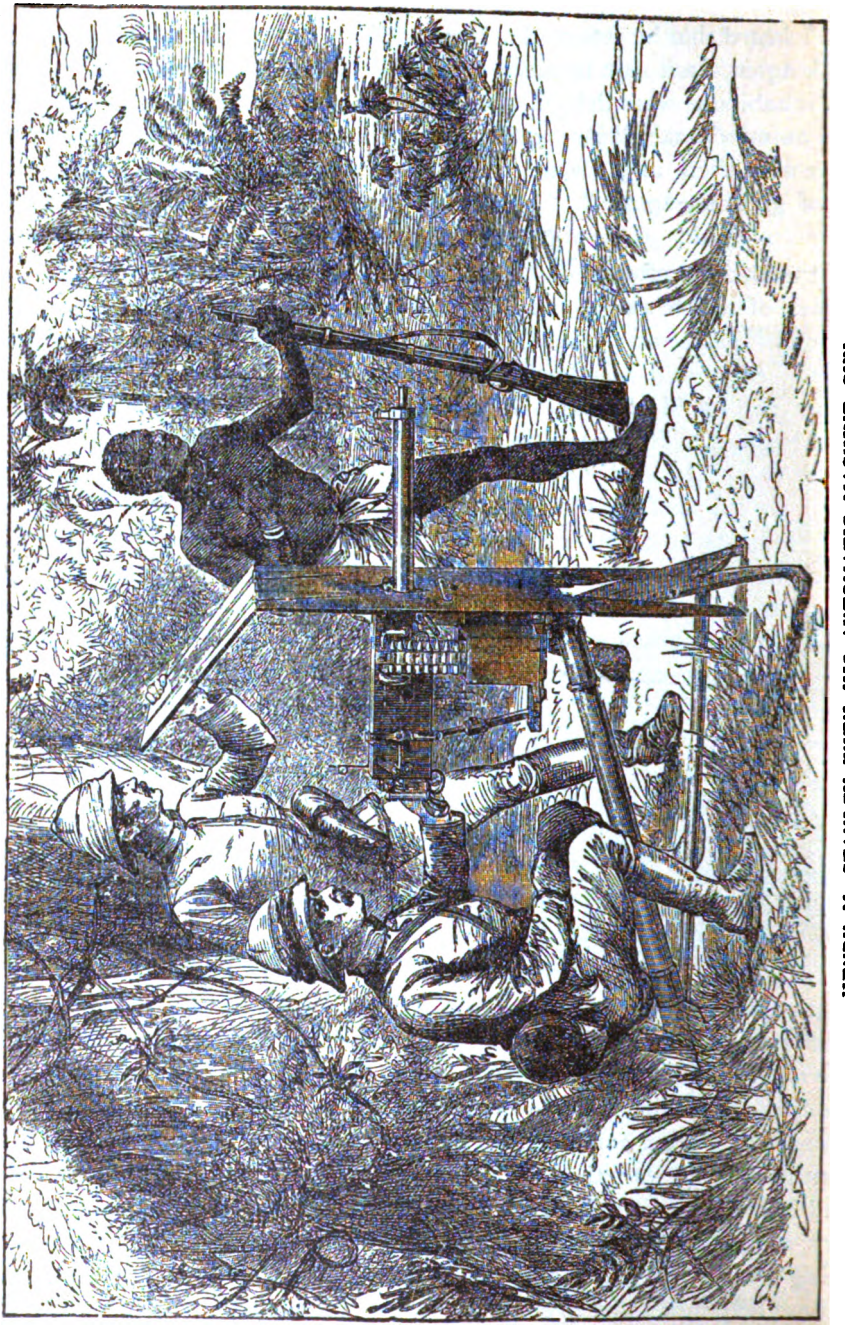

HENRY M. STANLEY WITH HIS AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUN.

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Only another remarkable man killed, and the magnificent life's work of another ruined. But for the selection of the Congo route Stanley might have been alive, Emin succored, and not improbably the Mahdi's host defeated."

The foregoing opinion, expressed by a man of experience, who might be supposed to know what he was talking about, was very generally approved by those who had but a limited and superficial knowledge of the dangers which Stanley must have encountered. There was a readiness to believe that the worst had befallen him. It did not seem possible for one to plunge into the heart of Africa, cut off all communication, be gone for a long period of time without having been heard from, and yet be in the land of the living. Except for the fact that Stanley had done this very thing on other occasions, the belief that he had perished would have been much more general.

It was well known that he was fully equipped for his expedition. All that the most modern inventions and appliances could furnish had been supplied for the journey. He had provisions, medicines, clothing, trinkets for the natives, munitions of war, and the latest inventions in arms. Among other things, he was supplied with an automatic machine gun, the advantage of which was that it would load rapidly, fire accurately, and carry to a great distance. This would be especially useful in bringing down heavy game at long range, and also in conflict with the natives if they should be so daring and so unwise as to force hostilities.

The interest in this last great expedition of Mr. Stanley has been almost of a personal character. Multitudes of people who never have seen the man, never have heard his voice and only know him by reputation, have yet felt toward him almost as if he were an intimate friend; they have shared his hardships and trials; they have wished him success at every step; they have waited eagerly for news from the Dark Continent; they have rejoiced in his triumphs and have been pained at the news of his sufferings. So the great explorer, whose fame fills the world, is not only admired for his heroic achievements, but loved for his character and his beneficent mission.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

STANLEY'S THRILLING NARRATIVE OF HIS JOURNEY.

The Great Explorer Heard From—News of Having Reached Emin Pasha—Interesting Letter from Mr. Stanley—Story of the Expedition's Movements—Awaiting the Arrival of a Steamer—Tipo tipo Again on the Scene—Lively Skirmish with the Natives—Setting Fire to Villages—Making an Attack Under Cover of Smoke—Proceeding Along the Left Bank of the Aruwimi—Again in the Wilderness—Death from Poisoned Arrows—Making Steady Progress—Arrival at the Camp—Attempt to Ruin the Expedition—What Stanley Calls an "Awful Month"—Brighter Prospects Ahead—Extreme Suffering from Hunger—Great Loss in Men—A Halt of Thirteen Days—View of the Land of Promise—Light After Continuous Gloom of One Hundred and Sixty Days—A Battle Imminent—Natives Prepare for Warfare—Terrible War-cries Ring from Hill to Hill—Treating with the Natives—Attempt to Drive Back the Expedition—Sharp-shooters Rout the Natives—The March Resumed—Perilous Descent—Stanley Builds a Fort—Laying Up Stores—Illness of Stanley—Deaths and Desertions—Stanley Starts Again—Obtaining Supplies—News Again of the "White Man."

THE dark forebodings expressed were not to be realized. The world was not yet to mourn the loss of one of her grandest explorers. In the latter part of December, 1888, less than ten days from the time the startling prophecies of Stanley's death were made public, reliable news came that the intrepid hero had reached Emin Pasha, and that his expedition was a complete success. On the 3d of April, 1889, a letter from Mr. Stanley's own hand was published, giving a graphic description of his journey, and proving that all the fears and predictions concerning his fate were happily groundless.

His letter to the chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee was dated at Bungangeta Island, Aruwimi River, August 28th, 1888, and ran as follows:

A short dispatch briefly announcing that we had placed the first installment of relief in the hands of Emin Pasha on the Albert Nyanza was sent to you by couriers from Stanley Falls, along with letters to Tipo-tipo, the Arab governor of that district, on the 17th inst., within three hours of our meeting with the rear column of the expedition. I propose to relate to you the story of our movements since June 28th, 1887.

I had established an intrenched and palisaded camp at Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwimi, just below the first rapids. Major Edmund Bartte-

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lot, being senior of these officers with me, was appointed commandant. Mr. J. S. Jamieson, a volunteer, was associated with him. On the arrival of all men and goods from Bolobo and Stanley Pool, the officers still believed Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny were to report to Major Barttelot for duty. But no important action or movement (according to letter of instructions given by me to the Major before leaving) was to be made without consulting with Messrs. Jamieson, Troup, and Ward. The columns under Major Barttelot's orders mustered two hundred and fifty-seven men.

As I requested the Major to send you a copy of the instructions issued to each officer, you are doubtless aware that the Major was to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of the steamer from Stanley Pool with the officers, men, and goods left behind; and if Tipo-tipo's promised contingent of carriers had in the meantime arrived, he was to march his column and follow our track, which so long as it traversed the forest region would be known by the blazing of the trees, by our camps and zaribas, etc. If Tipo-tipo's carriers did not arrive, then, if he (the Major) preferred moving to staying at Yambuya, he was to discard such things as mentioned in letter of instructions, and commence making double and triple journeys by short stages, until I should come down from the Nyanza and relieve him. The instructions were explicit and, as the officers admitted, intelligible.

Skirmish with the Natives.

The advance column, consisting of three hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, set out from Yambuya June 28th, 1887. The first day we followed the river bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankonde. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and, under cover of the smoke, attacked the pioneers who were clearing the numerous obstructions they had planted before the first village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland but trending east. We followed this path for five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding, and wounding an enemy was resorted to; but we passed through without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a northeasterly track, and reached the river again on the 5th of July. From this date until the 18th of October we followed the left bank of the Aruwimi.

After seventeen days' continuous marching we halted one day for rest. On the twenty-fourth day from Yambuya we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On the 1st of August

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the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course had been singularly successful. But as we now entered a wilderness, which occupied us nine days in marching through it, our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The

ABYSSINIAN FOOT SOLDIER.

river at this time was of great use to us; our boat and several canoes relieved the weary and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant as during the first month, was still steady.

On the 13th of August we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a

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bold front; we lost five men through poisoned arrows; and to our great grief, Lieutenant Stairs was wounded just below the heart; but, though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered. On the 15th Mr. Jephson, in command of the land party, led his men inland, became confused, and lost his way. We were not re-united until the 21st.

On the 25th of August we arrived in the district of Air-jeli. Opposite our camp was the mouth of the tributary Nepoko.

On the 31st of August we met for the first time a party of Manyema, belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, *alias* Uledi Balyuz, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. Our misfortunes began from this date, for I had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, that they might not tamper with my men, and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting.

On the 16th of September we arrived at a camp opposite the station at Ugarrowwa's. As food was very scarce, owing to his having devastated an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with such a man I made, and left fifty-six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarrowwa's to the continous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarrowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head was to be paid to this man for their food.

Attempt to Ruin the Expedition.

On September 19th we left Ugarrowwa's, and on the 18th of October entered the settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed bin Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State." This proved an awful month to us; not one member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. The advance numbered two hundred and fifty-eight souls on leaving Ugarrowwa's, because out of three hundred and eighty we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick at the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men by starvation and desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi, and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed bin Salim did their utmost to ruin the expedition. Short of open hostilities, they purchased rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left their station we were beggared, and our men were absolutely naked.

We were so weak, physically, that we were unable to carry the boat

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and about seventy loads of goods; we therefore left these goods and boat at Kilinga-Longa's under Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march, and after twelve days' march we arrived at a native settlement called Ibwiri. Between Kilinga-Longa's and Ibwiri our condition had not improved. The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a devastation so complete that there was not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa and Abed bin Salim the elephants had destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers; we were on virgin soil in a populous region abounding with food.

Our suffering from hunger, which began on the 31st of August, terminated on the 12th of November. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of three hundred and eighty-nine we now only numbered one hundred and seventy-four, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate. Hitherto our people were skeptical of what we told them, the suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by and by we should see plains and cattle and the Nyanza and the white man, Emin Pasha.

Ravages of Hunger.

We felt as though we were dragging them along with a chain around our necks. "Beyond these raiders lies a country untouched, where food is abundant and where you will forget your miseries, so cheer up, boys; be men, press on a little faster." They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralized. Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishments were of no avail, I then resorted to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hung in presence of all.

We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and reveled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves; the effect was such that I had a hundred and seventy-one—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men, when I set out for the Albert Nyanza on the 24th of November.

We were still a hundred and twenty-six miles from the lake; but with a supply of food, such a distance would seem as nothing.

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On the 1st of December we sighted the open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah, so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On the 5th of December we emerged upon the plains, and the deadly gloomy forest was behind us. After a hundred and sixty days of continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us, and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions, successfully completed, all of a sudden revived.

A Battle Imminent.

Woe betide the native aggressor we may meet, however powerful he may be; with such a spirit the men will fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It had been the eternal forest that had made the abject, slavish creatures, so brutally plundered by Arab slaves at Kilonga-Longa's.

On the 9th we came to the country of the powerful chief Mozamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages about 4 P. M. on the 9th of December and occupied it, building a zariba as fast as bill-hooks could cut brushwood. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill, they were sent pealing across the intervening valleys, the people gathered by hundreds from every point, war-horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in us capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean.

The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who we were, and we were anxious to glean news of the land that threatened to ruin the expedition. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectable distance apart. The natives said they were subject to Uganda; but that Kabba-Rega was their real King, Mozamboni holding the country for Kabba-Rega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show their King Mozamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. In the meantime all hostilities were to be suspended.

The morning of the 11th dawned, and at 8 A. M. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mozamboni's wish that we

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should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received by the valley around our neighborhood with deafening cries. Their word "kanwana," signifies to make peace, "kurwana" signifies war. We were therefore in doubt, or rather we hoped we had heard wrongly. We sent an interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was kanwana or kurwana. Kurwana, they responded, and to emphasize the term two arrows were shot at him, which dissipated all doubt.

Sharp-shooters Drive the Natives.

Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley two hundred and fifty yards wide; on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend; the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men were sent, under Lieutenant Stairs, to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east; a choice body of sharp-shooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharp-shooters did their work effectively, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general flight. Meantime Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P. M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us.

On the morning of the 12th we continued our march; during the day we had four little fights. On the 13th marched straight east; attacked by new forces every hour until noon, when we halted for refreshments. These we successfully overcame.

At 1 P. M. we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried out, "Prepare yourself for a sight of the Nyanza." The men murmured and doubted, and said, "Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us." At 1.30 P. M. the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters, but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon, that I could not say a word. This was my reward. The mountains, they said, were the mountains of Unyoro, or rather its lofty plateau wall. Kavali, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies.

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We were at an altitude of five thousand two hundred feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over two thousand nine hundred below us. We stood in 1° 20′ N. lat.; the south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped about six miles south of this position. Right across to the

STANLEY THREATENS DEATH IF THE BOX IS DROPPED.

eastern shore every dent in its low, flat shore was visible, and traced like a silver snake on a dark ground was the tributary Laniliki, flowing into the Albert from the southwest.

After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the rugged

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and stony descent. Before the rear-guard had descended one hundred feet, the natives of the plateau we had just left poured after them. Had they shown as much courage and perseverance on the plain as they now exhibited, we might have been seriously delayed. The rear-guard was kept very busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids readings two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. A night attack was made on us, but our sentries sufficed to drive these natives away.

At 9 A. M. of the 14th we approached the village of Kakongo, situate at the southwest corner of the Albert Lake. Three hours were spent by us attempting to make friends. We signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake, because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood-brotherhood with us, because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us, because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink, and they would show us our road up to Nyam Sassic. But from these singular people we learned that they had heard there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they seen any steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had, except such as would hold the men, etc.

Building a Fort.

There was no excuse for quarrelling; the people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path and followed it a few miles, when we camped about half a mile from the lake. We began to consider our position, with the light thrown upon it by the conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zanzibar had evidently not arrived, or, I presume, Emin Pasha with his two steamers would have paid the southwest side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kilonga-Longa's, one hundred and ninety miles distant.

There was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me, except that of retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilonga-Longa's for our boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, and raise corn

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for us; march back again to the Albert Lake, and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussions with my officers, I resolved upon.

On the 15th we marched to the site of Kavali, on the west side of the lake. Kavali had years ago been destroyed. At 4 P. M. the Kakongo natives had followed us and shot several arrows into our bivouac, and disappeared as quickly as they came. At 6 P. M. we began a night march, and by 10 A. M. of the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more, Kakongo natives having persisted in following us up the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded.

Illness of Stanley.

By January 7th we were in Ibwiri once again, and after a few days' rest Lieutenant Stairs, with a hundred men, sent to Kilonga-Longa's to bring the boat and goods up, also Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers, only eleven men were brought to the fort, the rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods he was sent to Ugarrowwa's to bring up the convalescents there. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace. Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm, but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and forty-seven days having expired, I set out again for the Albert Nyanza, April 2d, accompanied by Messrs. Jephson and Parke. Captain Nelson, now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys.

On April 26th we arrived in Mozamboni's country once again, but this time, after solicitation, Mozamboni decided to make blood-brotherhood with me. Though I had fifty rifles less with me on this second visit, the example of Mozamboni was followed by all the other chiefs as far as Nyanza, and every difficulty seemed removed. Food was supplied gratis; cattle, goats, sheep, and fowls were also given in such abundance that our people lived royally. One day's march from the Nyanza the natives came from Kavali, and said that a white man named "Maleja" had given their chief a black packet to give to me, his son. Would I follow them? "Yes, to-morrow," I answered, "and if your words are true I will make you rich."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

STANLEY FINDS EMIN PASHA.

Wonderful Tales by Natives—"Ships as Large as Islands, Filled with Men"—Note from Emin Pasha—Strip of American Oil-cloth—Boat Dispatched to Nyanza—Hospitable Reception by the Egyptian Garrison—Joyful Meeting—Emin and Stanley Together—Only Sixteen Men Left Out of Fifty six—Favorable Accounts of the Fort—Getting Rid of Encumbrances—Moving Foward—Securing Ample Supplies—Immense Flotilla of Canoes—Hair-breadth Escapes and Tragic Scenes—Reorganizing the Expedition—Stanley Reported Dead—Immense Loss of Men—Good Accounts of the Survivors—Vast Forests—Sublime Scenery—High Table-lands—Lake Nyanza—Conversation with Emin Pasha—What Shall be Done?—Planning to Remove—Disposing of Women and Children—Last Words—Stanley Sends a Message to the Troops—Emin Pasha to Visit the Fort—Stanley Makes a Short Cut—Success Thus Far of the Expedition.

THE natives were with us that night, telling wonderful stories about "big ships as large as islands filled with men," which left no doubt in our mind that this white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to the chief Kavali, and after a while he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strip of black American oil-cloth. The note was to the effect "that as there had been a native rumor to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kabba-Rega, King of Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him. However, the wife of the Nyamsassie chief had told a native ally of his named Mogo that she had seen us in Mrusuma (Mozambor.i's country). He therefore begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me." The note was signed "(Dr.) Emin," and dated March 26th.

The nex day, April 23d, Mr. Jephson was dispatched with a strong force of men to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mswa station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers.

On the 29th of April we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on the 16th of December, and at 5 P. M. of that day I saw the

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Khedive steamer about seven miles away steaming up toward us. Soon after 7 P. M. Emin Pasha and Signor Cassati and Mr. Jephson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us.

The next day we moved to a better camping-place, about three miles above Nyamsassie, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp; we were together until the 25th of May. On that day I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese, and two Zanzibaris in his care, and in return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and one hundred and two Mahdi natives as porters.

"Only Sixteen Men Out of Fifty-six."

Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwa's twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, April 2d, bringing with him, alas! only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Barttelot had safely left Ugarrowwa's for Yambuya on March 16th.

Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was in the granaries; they had just commenced planting again.

On the 16th of June I left Fort Bodo with a hundred and eleven Zanzibaris and a hundred and one of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers in order that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores left with Major Barttelot. On the 24th of June we reached Kilonga-Longa's, and July 19th Ugarrowwa's. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn, so that we had been able to pass through the wilderness unscathed.

Passing on down the river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of ten pounds per head, or the Major himself leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal.

On the 10th of August we overtook Ugarrowwa with an immense flotilla of fifty-seven canoes, and to our wonder our couriers now reduced

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to seventeen. They related an awful story of hair-breadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

A week later, on August 17th, we met the rear column of the expedition at a place called Bunalya, or, as the Arabs have corrupted it Unarya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade whom I at first though was Mr. Jamieson, but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonny, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"Well, my dear Bonny, where is the Major?"

"He is dead, sir; shot by the Manyuema about a month ago."

"Good God! And Mr. Jamieson?"

"He has gone to Stanley Falls to try and get some more men from Tipo-tipo."

"And Mr. Troup."

"Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided."

"Hem! well, where is Ward?"

"Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir."

"Heavens alive! then you are the only one here?"

"Yes, sir."

I found the rear column a terrible wreck. Out of two hundred and fifty-seven men there were only seventy-one remaining. Out of seventy-one only fifty-two on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuya to Bunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty-three days. According to Mr. Bonny, during the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuya, the record is only one of disaster, desertion, and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which are incredible, and, indeed, I have not the time, for, excepting Mr. Bonny, I have no one to assist me in re-organizing the expedition.

Stanley Reported Dead.

There are still far more loads than I can carry, at the same time articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuya with only a short campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess

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ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS.

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meeting, proposed that my instructions should be canceled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly, my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as "superfluities!" Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked and deprived of even the necessaries of life in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats and four pairs of boots, a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately, not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact—it was only myself that was dead.

I pray you to say that we were only eighty-two days from the Albert Lake to Banalya, and sixty-one from Fort Bodo. The distance is not very great—it is the people who fail one. Going to Nyanza we felt as though we had the tedious task of dragging them; on returning each man knew the road, and did not need any stimulus. Between the Nyanza and here we only lost three men—one of which was by desertion. I brought a hundred and thirty-one Zanzibaris here, and left fifty-nine at Fort Bodo, total one hundred and ninety men out of three hundred and eighty-nine; loss, fifty per cent.

Immense Loss of Men.

At Yambuya I left two hundred and fifty-seven men, there are only seventy-one left, ten of whom will never leave this camp—loss over two hundred and seventy per cent. This proves that, though the sufferings of the advance were unprecedented, the mortality was not so great as in camp at Yambuya. The survivors of the march are all robust, while the survivors of the rear column are thin and most unhealthy-looking.

I have thus rapidly sketched out our movements since June 28th, 1887. I wish I had the leisure to furnish more details, but I cannot find the time. I write this amid the hurry and bustle of departure, and amid constant interruptions. You will, however, have gathered from this letter an idea of the nature of the country traversed by us. We were a hundred and sixty days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass-land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grass-land are well marked. We saw it extending northeasterly, with its curves and bays and capes just like a sea-shore. Southwesterly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangwe to the southern borders of the Monbuttu; east and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the

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mouth of the Aruwimi, to about east longitude 29°–40°. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract thus described—totally covered by forest—is two hundred and forty-six thousand square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and the Aruwimi, the forest embraces another twenty thousand square miles.

Between Yambuya and the Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The last is that which is spoken by the Wanyoro, Wan-

SKIRMISH DRILL OF KAFFIR WARRIORS.

yankori, Wanya, Ruanda, Wahha, and people of Karangwe and Ukerewe.

The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo River from an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet to one thousand four hundred feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grass-land the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mounts or ridges. North we saw no land higher than about six thousand feet above the sea, but bearing two hundred and fifteen degrees magnetic, at the distance of about fifty miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit

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covered with snow, and probably seventeen or eighteen thousand feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will probably prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same—first, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter as given by me in 1876; and, secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennett. I might mention a third, which is that the latter is a perfect cone apparently, while the Ruevenzori is an oblong mount, nearly level on the summit, with two ridges extending northeast and southwest.

I have met only three natives who have seen the lake toward the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

The Aruwimi becomes known as the Suhali about one hundred miles above Yambuya; as it nears the Nepoko it is called the Nevoa; beyond its confluence with the Nepoko it is known as the No-Welle; three hundred miles from the Congo it is called the Itiri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to its source. Ten minutes' march from the Ituri waters we saw the Nyanza, like a mirror in its immense gulf.

What Shall be Done?

Before closing my letter let me touch more at large on the subject which brought me to this land—viz., Emin Pasha.

The Pasha has two battalions of regulars under him—the first, consisting of about seven hundred and fifty rifles, occupies Duffle, Honyu, Labore, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf; the second battalion, consisting of six hundred and forty men, guard the stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communication along the Nyanza and Nile about one hundred and eighty miles in length. In the interior west of the Nile he retains three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battallions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants. "Altogether," he said, "if I consent to go away from here we shall have about eight thousand people with us."

"Were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment or be a second in doubt what to do."

"What you say is quite true, but we have such a large number of women and children, probably ten thousand people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great number of carriers."

"Carriers! carriers for what," I asked.

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"For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel?"

"The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on the donkeys. I hear you have

EXTRAORDINARY FOREST GROWTHS IN AFRICA.

about two hundred of them. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but litttle by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear of them; they will do better than the men."

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"They would require a vast amount of provision for the road."

"True, but you have some thousands of cattle, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The country through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food."

"Well, well, we will defer further talk till to-morrow."

Planning to Remove.

May 1st, 1888.—Halt in camp at Nsabe. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer "Khedive" obout 1 P. M., and in a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments used above were repeated, and he said:

"What you told me yesterday has led me to think it is best we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of these about one hundred men, besides their women and children. Of these there is no doubt, and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavors for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted story, that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars who compose the first and second battalions I am extremely doubtful; they have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they cannot command in Egypt.

"The soldiers are married, and several of them have harems. Many of the irregulars would also retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave, you can imagine that my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on returning all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise, and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter until there would be none of them left."

"Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?" I asked.

"Oh! these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you."

"Now, will you, Pasha, do me the favor to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the sea, for we have been instructed to assist him also should we meet?"

Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha:

"What the Governor Emin decides upon shall be the rule of conduct

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for me also. If the Governor stays, I stay. If the Governor goes, I go."

"Well, I see, Pasha; that in the event of your staying your responsibilities will be great."

A laugh. The sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant Captain replied:

"Oh! I beg pardon, but I absolve the Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, because I am governed by my own choice entirely."

Thus day after day I recorded faithfully the interviews I had with Emin Pasha; but these extracts reveal as much as is necessary for you to understand the position. I left Mr. Jephson thirteen of my Soudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united expedition to the Nyanza.

Within two months the Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new road.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

STANLEY IN THE BOUNDLESS FOREST.

The Route Taken by Stanley—A March Beset by Fatal Perils—Death Thins the Ranks—Bushes and Creepers—Most Extensive Forest Region in Africa—One Hundred and Sixty Days in the Dense Woods—Loyal Blacks—Insects and Monkeys—Dwarfs and Poisoned Arrows—Gloom by Day and Frightful Darkness by Night—Sources of Moisture—Wild and Savage Aborigines—Short-lived Vision of Beauty—Light at Last—The Expedition in Raptures at the Sight of Green Fields—Scene on a Derby Day—Wild With Delight—A Leprous Outcast—"Beauty and the Beast"—News of a Powerful Tribe—Frantic Multitude—Fowls Plucked and Roasted—Skeletons Getting Fat—Back and Forth on the Banks of the Aruwimi—Emin Pasha—"See, Sir, What a Big Mountain"—Lake Albert Nyanza—Important Discoveries.

STANLEY'S narrative in the preceding chapters shows that he entered the Dark Continent from the mouth of the Congo on the west coast, sailed up that river and finally entered its tributary, the Aruwimi. There he established a station and proceeded overland with the object of reaching Wadelai, where Emin Pasha was supposed to be located. A reference to the map of Central Africa, which the reader has already had an opportunity of scanning, will show the route that he took after leaving the river Aruwimi. It was in this part of the journey especially that the greatest obstacles and dangers were encountered. From the following narrative, related with all of Mr. Stanley's masterly power, it seems surprising that any persons connected with the expedition escaped with their lives. The bold explorers were beset by every kind of difficulty and peril. Death thinned the ranks of the party, starvation threatened them, and it was only with the greatest perseverance and courage, combined with painful privations, that the final object was attained. Mr. Stanley's account is as follows:

Until we penetrated and marched through it, this region was entirely unexplored and untrodden by either white or Arab. The difficulties consisted of creepers ranging from one-eighth inch to fifteen inches in diameter, swinging across the path in bowlines or loops, sometimes massed and twisted together; also of a low dense bush, occupying the sites of old clearings, which had to be carved through before a passage was possible. Where years had elapsed since the clearings had been

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abandoned, we found a young forest and the spaces between the trees choked with climbing plants, vegetable creepers and tall plants. This kind had to be tunnelled through before an inch of progress could be made. The region traversed by us is probably the most extensive forest region in all Africa, a region, moreover, resembling in many respects the tropical forest region of South America.

While in England, considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert), I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region lying between the Congo and the grass land, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, plowing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took us one hundred and sixty days before we could say, "Thank God, we are out of the darkness at last." At one time we were all—whites and blacks—almost "done up." September, October, and half of that month of November, 1887, will not be forgotten by us.

Battling with Death.

October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers are heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of one hundred and thirty, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shades of ancient trees, ranging from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet high; briers and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, 'ever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and from June 1st, 1888, to the present

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date, to continue again from the present date till about December 10th, 1888, when I hope to say a last farewell to the Congo Forest.

A Desolate Wilderness.

Now that we have gone through and through this forest region, I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deduced from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with the requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of the South Atlantic Ocean, whose vapors are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of one thousand four hundred miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture, to be distilled into rain, and mist, and dew, over this insatiable forest; and then another six hundred miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about one hundred and fifty days of rain every year in this region, and that the Congo Forest covers such a wide area.

Until we set foot on the grass land, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked like a smile, or a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half of the time every day resembles a winter sky in England; the face of Nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

Light at Last!

Emerging from the forest, finally, we all became enraptured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches and gloomy thoughts and unwholesome ideas were banished. You have heard how the London citizen, after months of devotion to business in the gaseous atmosphere in that great city, falls into raptures at sight of the green fields and hedges, meadows and trees, and how his emotions, crowding on his dazed senses, are indescribable. Indeed, I have seen a Derby day once, and I fancied then that I only saw madmen, for great, bearded,

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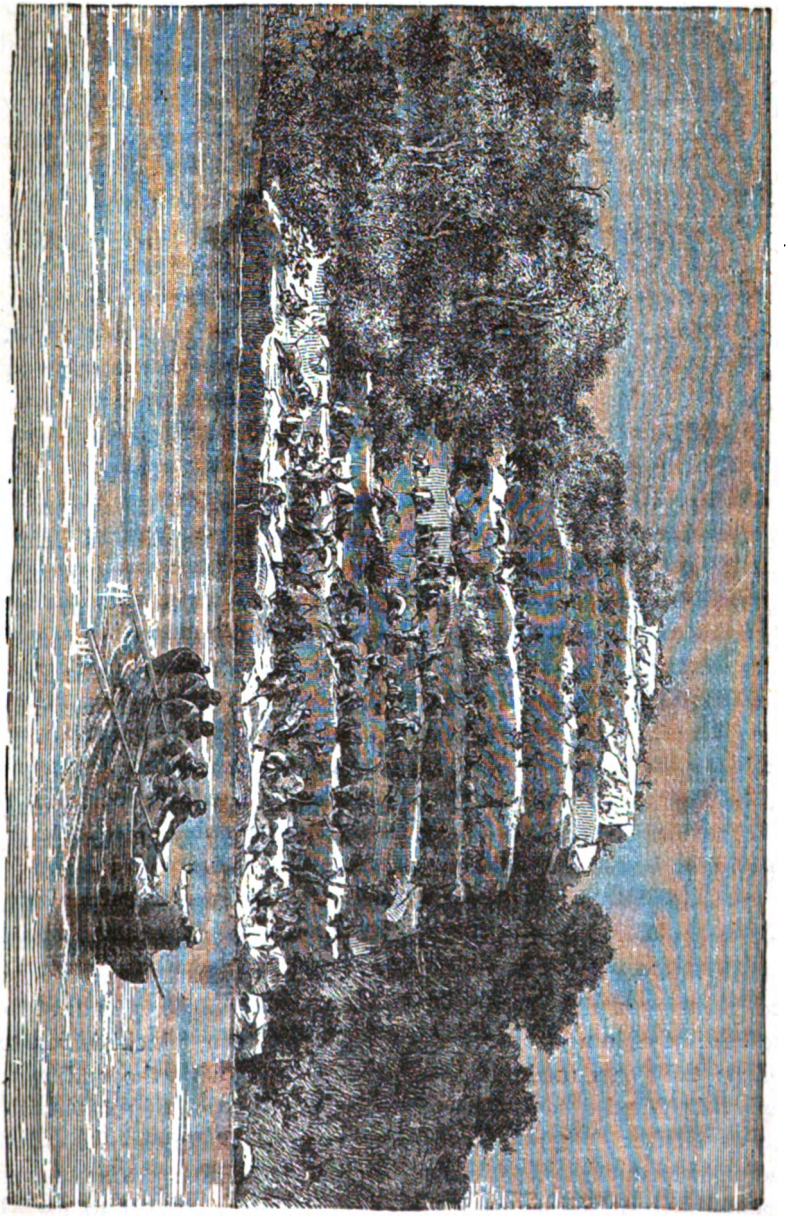

MONKEY TOWN IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

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hoary-headed fellows, though well dressed enough, behaved in a most idiotic fashion, amazing me quite. Well, on this 5th of December we became suddenly smitten with madness in the same manner. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that "Legion" had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide, unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, roan antelope, stood on either hand with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings, yelling with joy, as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest.

A Leprous Outcast.

On the confines of this forest, near a village which was rich in sugar cane, ripe bananas, tobacco, Indian corn, and other productions of aboriginal husbandry, we came across an ancient woman lying asleep. I believe she was a leper and an outcast, but she was undoubtedly ugly, vicious, and old; and, being old, she was obstinate. I practised all kinds of seductive arts to get her to do something besides crossly mumbling, but of no avail. Curiosity having drawn toward us about a hundred of our people, she fastened fixed eyes on one young fellow (smooth-faced and good-looking), and smiled. I caused him to sit near her, and she became voluble enough—beauty and youth had tamed the "beast." From her talk we learned that there was a powerful tribe, called the Banzanza, with a great king, to the northeast of our camp, of whom we might be well afraid, as the people were as numerous as grass. Had we learned this ten days earlier, I might have become anxious for the result, but it now only drew a contemptuous smile from the people, for each one, since he had seen the grass land and evidences of meat, had been transformed into a hero.

We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude, but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the emptied villages of the open country we proceeded, to regale ourselves on melon, rich-flavored bananas and plantains, and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked down, plucked, roasted, or boiled; the goats, meditatively browsing, or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the grateful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of good things, had awaited our eruption into the grass land. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a goee-goee or chicken-heart

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left. Only the Babusesse, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion.

A Great River.

The main Ituri, at the distance of six hundred and eighty miles from its mouth, is one hundred and twenty-five yards wide, nine feet deep, and has a current of three knots. It appears to run parallel with the Nyanza. Near that group of cones and hills affectionately named Mount Schweinfurth, Mount Junker, and Mount Speke, I would place its highest source. Draw three or four respectable streams draining into it from the crest of the plateau overlooking the Albert Nyanza, and two or three respectable streams flowing into it from northwesterly, let the main stream flow southwest to near north latitude 1°, give it a bow-like form north latitude 1° to north latitude 1° 50′, then let it flow with curves and bends down to north latitude 1° 17′ near Yambunya, and you have a sketch of the course of the Aruwimi, or Ituri, from the highest source down to its mouth, and the length of this Congo tributary will be eight hundred miles. We have traveled on it and along its banks for six hundred and eighty miles; on our first march to the Nyanza for one hundred and fifty-six miles along its banks or near its vicinity; we returned to obtain our boat from Kilonga-Longa's; then we conveyed the boat to the Nyanza for as many miles again; for four hundred and eighty miles we traversed its flanks or voyaged on its waters to hunt up the rear column of the expedition; for as many miles we must retrace our steps to the Albert Nyanza for the third time. You will, therefore, agree with me that we have sufficient knowledge of this river for all practical purposes.

On the 25th of May, 1888, Emin Pasha's Soudanese were drawn up in line to salute the advancing column as it marched in file toward the Ituri River from the Nyanza. Half an hour after we parted. I was musing as I walked of the Pasha and his steamer when my gun-bearer cried out, "See, sir, what a big mountain; it is covered with salt!" I gazed in the direction he pointed out, and there sure enough—

> "Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
> And white against the cold white sky
> Shone out the crowning snows:"

or, rather, to be sure, a blue mountain of prodigious height and mass. This, then, said I, must be the Ruwenzori, which the natives said had something white, like the metal of my lamp, on the top.

White-capped Mountain.

I should estimate its distance to be quite fifty miles from where we stood. Whether it is Mount Gordon Bennett or not I am uncertain.

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Against the supposition is the fact that I saw no snow on the latter in 1876, that its shape is vastly different, and that Ruwenzori is a little too far west for the position I gave of Gordon Bennett, and I doubt that Gordon Bennett Mount, if its latitude is correct, could be seen from a distance of eighty geographical miles in an atmosphere not very remarkable for its clearness. I should say that the snow line seemed to be about one thousand feet from the summit. There is plenty of room for both Ruwenzori and Gordon Bennett in the intervening space between Beatrice Gulf and the Albert Nyanza.

At the south and southwest of the Albert Nyanza there is no mystery. A century (or perhaps more) ago, the lake must have been some twelve or fifteen miles longer, and considerably broader opposite Mbakovia than it is now. With the wearing away of reefs obstructing the Nile below Wadelai, the lake has rapidly receded, and is still doing so to the astonment of the Pasha (Emin), who first saw Lake Albert seven or eight years. For, he says, "islands that were near the west shore have now become headlands occupied by our stations and native villages."

Across the lake from Nyamsassie to Mbakovia, its color indicates great shallowness, being brown and muddy like that of a river flowing through alluvial soil. Some of this must, of course, be due to the Semliki River, but while on board the Khedive steamer from Nyamsassie to Nsabi, I noticed that the pole of the sounding-man at the bow constantly touched from a mile to a mile and a half from shore. Near the south end the steamer has to anchor about five miles from shore.

Important Discoveries.

At the southwest end, the plain rises from the edge of the lake one foot in one hundred and eighty feet. The plain of the south end rises at the same rate for about ten miles. A slight change then takes place as the eastern and western walls of the table-land draw nearer, and *debris* from their slopes, washed by rains and swept by strong winds, humus of grass and thorn forest, have added to its height above the lake. Natives say that south of this the plain slopes steeply to the level of the uplands. A shoulder of the western wall prevented us from verifying this, and still beyond must be left until we take our journey homeward.

I look upon this country lying between the Albert Nyanza and the lake discovered by me in 1876 as promising curious revelations. Up to this moment I am not certain to which river the last lake belongs—whether to the Nile or the Congo. I believe to the latter, but what I am sure of is that it has no connection with the Albert Nyanza.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

HORRORS OF STANLEY'S MARCH.

The Explorer Again Lost—Long and Painful Suspense—Welcome Despatch from Zanzibar—Wonderful March—Conspicuous Bravery—Stanley's Thrilling Story—Murder of Major Barttelot—Mission Church—"Outskirts of Blessed Civilization"—Vivid Word-painting—Stanley's Letter to a Friend—Movements of Jephson—Stanley's History of His Journey—Letter to the Chairman of the Emin Relief Fund—Rear Column in a Deplorable State—Land March Begun—Gathering Stores for the March—Small pox—Terrible Mortality—Bridging a River—Crafty and Hostile Dwarfs—Tracks of Elephants—Fighting Starvation—Stanley Returns to Find the Missing Men—Making Friends with the Natives—Startling Letter from Jephson—Emin a Prisoner—The Insurgents Reach Lado—Emin's Followers Like Rats in a Trap—Stanley's Arrival Anxiously Awaited—Emin Clings to His Province—Stanley's Letter to Jephson—Absurd Indecision—Letter from Emin—Desperate Situation—Emin's Noble Traits—Stanley's Letter to Marston—Recital of Thrilling Events.

AFTER Mr. Stanley sent us the account of the first part of his journey contained in the preceding chapters, he was again lost to the world. There was silence for many months; and there was also anxious speculation concerning his fate, and many fears that he and all others in his brave band had perished in the murky wilds of the Congo. The long and painful suspense was finally broken.

On October 24th, 1889, a cable dispatch was received from Captain Wissmann, Imperial Commissioner of Germany to East Africa, stating that reliable news had been received concerning Emin Pasha and Henry M. Stanley, Signor Casati and six Englishmen. They were all expected to arrive at Mpwapwa at the latter part of November.

This dispatch was supplemented soon after by the following:

LONDON, Nov. 4.—Mr. Mackinnon, the head of the Emin Relief Committee, has received a dispatch from Henry M. Stanley.

The explorer says: "I reached the Albert Nyanza from Banalaya, for the third time, in 140 days, and found that Emin and Jephson had both been prisoners since the 18th of August, 1888, being the day after I made the discovery that Barttelot's caravan had been wrecked.

"The troops in the Equatorial Province had revolted and shaken off all allegiance. Shortly after the Mahdists invaded the province in full force.

"After the first battle in May the stations yielded and a panic struck

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the natives, who joined the invaders and assisted in the work of destruction.

"The invaders subsequently suffered reverses, and dispatched a steamer to Khartoum for reinforcements.

"I found a letter waiting for me near the Albert Nyanza exposing the dangerous position of the survivors and urging the immediate necessity of my arrival before the end of December, otherwise it would be too late.

"I arrived there on the 18th of January for the third time. From the 14th of February to the 8th of May I waited for the fugitives, and then left the Albert Nyanza homeward bound."

This piece of news, assuring the world of Stanley's safety, was welcomed with acclamations, and further intelligence from the heroic explorer was eagerly awaited. It soon came, and before we present to the reader the graphic letters from Stanley and Emin, giving a full account of the expedition, we give an outline of the wonderful march. This march was beset by all manner of dangers, and only the most daring bravery and perseverance—a bravery that did not count life dear—could ever have brought the gallant band of travelers to the light of civilization.

The Thrilling Story.

Mr. Stanley and his companions have now, to use his own words, "reached the outskirts of blessed civilization," and the complete narrative of the marvellous journey shows that in perils overcome, in labors and privations endured, in adventures with savage foes, and in brilliant discoveries, this journey stands unparalleled and alone. Mr. Stanley writes to his friend, Mr. Marston, and to the Emin Pasha Relief Committee; Emin writes to his old friend Dr. Schweinfurth. Mr. Stanley's letters are of the greatest interest. Emin Pasha's eyesight will not allow him to write much, and there is a pathetic allusion to it in the exclamation in which he abruptly concludes. Mr. Stanley writes with his accustomed vivacity and in his accustomed good spirits.

Stanley's letters and Emin's take up the story of the march and rescue from the point at which it was left in the letters published earlier in 1889, and contained in the foregoing chapters. Stanley marched from Yambuya on the Aruwimi to his first meeting with Emin at the Albert Nyanza. After a fortnight's rest, he returned from the Albert Nyanza to his starting-point, to collect his rear-guard and stores, only to find that Major Barttelot had been murdered in his absence, and that the station was little better than a ruin. His letters published in April, 1889, were

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written under the influence of this sore discouragement, and when he was setting forward again to effect his junction with Emin for the last time. During his absence, disaster had overtaken Emin, as it previously overtook Major Barttelot, and Stanley arrived at the very moment to save the German explorer from utter ruin. His arrival on this occasion at the Albert Nyanza marks, as he reminds us, his third journey across a terrible region—a region of well-nigh impenetrable forest, peopled with the dwarfs and cannibals previously described. He made one journey to the Albert to discover Emin; a second journey back to Yambuya; a third, and last one, forward to the Albert once more, to save Emin's life. His present letters, after recapitulating some of the particulars of the earlier ones, take up the story of the march, from the period of the second junction with Emin. One is writen from the Victoria Nyanza on the 3d September, 1889. The travellers were then well advanced on their journey towards the East Coast. They had travelled many hundreds of miles to the southern shore of the larger lake, and they had at length seen a mission church, surmounted by a cross, which showed them that they had "reached the outskirts of blessed civilization."

Stanley's Vivid Word-painting.

Mr. Stanley is delightfully himself in the letter to Mr. Marston. He writes of the ages that have gone by since they met, and of the "daily thickening barrier of silence" that has crept between them in the meanwhile. A man who is writing from the heart of Africa is, in a sense, as one who is writing from the dead. It must seem to him as though he had passed the portals, and had joined those literary characters who spend their time in inditing "letters from the other world." How hard to think of the ordered bustle of city life as common to the same sphere with "vicious, man-eating savages, and crafty undersized men" of the forest glades. Civilization seen from that standpoint must seem always unreal, and sometimes positively grotesque.

The writer settles down to his narrative, and soon we hear of his second meeting with Emin, and of his terrible illness, which combined with the delays in collecting Emin's scattered force to retard their setting forth. For twenty-eight days Stanley lay helpless, and at one time he lay at the point of death. Then, little by little, he gathered strength, and ordered the march for home. There are touches in this letter which, even if the handwriting were another's, would be conclusive to Stanley's authorship. The sterner man of his strange complex personality is to

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be traced in the quiet saying, "There is a virtue, you know, in striving unyieldingly." And it is enough to make us doubt whether all the honor thrust upon him will efface memories of horrors by which he is alternatly "hardened" and "unmanned."

Emin's Strange Indecision.

The letter to the Emin Pasha Relief Committee is nearly a month earlier in date than the letter to Mr. Marston. It abounds, however, in the most precious details of the meeting with Emin. Like everything that Mr. Stanley writes, it is rich in the picturesque. It paints a man as well as a situation. It shows us how Emin's irresolution, his difficulty in making up his mind to a yea or a nay on the question of quitting his post—already remarked by Mr. Stanley after their first meeting—had at length been conquered by circumstances. When Mr. Stanley after incredible hardships again neared the Albert, it was only to learn, from secret letters of Mr. Jephson—himself under surveillance—of the irruption of the Mahdists, the treachery of Emin's troops, and the captivity of their leader. Stanley's men had passed through frightful perils on the way —hostile dwarfs, small-pox, starvation, over-feeding, and death—only for their leader to receive this cold comfort at last. "I trust you will arrive before the Mahdists are reinforced, or our case will be desperate," wrote Mr. Jephson in conclusion. All Stanley, or at any rate all the heroic Stanley of the African wilds, comes out in the answer. He tells Jephson to obey him, and to let his orders be to him "as a frontlet between the eyes," and all will yet end well.

Finally, when Stanley has made all the depositions which this new and terrible conjuncture seems to demand, a letter reaches his camp to announce that Emin, with two steamers full of fugitives, is at anchor just below. It might be a letter of surrender from a certain sadness in its tone. So indeed it is, and we honor the writer all the more for it. Emin has surrendered all the bright hopes which have buoyed him up through all his years of toil, hardship, and danger, and he has given the Soudan back to barbarism. If he had been less than sad on such an occasion, he would have been less than the man he is. When Mr. Stanley reviews all the circumstances, he will surely see that Emin's irresolution was but a form of his genius for self-sacrifice and his devotion to a great object. It will be to Emin's eternal honor that he did not leave the Soudan till he was driven out of it, and that he clung to his charge till all his strength was gone. It is difficult to know which to admire the more, the rescued or the rescuer. Two such spirits, when they are seen together in one enterprise, stimulate our pride in the entire race.

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We trust the foregoing comments will lend an added interest to the following graphic narrative from Mr. Stanley's own pen. It is addressed to W. Mackinnon, Esq., of London.

KAFURRO, ARAB SETTLEMENT,
KARAGWE, August 5th, 1889.

To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Fund.

Sir:—My last report to you was sent off by Salim bin Mohammed in the early part of September, 1888. Over a yearful of stirring events for this part of the world have taken place since then, and I will endeavor in this and other following letters to inform you of what has occurred.

Having gathered such as were left of the rear column, and such Manyemas as were willing of their own accord to accompany me, and entirely reorganized the expedition, we set off on our return to the Nyanza. You will doubtless remember that Mr. Mounteney Jephson had been left with Emin Pasha to convey my message to the Egyptian troops, and that on or about the 26th of July both Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson were to start from the Nyanza, with a sufficient escort and a number of porters to conduct the officers and garrison of Fort Bodo to a new station that was to be erected near Kavallis, on the south-west side of Lake Albert, by which I should be relieved of the necessity of making a fourth trip to Fort Bodo. Promise for promise had been made, for on my part I had solemnly promised that I should hurry towards Yambuya and hunt up the missing rear column, and be back again on Lake Albert some time about Christmas.

I have already told you that the rear column was in a deplorable state, that out of the 102 members remaining I doubted whether fifty would live to reach the lake, but having collected a large number of canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in these vessels in such a smooth, expeditious manner that there were remarkably few casualties in the remnant of the rear column. But the wild natives having repeatedly defeated Ugarrowwa's raiders, by this discovered the extent of their own strength, gave us considerable trouble, and inflicted considerable loss among our best men, who had always of course to bear the brunt of fighting and the fatigue of paddling.

However, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the line we had made, when progress by river became too tedious and difficult, and the order to cast off the canoes was given. This was four days' journey above Ugarrowwa's station, or about 300 miles above Banalya.

We decided that as the south bank of the Ituri river was pretty well known to us, with all its intolerable scarcity and terrors, it would be best

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to try the north bank, though we should have to traverse for some days the despoiled lands which had been a common centre for Ugarrowwa's and Kilonga-Longa's band of raiders. We were about 160 miles from the grassland, which opened a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal, and mutton, with pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking. Bright gossip on such subjects by those who had seen the Nyanza stimulated the dejected survivors of the rear column.

Dreadful Mortality from Small-pox.

On the 30th of October, having cast off the canoes, the land march began in earnest, and two days later we discovered a large plantain plantation in charge of the Dwarfs. The people flung themselves on the plantains to make as large a provision as possible for the dreaded wilderness ahead of us. The most enterprising always secured a fair share, and twelve hours later would be furnished with a week's provision of plantain flour; the feeble and indolent revelled for the time being on abundance of roasted fruit but always neglected providing for the future, and thus became victims of famine.

After moving from this place ten days passed before we reached another plantation, during which time we lost more men than we had lost between Banalya and Ugarrowwa's. The small-pox broke out among the Manyema and their followers, and the mortality was terrible. Our Zanzibaris escaped this pest, however, owing to the vaccination they had undergone on board the Madura.

We were now about four days' march above the confluence of the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and within about a mile from the Ishuru. As there was no possibility of crossing this violent and large tributary of the Ituri or Aruwimi we had to follow its right bank until a crossing could be discovered.

Four days later we stumbled across the principal village of a district called Andikumu, surrounded by the finest plantation of bananas and plantains we had yet seen, which all the Manyema's habit of spoliation and destruction had been unable to destroy. Then our people, after severe starvation during fourteen days, gorged themselves to such excess that it contributed greatly to lessen our numbers. Every twentieth individual suffered some complaint which entirely incapacitated him from duty. The Ihuru river was about four miles south-south-east from this place, flowing from east-north-east, and about sixty yards broad, and deep owing to the heavy rains.

From Andikumu, a six days' march northerly brought us to another flourishing settlement called Indeman, situated about four hours' march

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from the river we supposed to be the Ihuru. Here I was considerably nonplussed by the grievous discrepancy between native accounts and my own observations. The natives called it the Ihuru river, and my instruments and chronometer made it very evident that it could not be the Ihuru we knew. Finally, after capturing some dwarfs, we discovered that it was the right branch of the Ihuru river, called the Dui river, this agreeing with my own views. We searched and found a place where we could build a bridge across. Mr. Bonny and our Zanzibar chief threw themselves into the work, and in a few hours the Dui river was safely bridged, and we passed into a district entirely unvisited by the Manyema.

Crafty Dwarfs.

In this new land between right and left members of the Ihuru the dwarfs called Wambutti were very numerous, and conflicts between our rear-guard and these crafty little people occurred daily, not without harm to both parties. Such as we contrived to capture we compelled to show the path, but invariably for some reason they clung to east and east-north-east paths, whereas my route required a south-east direction, because of the northing we had made in seeking to cross the Dui river. Finally we followed elephant and game tracks on a south-east course, but on December 9th we were compelled to hunt for forage in the middle of a vast forest, at a spot indicated by my chart to be not more than two or three miles from the Ituri river, which many of our people had seen while we resided at Fort Bodo.

I sent 150 rifles back to a settlement that was fifteen miles back on the route we had come, while many Manyema followers also undertook to follow them.

I quote from my journal part of what I wrote on December 14, the sixth day of the absence of the foragers: "Six days have transpired since our foragers left us. For the first four days time passed rapidly—I might say almost pleasantly—being occupied in recalculating all my observations from Ugarrowwa to Lake Albert and down to date, owing to a few discrepancies here and there which my second and third visit and duplicate and triplicate observations enabled me to correct. My occupation then ended, I was left to wonder why the large band of foragers did not return. The fifth day, having distributed all the stock of flour in camp and killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision boxes and take a pound pot of butter, with two cupfuls of my flour, to make an imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar, and a pot of sago in the boxes. In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of a majority of the rest was most

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disheartening; some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These constant sights acted on my nerves until I began to feel not only moral but physical sympathy as well, as though weakness was contagious. Before night a Madi carrier died, the last of our Somalis gave signs of collapse, the few Soudanese with us were scarcely able to move.

Fighting Starvation.

"The morning of the sixth day dawned; we made the broth as usual —a pot of butter, abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk, a cupful of flour—for 130 people. The chiefs and Mr. Bonny were called to council. At my proposing a reverse to the foragers of such a nature as to exclude our men from returning with news of such a disaster, they were altogether unable to comprehend such a possibility—they believed it possible that these 150 men were searching for food, without which they would not return. They were then asked to consider the supposition that they were five days searching for food, they had lost the road perhaps, or, having no white leader, they had scattered to loot goats, and had entirely forgotten their starving friends and brothers in camp; what would be the state of the 130 people five days hence? Mr. Bonny offered to stay with ten men in camp if I provided ten days' food for each person while I would set out to search for the missing men. Food to make a light cupful of gruel for ten men for ten days was not difficult to procure, but the sick and feeble remaining must starve unless I met with good fortune, and accordingly a store of butter-milk, flour, and biscuits was prepared and handed over to the charge of Mr. Bonny."

The afternoon of the seventh day mustered everybody, besides the garrison of the camp—ten men. Sadi, the Manyema chief, surrendered fourteen of his men to doom; Kibbo-bora, another chief, abandoned his brother; Fundi, another Manyema chief, left one of his wives, and a little boy. We left twenty-six feeble, sick wretches already past all hope, unless food could be brought to them within twenty-four hours.

In a cheery tone, though my heart was never heavier, I told the forty-three hunger-bitten people that I was going back to hunt up the missing men; probably I should meet them on the road, but if I did that they would be driven on the run with food to them. We travelled nine miles that afternoon, having passed several dead people on the road, and early on the eighth day of their absence from camp met them marching in an easy fashion, but when we were met the pace was altered to a quick step, so that in twenty-six hours from leaving Stawahin camp we were back with a cheery abundance around, gruel and porridge boiling, bananas boiling, plantains roasting, and some meat simmering in pots for soup.

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This has been the nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Twenty-one persons altogether succumbed in this dreadful camp.

On the 17th of December the Ihuru river was reached in three hours, and, having a presentiment that the garrison of Fort Bodo were still where I had left them, the Ihuru was crossed the next day; and two days following, steering through the forest regardless of paths, we had the good fortune to strike the western angle of the Fort Bodo plantations on the 20th.

My presentiment was true. Lieutenant Stairs and his garrison were still in Fort Bodo, fifty-one souls out of fifty-nine, and never a word had been heard of Emin Pasha or of Mr. Mounteney Jephson during the seven months of my absence. Knowing the latter to be an energetic man, we were left to conjecture what had detained Mr. Jephson, even if the affairs of his province had detained the Pasha.

Making Friends With the Natives.

On the 23d of December the united expedition continued its march eastward, and as we had now to work by relays owing to the fifty extra loads that we had stored at the fort, we did not reach the Ituri Ferry, which was our last camp in the forest region before emerging on the grass land, until January 9.

My anxiety about Mr. Jephson and the Pasha would not permit me to dawdle on the road making double trips in this manner, so, selecting a rich plantation and a good camping site to the east of the Ituri river, I left Lieutenant Stairs in command, with 124 people, including Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, in charge of all extra loads and camp, and on the 11th of January continued my march eastward.

The people of the plains, fearing a repetition of the fighting of December, 1887, flocked to camp as we advanced and formally tendered their submission, agreeing to contributions and supplies. Blood brotherhood was made, exchange of gifts made, and firm friendship was established. The huts of our camp were constructed by the natives, food, fuel, and water were brought to the expedition as soon as the halting place was decided upon.

We heard no news of the white men on Lake Albert from the plain people, by which my wonder and anxiety were increased, until the 16th, at a place called Gaviras, messengers from Kavalli came with a packet of letters, with one letter written on three several dates, with several days interval between, from Mr. Jephson, and two notes from Emin Pasha confirming the news in Mr. Jephson's letter.

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You can but imagine the intense surprise I felt while reading these letters by giving you extracts from them in Mr. Jephson's own words:

"DUFFILE, Nov. 7, 1883.

"*Dear Sir*:—I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust this letter will be delivered to you at Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful.

"On August 18 a rebellion broke out here and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, but my movements are watched. The rebellion has been gotten up by some half-dozen Egyptians—officers and clerks—and gradually others have joined, some through inclination, but most through fear; the soldiers, with the exception of those at Labore, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers.

"When the Pasha and I were on our way to Rejaf, two men, one an officer—Abdul Vaal Effendi—and then a clerk went about and told the people that they had seen you, and that you were only an adventurer and had not come from Egypt, that the letters you had brought from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries, that it was untrue Khartoum had fallen, and that the Pasha and you had made a plot to take them, their wives, and children, out of the country and hand them over as slaves to the English. Such words in an ignorant and fanatical country like this acted like fire amongst the people, and the result was a general rebellion, and we were made prisoners.

Emin Pasha a Prisoner.

"The rebels then collected officers from the different stations and held a large meeting here to determine what measures they should take, and all those who did not join in the movement were so insulted and abused that they were obliged for their own safety to acquiesce in what was done. The Pasha was deposed, and those officers who were suspected of being friendly to him were removed from their posts, and those friendly to the rebels were put in their places. It was decided to take the Pasha as a prisoner to Rejaf, and some of the worst rebels were even for putting him in irons, but the officers were afraid to put their plans into execution, as the soldiers said they would never permit any one to lay a hand on him. Plans were also made to entrap you when you returned, and strip you of all you had.

"Things were in this condition when we were startled by the news that the Mahdi's people had arrived at Lado with three steamers and nine sandals and nuggurs, and had established themselves on the site of the old station. Omar Sali, their general, sent up three Peacock Der-

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vishes with a letter to the Pasha (a copy of this will follow as it contains some interesting news) demanding the instant surrender of the country. The rebel officers seized them and put them in prison, and decided on war. After a few days the Mahdists attacked and captured Rejaf, killing five officers and numbers of soldiers, and taking many women and children prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition in the station were lost. The result of this was a general stampede of people from the stations of Bidden, Kirri, and Muggi, who fled, with their women and children, to Labore, abandoning almost everything; at Kirri the ammunition was abandoned, and was at once seized by the natives. The Pasha reckons that the Mahdists number about 1,500.

"The officers and a large number of soldiers have returned to Muggi, and intend to make a stand against the Mahdists. Our position here is extremely unpleasant, for since the rebellion all is chaos and confusion; there is no head, and half a dozen conflicting orders are given every day and no one obeys; the rebel officers are wholly unable to control the soldiers.

"The Baris have joined the Mahdists; if they come down here with a rush, nothing can save us.

"The officers are all very much frightened at what has taken place, and are now anxiously awaiting your arrival, and desire to leave the country with you, for they are now really persuaded that Khartoum has fallen, and that you have come from the Khedive.

"Like Rats in a Trap."

"We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire; and I fear, unless you come very soon, you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened the Pasha could have kept the Mahdists in check for some time, but as it is he is powerless to act.

"I would suggest on your arrival at Kavallis that you write a letter in Arabic to Shukri Aga, chief of Mswa station, telling him of your arrival, and telling him you wish to see the Pasha and myself; and write also to the Pasha or myself, telling us what number of men you have with you. It would perhaps be better to write to me, as a letter to him might be confiscated.

"Neither the Pasha nor myself think there is the slightest danger now of any attempt to capture you being made, for the people are now fully persuaded you come from Egypt, and they look to you to get them out of their difficulties; still it would be well for you to make your camp strong.

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"If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends, etc. Yours faithfully,

"A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

"To H. M. Stanley, Esq., Commander of the Relief Expedition.

"WADELAI, Nov. 24, 1888.

"My messenger having not yet left Wadelai, I add this postscript, as the Pasha wishes me to send my former letter to you in its entirety.

"Shortly after I had written to you, the soldiers were led by their officers to attempt to retake Rejaf, but the Mahdists defended it, and killed six officers and a large number of soldiers; among the officers killed were some of the Pasha's worst enemies. The soldiers in all the stations were so panic-striken and angry at what had happened that they declared they would not attempt to fight unless the Pasha was set at liberty; so the rebel officers were obliged to free him, and sent us to Wadelai, where he is free to do as he pleases; but at present he has not resumed his authority in the country—he is, I believe, by no means anxious to do so. We hope in a few days to be at Tunguru—a station on the lake, two days by steamer from N'sabe, and I trust when we hear of your arrival that the Pasha himself will be able to come down with me to see you.

Stanley's Arrival Anxiously Awaited.

"Our danger, as far as the Mahdists are concerned, is of course, increased by this last defeat; but our position is in one way better now, for we are further removed from them, and we have now the option of retiring if we please, which we had not before while we were prisoners. We hear that the Mahdists have sent steamers down to Khartoum for reinforcements; if so, they cannot be up here for another six weeks. If they come up here with reinforcements, it will be all up with us, for the soldiers will never stand against them, and it will be a mere walk-over.

"Every one is anxiously looking for your arrival, for the coming of the Mahdists has completely cowed them.

"We may just manage to get out—if you do not come later than the end of December—but it is entirely impossible to foresee what will happen.

"A. J. M. J."

"TUNGURU, December 18, 1888.

"Dear Sir:—Mogo (the messenger) not having yet started, I send a second postscript. We are now at Tunguru. On November 25th the Mahdists surrounded Dufile Station and besieged it for four days; the soldiers, of whom there were about 500, managed to repulse them, and they retired to Rejaf, their headquarters. They have sent down to

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Khartoum for reinforcements, and doubtless will attack again when strengthened. In our flight from Wadelai, the officers requested me to destroy our boat (the Advance). I, therefore, broke it up.

"Dufile is being renovated as far as possible. The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him, and the officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdists.

"Do not on any account come down to Usate (my former camp on the lake, near Kavallis Island), but make your camp at Kavallis (on the plateau above). Send a letter directly you arrive there, and as soon as we hear of your arrival I will come to you. I will not disguise the fact from you that you will have a difficult and dangerous work before you in dealing with the Pasha's people. I trust you will arrive before the Mahdists are reinforced, or our case will be desperate.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON."

You will doubtless remember that I stated to you in one of my latest letters last year, 1888, that I know no more of the ultimate intentions of Emin Pasha than you at home know. He was at one time expressing himself as anxious to leave, at another time shaking his head and dolorously exclaiming, "I can't leave my people." Finally, I departed from him in May, 1888, with something like a definite promise—"If my people leave, I leave. If my people stay, I stay."

Emin Clings to His Province.

Here, then, on January 16, 1888, I receive this batch of letters and two notes from the Pasha himself confirming the above, but not a word from either Mr. Jephson or the Pasha, indicative of the Pasha's purpose. Did he still waver, or was he at last resolved? With any other man than the Pasha, or Gordon, one would imagine that, being a prisoner and a fierce enemy hourly expected to give the *coup mortal*, he would gladly embrace the first chance to escape from a country given up by his government. But there was no hint in these letters what course the Pasha would follow. These few hints of mine, however, will throw light on my postscript which here follows and on my state of mind after reading these letters.

I wrote a formal letter, which might be read by any person, the Pasha, Mr. Jephson, or any of the rebels, and addressed it to Mr. Jephson as requested, but on a separate sheet of paper I wrote a private postscript for Mr. Jephson's perusal.

"KAVALLIS, Jan. 18, 1889, 3. P. M.

"*Dy Dear Jephson*:—I now send thirty rifles and three of Kavallis's

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men down to the lake with my letters, with urgent instructions that a canoe should set off and the bearer be rewarded.

"I may be able to stay longer than six days here, perhaps for ten days. I will do my best to prolong my stay until you arrive without rupturing the place. Our people have a good store of beads, cowries, and cloth, and I notice that the natives trade very readily, which will assist Kavallis's resources should he get uneasy under our prolonged visit.

"Be wise, be quick, and waste no hour of time, and bring Buiza and your own Soudanese with you. I have read your letters half a dozen times over, but I fail to grasp the situation thoroughly, because in some important details one letter seems to contradict the other. In one you say the Pasha is a close prisoner, while you are allowed a certain amount of liberty; in the other you say that you will come to me as soon as you hear of our arrival here, and 'I trust,' you say, 'the Pasha will be able to accompany me.' Being prisoners, I fail to see how you could leave Tunguru at all. All this is not very clear to us, who are fresh from the bush.

"If the Pasha can come, send a courier on your arrival at our old camp, on the lake below here to announce the fact, and I will send a strong detachment to escort him up to the plateau, even to carry him if he needs it. I feel too exhausted, after my 1,300 miles of travel since I parted from you last May, to go down to the lake again. The Pasha must have some pity for me.

"Don't be alarmed or uneasy on our account; nothing hostile can approach us within twelve miles without my knowing it. I am in the thickest of a friendly population, and if I sound the war note, within four hours I can have two thousand warriors to assist to repel any force disposed to violence. And if it is to be a war of wits, why then I am ready for the cunningest Arab alive.

Plain Talk.

"I wrote above that I read your letters half a dozen times, and my opinion of you varies with each reading. Sometimes I fancy you are half Mahdist, or Arabist, and then Eminist. I shall be wiser when I see you.

"Now don't you be perverse, but obey, and let my order to you be as a frontlet between the eyes, and all, with God's gracious help, will end well.

"I want to help the Pasha somehow, but he must also help me, and credit me. If he wishes to get out of this trouble I am his most devoted servant and friend, but if he hesitates again I shall be plunged in wonder

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and perplexity. I could save a dozen Pashas if they were willing to be saved. I would go on my knees to implore the Pasha to be sensible in his own case. He is wise enough in all things else, even his own interest. Be kind and good to him for many virtues, but do not you be drawn into the fatal fascination Soudan territory seems to have for all Europeans of late years. As soon as they touch its ground they seem to be drawn into a whirlpool which sucks them in and covers them with its waves. The only way to avoid it is to obey blindly, devotedly, and unquestioning all orders from the outside.

"The committee said, 'Relieve Emin Pasha with this ammunition. If he wishes to come out, the ammunition will enable him to do so; if he elects to stay, it will be of service to him.' The Khedive said the same thing, and added, 'But if the Pasha and his officers wish to stay they do so on their own responsibility.' Sir Evelyn Baring said the same thing in clear and decided words, and here I am, after 4,100 miles of travel, with the last instalment of relief. Let him who is authorized to take it, take it. Come, I am ready to lend him all my strength and wit to assist him. But this time there must be no hesitation, but positive yea or nay, and home we go.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HENRY M. STANLEY.

"A. J. Mounteney Jephson, Esq."

If you will bear in mind that on August 17, 1888, after a march of 600 miles to hunt up the rear column, I met only a miserable remnant of it, wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, neglect of their promises, and indifference to their written orders, you will readily understand why, after another march of 700 miles, I was a little put out when I discovered that, instead of performing their promise of conducting the garrison of Fort Bodo to the Nyanza, Mr. Jephson and Emin Pasha had allowed themselves to be made prisoners on about the very day they were expected by the garrison of Fort Bodo to reach them. It could not be pleasant reading to find that, instead of being able to relieve Emin Pasha, I was more than likely, by the tenor of these letters, to lose one of my own officers, and to add to the number of the Europeans in that unlucky Equatorial Province. However, a personal interview with Mr. Jephson was necessary, in the first place, to understand fairly or fully the state of affairs.

Meeting Jephson.

On February 6, 1889, Mr. Jephson arrived in the afternoon at our camp at Kavallis on the plateau.

I was startled to hear Mr. Jephson in plain, undoubting words, say,

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"Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy; no one keeps Emin Pasha back but Emin Pasha himself." This is a summary of what Mr. Jephson had learned during nine months from May 25, 1888, to February 6, 1889. I gathered sufficiently from Mr. Jephson's verbal report to conclude that during nine months neither the Pasha, Signor Casati, nor any man in the province had arrived nearer any other conclusion than that which was told us ten months before, thus:

The Pasha—If my people go, I go. If they stay, I stay.

Signor Casati—If the Governor goes, I go. If the Governor stays, I stay.

The Faithful—If the Pasha goes, we go. If the Pasha stays, we stay.

However, the diversion in our favor created by the Mahdists' invasion, and the dreadful slaughter they made of all they met, inspired us with a hope that we could get a definite answer at last, though Mr. Jephson could only reply, "I really cannot tell you what the Pasha means to do. He says he wishes to go away, but will not make a move—no one will move. It is impossible to say what any man will do. Perhaps another advance by the Mahdists would send them all pell-mell towards you, to be again irresolute, and requiring several weeks' rest to consider again."

Stanley's Demand.

On February 1st I despatched a company to the steam ferry with orders to Mr. Stairs to hasten with his column to Kavallis, with a view to concentrate the expedition ready for any contingency. Couriers were also despatched to the Pasha telling him of our movements and intentions, and asking him to point out how we could best aid him—whether it would be best for us to remain at Kavallis, or whether we should advance into the province and assist him at Mswa or Tunguru Island, where Mr. Jephson had left him. I suggested the simplest plan for him would be to seize a steamer and employ her in the transport of the refugees, who I heard were collected in numbers at Tunguru, to my old camp on the Nyanza; or that, failing a steamer, he should march overland from Tunguru to Mswa, and send a canoe to inform me he had done so, and a few days after I could be at Mswa with 250 rifles to escort them to Kavallis. But the demand was for something positive, otherwise it would be my duty to destroy the ammunition and march homeward.

On the 13th of February a native courier appeared in camp with a letter from Emin Pasha, with news which electrified us. He was actually at anchor just below our plateau camp. But here is the formal letter:

"Camp, February 13, 1889.

"Henry M. Stanley, Esq., commanding the Relief Expedition.

"Sir:—In answer to your letter of the 7th inst., for which I beg to

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tender my best thanks, I have the honor to inform you that yesterday at 3 P. M. I have arrived here with my two steamers, carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. As soon as I have arranged for cover of my people, the steamships have to start for Mswa station to bring on another lot of people awaiting transport.

"With me there are some twelve officers anxious to see you, and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers, at least to do my best to assist them. Things having to some extent now changed, you will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. To arrange those I shall start from here with the officers for your camp, after having provided for the camp, and if you send carriers I could avail me of some of them.

"I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo and the great sacrifices made by your expedition in its way to assist us may be rewarded by a full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure.

"Signor Casati requests me to give his best thanks for your kind remembrance of him.

"Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now.

"Believe me to be yours very faithfully,

"DR. EMIN."

During the interval between Mr. Jephson's arrival and the receipt of this letter Mr. Jephson had written a pretty full report of all that he had heard from the Pasha, Signor Casati, and Egyptian soldiers of all the principal events that had transpired within the last few years in the Equatorial Province.

Desperate Situation.

In Mr. Jephson's report I come across such sentences as the following conclusions. I give them for your consideration:

"And this leads me now to say a few words concerning the position of affairs in this country when I entered it on April 21, 1888. The 1st Battalion—about 700 rifles—had long been in rebellion against the Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him prisoner. The 2d Battalion—about 650 rifles—though professedly loyal, was insubordinate and almost unmanageable. The Pasha possessed only a semblance—a mere rag—of authority, and if he required anything of importance to be done, he could no longer order—he was obliged to beg—his officers to do it.

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"Now when we were at Nsebe in May, 1888, though the Pasha hinted that things were a little difficult in his country, he never revealed to us the true state of things, which was actually desperate, and we had not the slightest idea that any mutiny or discontent was likely to arise amongst his people. We thought, as most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe by the Pasha's own letters and Dr. Junker's later representations, that all his difficulties arose from events outside his country, whereas, in point of fact, his real danger arose from internal dissensions. Thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence or help, and who, instead of being grateful to us for wishing to help them, have from the very first conspired how to plunder the expedition and turn us adrift, and had the mutineers in their highly excited state been able to prove one single case of injustice or cruelty or neglect of his people against the Pasha he would most assuredly have lost his life in this rebellion."

Emin's Noble Traits.

I shall only worry you just now with one more quotation from Mr. Jephson's final report and summary:

"As to the Pasha's wish to leave the country, I can say decidedly he is most anxious to go out with us, but under what conditions he will consent to come out I can hardly understand. I do not think he quite knows himself. His ideas seem to me to vary so much on the subject. To-day he is ready to start up and go, to-morrow some new idea holds him back. I have had many conversations with him about it, but have never been able to get his unchanging opinion on the subject. After this rebellion, I remarked to him, 'I presume, now that your people have deposed you and put you aside, you do not consider that you have any longer any responsibility or obligations concerning them;' and he answered, 'Had they not deposed me, I should have felt bound to stand by them and help them in any way I could, but now I consider I am absolutely free to think only of my own personal safety and welfare, and if I get the chance I shall go out regardless of everything.' And yet only a few days before I left him he said to me, 'I know I am not in any way responsible for these people, but I cannot bear to go out myself first and leave any one here behind me who is desirous of quitting the country. It is mere sentiment, I know, and perhaps a sentiment you will sympathize with, but my enemies at Wadelai would point at me and say to the people, "You see he has deserted you!"'"

"These are merely two examples of what passed between us on the subject of his going out with us, but I could quote numbers of things he

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has said equally contradictory. Again, too, being somewhat impatient, after one of these unsatisfactory conversations, I said, 'If ever the expedition does reach any place near you, I shall advise Mr. Stanley to arrest you and carry you off, whether you will or no;' to which he replied, 'Well, I shall do nothing to prevent you doing that.' It seems to me that if we are to save him we must save him from himself.

"Before closing my report I must bear witness to the fact that in my frequent conversations with all sorts and conditions of the Pasha's people I heard with hardly any exceptions only praise of his justice and generosity to his people, but I have heard it suggested that he did not hold his people with a sufficiently firm hand.

"I now am bound, by the length of this letter, necessities of travel, and so forth, to halt. Our stay at Kufurro is ended, and we must march to-morrow. A new page of this interesting period in our expedition will be found in my next letter. Meantime you have the satisfaction to know that Emin Pasha, after all, is close to our camp at the Lake shore; that carriers have been sent to him to bring up his luggage, and assist his people. Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY.

"William Mackinnon, Esq.,
Chairman of Emin Pasha Relief Committe."

The following letter from Mr. Stanley to a personal friend gives further details of his great expedition:

C.M.S. STATION, S. END VICTORIA NYANZA, Sept. 3, 1889.

My Dear Marston:—It just now appears such an age to me since I left England. Ages have gone by since I saw you, surely. Do you know why? Because a daily thickening barrier of silence has crept between that time and this: silence so dense that in vain we yearn to pierce it. On my side I may ask, "What have you been doing?" On yours, you may ask, "And what have you been doing?" I can assure you now that I know you live, that one day has followed another in striving strifefully against all manner of obstacles, natural and otherwise, from the day I left Yambuyo to August 28, 1889, the day I arrived here

Many Adventures.

The bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap, the catalogue of skirmishes would be of respectable length, the catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from fever, morbid musings over mischances, that meet us daily, would make a formidable list. You know that all the stretch of country between Yambuya to this place was an absolutely new country except what may be measured by five

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ordinary marches. First, there is that dead white of the map now changed to a dead black. I mean that darkest region of the earth confined between E. long. 25 deg. and E. long. 29.45 deg., one great, compact, remorselessly sullen forest—the growth of an untold number of ages, swarming at stated intervals with immense numbers of vicious, man-eating savages and crafty under-sized men, who were unceasing in their annoyance; then there is that belt of grassland lying between it and the Albert Nyanza, whose people contested every mile of advance with spirit, and made us think that they were guardians of some priceless treasure hidden on the Nyanza shores, or at war with Emin Pasha and his thousands. A Sir Percival in search of the Holy Grail could not have met with hotter opposition.

Three separate times necessity compelled us to traverse this unholy region with varying fortunes. Incidents then crowded fast. Emin Pasha was a prisoner, an officer of ours was his forced companion, and it really appeared as though we were to be added to the list; but there is a virtue, you know, even in striving unyieldingly, in hardening the nerves, and facing these ever-clinging mischances without paying too much heed to the reputed danger. One is assisted much by knowing that there is no other course, and the danger somehow nine times out of ten diminishes. The rebels of Emin Pasha's Government relied on their craft and the wiles of the "heathen Chinee"; and it is rather amusing now to look back and note how punishment has fallen on them.

Was it Providence or luck? Let those who love to analyze such matters reflect on it. Traitors without the camp and traitors within were watched, and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried and hung. The traitors without fell foul of one another, and ruined themselves. If not luck, then it is surely Providence, in answer to good men's prayers far away.

Men Devouring Men.

Our own people, tempted by extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema slave-traders, true fiends without the least grace in either their bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all those concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Captain Nelson's and Surgeon Parke's sufferings, I feel vexed at my forbearance, and yet again I feel thankful, for a Higher Power than man's severely afflicted the cold-blooded murderers by causing them to feed upon one another, a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parke. The memory of those days alternately hardens and unmans me.

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With the rescue of Pasha, poor old Casati, and those who preferred Egypt's fleshpots to the coarse plenty of the province near the Nyanza, we returned, and while we were patiently waiting the doom of the rebels was consummated.

Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness; the strain had been too much, and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skillful hand of Surgeon Parke.

Then, little by little, I gathered strength aud ordered the march for home. Discovery after discovery in the wonderful region was made. The snowy range of Ruevenzoni, the "Cloud King" or "Rain Creator," the Semliki River, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the new peoples, dwellers of the rich forest region, the Wanyora bandits, and then the Lake Albert Edward tribes, and the shepherd race of the Eastern Uplands—until at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilization.

Tedious Delay.

We have every reason to be grateful, and may that feeling be ever kept within me. Our promises as volunteers have been performed as well as though we had been specially commissioned by a Government. We have been all volunteers, each devoting his several gifts, abilities and energies to win a successful issue for the enterprise. If there has been anything that clouded sometimes our thoughts, it has been that we were compelled by the state of Emin Pasha and his own people to cause anxieties to our friends by tedious delay. At every opportunity I have endeavored to lessen these by despatching full accounts of our progrees to the Committee, that through them all interested might be acquainted with what we had been doing. Some of my officers also have been troubled in thought that their government might not overlook their having overstayed their leave, but the truth is, the wealth of the British Treasury could not have hastened our march, without making ourselves liable to impeachment for breach of faith, and the officers were as much involved as myself in doing the thing honorably and well.

I hear there is great trouble, war, etc., between the Germans and Arabs of Zanzibar. What influence this may have on our future I do not know, but we trust nothing to interrupt the march to the sea which will be begun in a few days.

Meantime, with such wishes as the best and most inseparable friends endow one another, I pray you to believe me always yours sincerely,

(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY.

To Edwd. Marston, Esq.

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Professor Schweinfurth, of Berlin, received the following letter from Emin Pasha:

ENGLISH MISSION STATION, USSAMBIRO,
VICTORIA NYANZA, 26th August.

Mr. Stanley with his people, as well as the few who came with me, have just arrived here. I hasten to send you, who have always shown me so much kindness and taken such interest in me, these few lines as a sign of life. If we stay here, as I hope, for a few days I shall be able to write you more fully, although I am half blind. I hope to be able to tell you, some leisure evening, all about the military revolution in my own province; about Mr. Jephson and myself being detained prisoners in Dufile; the arrival of the Mahdi's followers in Lado and the capture and destruction of Rejaf; the massacre of the soldiers and officers sent against them; our departure to Wadelai and Tunguru; the Mahdist attack on Dufile and their complete defeat; our final union with Mr. Stanley and the march here from the Albert Nyanza, which has proved geographically and otherwise so highly interesting. I have also some good specimens of plants for you. May I ask you to greet Messrs. Junker, Ratzel, Leipan, Haffenstein, and Perthes from me? I will try to write—but my eyes!—Accept my best greetings, and believe me your sincere and devoted

EMIN.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

STANLEY'S TRIUMPH.

Stanley's Continued History of His March—Emin's Arrival at Stanley's Camp—Arranging for the Journey—Arabs who Always Agree with You—That Stolen Rifle—Selim Bey Deposed—The Surgeon's Devotion—A Doctor who Loved His Cases—The Refugees and Their Luggage—Fallstaff's Buck Basket—Piles of Rubbish—Porters with an Ugly Temper—Emin's Inquiry—Government Envoy—Stanley's Reply to Emin—Hankering for Egypt—Stanley Reviews the Situation—The Pasha's Danger—Rebels Everywhere—Stirring up Emin—Rebels Threaten to Rob Stanley—Threats of Sending Stanley's Expedition into the Wilderness to Perish—Selim Bey's Delay—Rebels Possessed of Ammunition—When Shall the March Commence?—Reply of the Officers—Questions of Honor and Duty—Europeans Unwilling to Quit Africa—A Contract Broken—Emin Acquitted of All Dishonor—Emin's Unwavering Faith—Few Willing to Follow Emin to Egypt—Tales of Disorder and Distress—Compulsory Muster and Start—All Except Two Wish to Go to Zanzibar—Stanley Threatens the Treacherous Arabs—Expedition Starts for Home—Fifteen Hundred in the Party—Illness of Stanley—Conspiracies—Ringleader of Sedition Executed—A Packet of Letters—Insolent Message from Selim Bey—The Perilous March—A Great Snowy Range—Climbing the Mountains—Sufferings on the Journey.

TWELVE days after penning the account of his expedition contained in the last chapter, Mr. Stanley sent a continued history of his march. Thus we have from his graphic pen a complete narrative of his wonderful exploits throughout his last great journey.

CAMP AT KIZINGA, UZINJA, August 17, 1889.

To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.

Sir:—On the 17th of February, Emin Pasha and a following of about sixty-five people, inclusive of Selim Bey or Colonel Selim and seven other officers, who were a deputation sent by the officers of the Equatorial Province, arrived at my camp on the plateau near Kavallis village. The Pasha was in mufti, but the deputation were in uniform, and made quite a sensation in the country. Three of them were Egyptians, but the others were Nubians, and were rather soldierly in their appearance, and with one or two exceptions received warm commendations from the Pasha. The divan was to be held the next day. On the 18th Lieut. Stairs arrived with his column, largely augmented by Mazamboni's people, from the Ituri river, and the expedition was once more united, not to be separated I hoped again during our stay in Africa. At the

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meeting which was held in the morning Selim Bey—who had lately distinguished himself at Dufile by retaking the station from the Mahdists, and killing about 250 of them, it was said—a tall, burly, elderly man of fifty or thereabouts—stated on behalf of the deputation and the officers at Wadelai that they came to ask for time to allow the troops and their families to assemble at Kavallis.

Though they knew what our object in coming to the Nyanza was, or they ought to have known, I took the occasion, through the Pasha, who is thoroughly proficient in Arabic, to explain it in detail. I wondered at the ready manner they approved everything, though, since, I have discovered that such is their habit though they may not believe a word you utter. I then told them that though I had waited nearly a year to obtain a simple answer to the single question, whether they would stay in Africa, or accompany us to Egypt, I would give them before they departed a promise written in Arabic that I would stay a reasonable time, sufficient to enable them to embark themselves and families and all such as were willing to leave on board the steamers and to arrive at the Lake shore below our camp. The deputation replied that my answer was quite satisfactory, and they promised on their part that they would proceed direct to Wadelai, proclaim to all concerned what my answer was, and commence the work of transport.

The Surgeon's Devotion.

On the 21st the Pasha and the deputation went down to the Nyanza camp on account of a false alarm about the Wanyoro advancing to attack the camp. A rifle was stolen from the expedition by one of the officers of the deputation. This was a bad beginning of our intercourse that was promised to be. The two steamers Khedive and Nyanza had gone in the meantime to Mswa to transport a fresh lot of refugees, and returned on the 25th, and the next day the deputation departed on their mission; but before they sailed they had a mail from Wadelai wherein they were informed that another change of Government had taken place. Selim Bey—the highest official under the Pasha—had been deposed, and several of the rebel officers had been promoted to the rank of Beys. The next day the Pasha returned to our camp with his little daughter Ferida and a caravan of 144 men. In reply to a question of mine the Pasha replied that he thought twenty days a sufficiently reasonable time for all practical purposes, and he offered to write it down in form. But this I declined, as I but wished to know whether my idea of a "reasonable time" and his differed; for after finding what time was required for a steamer to make a round voyage from our old camp on

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the Nyanza to Wadelai and back, I had proposed to myself that a month would be more than sufficient for Selim Bey to collect all such people as desired to leave for Egypt.

The interval devoted to the transport of the Egyptians from Wadelai could also be utilized by Surgeon Parke in healing our sick. At this time the hardest-worked man in our expedition was the surgeon. Ever since leaving Fort Bodo in December Surgeon Parke attended over a hundred sick daily. There were all kinds of complaints, but the most numerous and those who gave the most trouble were those who suffered from ulcers. So largely had these drained our medicine chests that the surgeon had nothing left for their disease but pure carbolic acid and permanganate of potash. Nevertheless, there were some wonderful recoveries during the halt of Stair's column on the Ituri River in January.

The surgeon's "devotion"—there is not a fitter word for it—his regular attention to all the minor details of his duties, and his undoubted skill, enabled me to turn out 280 able-bodied men by the 1st of April, sound in vital organs and limbs, and free from all blemish: whereas on the 1st of February it would have been difficult to have mustered 200 men in the ranks fit for service. I do not think that I ever met a doctor who so loved his "cases. To him they were all "interesting," despite the odors emitted, and the painfully qualmish scenes. I consider this expedition in nothing happier than in the possession of an unrivalled physician and surgeon, Dr. F. H. Parke. Meanwhile, while "Our Doctor" was assiduously dressing and trimming up the ulcerous ready for the march to Zanzibar, all men fit for duty were doing far more than either we or they bargained for. We had promised the Pasha to assist his refugees to the Plateau Camp with a few carriers—that is, as any ordinary man might understand it, with one or two carriers per Egyptian; but never had people so grossly deceived themselves as we had.

The Refugees and Their Luggage.

The loads were simply endless, and the sight of the rubbish which the refugees brought with them, and which was to be carried up that plateau slope to an altitude of 2,800 feet above the Nyanza, made our people groan aloud—such things as grinding stones! ten-gallon copper cooking pots, some 200 bedsteads, preposterously big baskets—like Falstaff's buck basket—old Saratoga trunks fit for American mammas, old sea-chests, great clumsy-looking boxes, little cattle troughs, large twelve-gallon pombe jars, parrots, pigeons, etc. These things were pure rubbish, for all would have to be discarded at the signal to march. Eight hundred

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and fifty-three loads of these goods were, however, brought up with the assistance of the natives, subject as they were to be beaten and maltreated by the vile-tempered Egyptian each time the natives went down to the Nyanza; but the Zanzibaris now began to show an ugly temper also. They knew just enough Arabic to he aware that the obedience, tractability, and ready service they exhibited were translated by the Egyptians into cowardice and slavishness, and after these hundreds of loads had been conveyed they refused point blank to carry any more, and they explained their reasons so well that we warmly sympathized with them at heart; but by this refusal they came in contact with discipline, and strong measures had to be resorted to to coerce them to continue the work until the order to "Cease" was given. On the 31st March we were all heartily tired of it, and we abandoned the interminable task. One thousand three hundred and fifty-five loads had been transported to the plateau from the Lake camp.

The Pasha's Inquiry.

Thirty days after Selim Bey's departure for Wadelai a steamer appeared before the Nyanza Camp bringing in a letter from that officer, and also one from all the rebel officers at Wadelai, who announced themselves as delighted at hearing twelve months after my second appearance at Lake Albert that the "Envoy of our great Government" had arrived, and that they were now all unanimous for departing to Egypt under my escort. When the Pasha had mastered the contents of his mails he came to me to impart the information that Selim Bey had caused one steamer full of refugees to be sent up to Tungura from Wadelai, and since that time he had been engaged in transporting people from Dufile up to Wadelai. According to this rate of progress it became quite clear that it would require three months more—even if this effort at work, which was quite heroic, in Selim Bey would continue—before he could accomplish the transport of the people to the Nyanza Camp below the plateau. The Pasha, personally elated at what he thought to be good news, desired to know what I had determined upon under the new aspect of affairs. In reply I summoned the officers of the Expedition together—Lieuteuant Stairs, R.E., Captain R. H. Nelson, Surgeon T. H. Parke, A. M. Monteney Jephson, Esq., and Mr. William Bonny—and proposed to them in the Pasha's presence that they should listen to a few explanations, and then give their decision one by one according as they should be asked:

"Gentlemen,—Emin Pasha has received a mail from Wadelai. Selim Bey, who left the port below here on the 26th February last with a promise that he would hurry up such people as wished to go to Egypt, writes

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from Wadelai that the steamers are engaged in transporting some people from Dufile to Wadelai; that the work of transport between Wadelai and Tunguru will be resumed upon the accomplishment of the other task. When he went away from here we were informed that he was deposed, and that Emin Pasha and he were sentenced to death by the rebel officers. We now learn that the rebel officers (ten in number) and all their faction are desirous of proceeding to Egypt. We may suppose therefore that Selim Bey's party is in the ascendant again. Shukri Aga, the chief of Mswa Station—the station nearest to us—paid us a visit here in the middle of March. He was informed on the 16th of March, the day that he departed, that our departure for Zanzibar would positively begin on the 10th of April. He took with him urgent letters for Selim Bey onnouncing that fact in unmistakable terms.

Mr. Stanley's Reply.

"Eight days later we hear that Shukri Aga is still at Mswa having only sent a few women and children to the Nyanza Camp, yet he and his people might have been here by this—if they intended to accompany us. Thirty days ago Selim Bey left us with a promise of a reasonable time. The Pasha thought once that twenty days would be a reasonable time—however, we have extended it to forty-four days. Judging by the length of time Selim Bey has already taken, reaching Tunguru with only one-sixteenth of the expected force, I personally am quite prepared to give the Pasha my decision. For you must know, gentlemen, that the Pasha, having heard from Selem Bey intelligence so encouraging, wishes to know my decision, but I have preferred to call you to answer for me. You are aware that our instructions were to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to escort such as were willing to accompany us to Egypt. We arrived at the Nyanza and met Emin Pasha in the latter part of April, 1888, just twelve months ago. We handed him his letters from the Khedive and his Government, and also the first instalment of relief, and asked him whether we were to have the pleasure of his company to Zanzibar. He replied that his decision depended on that of his people. This was the first adverse news that we received. Instead of meeting with a number of people only too anxious to leave Africa, it was questionable whether there would be any except a few Egyptian clerks. With Major Barttelot so far distant in the rear we could not wait at the Nyanza for this decision. As that might possibly require months, it would be more profitable to seek and assist the rear column, and by the time we arrived here again those willing to go to Egypt would be probably impatient to start.

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"We therefore—leaving Mr. Jephson to convey our message to the Pasha's troops—returned to the Forest Region for the rear column, and in nine months were back again on the Nyanza. But instead of discovering a camp of people anxious and ready to depart from Africa, we find no camp at all, but hear that both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson are prisoners, that the Pasha has been in imminent danger of his life from the rebels, and at another time is in danger of being bound on his bedstead and taken to the interior of the Makkaraka country. It has been current talk in the Province that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers; that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries concocted by the vile Christians Stanley and Casati, assisted by Mohammed Emin Pasha.

Stirring up the Pasha.

"So elated have the rebels been by their bloodless victory over the Pasha and Mr. Jephson that they have confidently boasted of their purpose to entrap me by cajoling words, and strip our Expedition of every article belonging to it, and send us adrift into the wilds to perish. We need not dwell on the ingratitude of these men, or on their intense ignorance and evil natures; but you must bear in mind the facts to guide you to a clear decision. We believed when we volunteered for this work that we should be met with open arms. We were received with indifference, until we were led to doubt whether any people wished to depart; my representative was made a prisoner, menaced with rifles; threats were freely used; the Pasha was deposed, and for three months was a close prisoner. I am told this is the third revolt in the Province. Well, in the face of all this we have waited nearly twelve months to obtain the few hundreds of unarmed men, women and children in this camp. As I promised Selim Bey and his officers that I would give a reasonable time, Selim Bey and his officers repeatedly promised to us there should be no delay. The Pasha has already fixed the 10th April, which extended their time to forty-four days, sufficient for three round voyages for each steamer.

"The news brought to-day is not that Selim Bey is close here, but that he has not started from Waddin yet. In addition to his own friends, who are said to be loyal and obedient to him, he brings the ten rebel officers and some 600 or 700 soldiers, their faction. Remembering the three revolts which these same officers have inspired, their pronounced intentions towards this expedition, their plots and counterplots, the life of conspiracy and smiling treachery they have led, we may well pause to consider what object principally animates them now—that from being

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ungovernably rebellious against all constituted authority, they have suddenly become obedient and loyal soldiers of the Khedive and his 'great Government.' You must be aware that, exclusive of the thirty-one boxes of ammunition delivered to the Pasha by us in May, 1888, the rebels possess ammunition of the Provincial Government equal to twenty of our cases. We are bound to credit them with intelligence enough to perceive that such a small supply would be fired in an hour's fighting among so many rifles, and that only a show of submission and apparent loyalty will ensure a further supply from us. Though the Pasha brightens up each time he obtains a plausible letter from these people strangers like we are may also be forgiven for not readily trusting those men whom they have such good cause to mistrust. Could we have some guarantee of good faith there could be no objection to delivering to them all they required—that is, with the permission of the Pasha. Can we be certain, however, that if we admit them into this camp as good friends and loyal soldiers of Egypt they will not rise up some night and possess themselves of all the ammunition, and so deprive us of the power, of returning to Zanzibar? It would be a very easy matter for them to do so after they had acquired the knowledge of the rules of the camp. With our minds filled with Mr. Jephson's extraordinary revelations of what has been going on in the Province since the closing of the Nile route, beholding the Pasha here before my very eyes, who was lately supposed to have several thousands of people under him, but now without any important following—and bearing in mind 'the cajolings' and 'wiles' by which we were to be entrapped, I ask you, Would we be wise in extending the time of delay beyond the date fixed, that is the tenth of April?"

The officers one after another replied in the negative.

"There, Pasha," I said, "you have your answer. We march on the 10th of April."

The Pasha then asked if we could "in our consciences acquit him of having abandoned his people," supposing they have not arrived by the 10th April. We replied, "Most certainly."

Questions of Honor and Duty.

Three or four days after this I was informed by the Pasha, who pays great deference to Captain Casati's views, that Captain Casati was by no means certain that he was doing quite right in abandoning his people. According to the Pasha's desire I went over to see Captain Casati, followed soon after by Emin Pasha. Questions of law, honor, duty were brought forward by Casati, who expressed himself clearly that "moral-

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mente" Emin Pasha was bound to stay by his people. I quote these matters simply to show to you that our principal difficulties lay not only with the Soudanese and Egyptians; we had some with the Europeans also who for some reason or other seemed in no wise inclined to quit Africa, even when it was quite clear that the Pasha of the Province had few loyal men to rely on, that the outlook before them was imminent danger and death, and that on our retirement there was no other prospect than the grave. I had to refute these morbid ideas with the A B C of common sense.

A Contract Violated.

I had to illustrate the obligations of Emin Pasha to his soldiers by comparing them to a mutual contract between two parties. One party refused to abide by its stipulations, and would have no communication with the other, but proposed to itself to put the second party to death. Could that be called a contract? Emin Pasha was appointed Governor of the Province. He had remained faithful to his post and duties until his own people rejected him and finally deposed him. He had been informed by his Government that if he and his officers and soldiers elected to quit the Province they could avail themselves of the escort of the expedition which had been sent to their assistance, or stay in Africa on their own responsibility; that the Government had abandonod the Province altogether. But when the Pasha informs his people of the Government's wishes, the officers and soldiers declare the whole to be false, and decline to depart with him—will listen to no suggestions of departing, but lay hands on him, menace him with death, and for three months detain him a close prisoner. Where was the dishonor to the Pasha in yielding to what was inevitable and indisputable? As for duty, the Pasha had a dual duty to perform—that to the Khedive as his chief, and that to his soldiers. So long as neither duty clashed affairs proceeded smoothly enough, but the instant it was hinted to the soldiers that they might retire now if they wished, they broke out into open violence and revolted, absolved the Pasha of all duty towards them, and denied that he had any duty to perform to them; consequently the Pasha could not be morally bound to care in the least for people who would not listen to him.

I do not think Casati was convinced, nor do I think the Pasha was convinced. But it is strange what strong hold this part of Africa has upon European officers, Egyptian officers, and Soudanese soldiers.

The next day after this Emin Pasha informed me that he was certain all the Egyptians in the camp would leave with him on the day named,

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but from other quarters reports reached me that not one quarter of them would leave the camp at Kavallis. The abundance of food, the quiet demeanor of the natives, with whom we were living in perfect concord, seemed to them to be sufficient reasons for preferring life near the Nyanza to the difficulties of the march. Besides, the Mahdists whom they dreaded were far away and could not possibly reach them.

The Pasha's Unwavering Faith.

On the 5th of April, Serom, the Pasha's servant, told me that not many of the Pasha's servants intended to follow him on the 10th. The Pasha himself confirmed this. Here was a disappointment, indeed! Out of the 10,000 people there were finally comparatively very few willing to follow him to Egypt. To all of us on the Expedition it had been clear from the beginning that it was all a farce on the part of the Wadelai force. It was clear that the Pasha had lost his hold over the people—neither officers, soldiers, nor servants were ready to follow him; but we could not refute the Pasha's arguments, nor could we deny that he had reason for his stout, unwavering faith in them when he would reply, "I know my people; for thirteen years I have been with them, and I believe that when I leave all will follow me." When the rebels' letters came announcing their intention to follow their Governor, he exclaimed, "You see; I told you so." But now the Pasha said, "Never mind, I am something of a traveller myself. I can do with two servants quite as well as with fifty. I do not think I should be drawn into this matter at all, having formed my own plans some time before; but it intensified my feelings greatly when I was told that, after waiting forty-four days, building their camps for them, and carrying nearly 1,400 loads for them up that high plateau wall, only few out of the entire number would follow us."

But on the day after I was informed that there had been an alarm in my camp the night before—the Zanzibari quarters had been entered by the Pasha's people, and an attempt made to abstract the rifles. This it was which urged me to immediate action. I knew there had been conspiracies in the camp, that the malcontents were increasing, that we had many rebels at heart amongst us, that the people dreaded the march more than they feared the natives; but I scarcely believed that they would dare put into practice their disloyal ideas in my camp. I proceeded to the Pasha to consult with him, but the Pasha would consent to no proposition; not but that they appeared necessary and good, but he could not, owing to the want of time, etc., etc. Yet the Pasha the evening before had received a post from Wadelai which brought him terrible tales of disorder, distress, and helplessness among Selim Bey and his faction, and the

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rebels and their adherents. I accordingly informed him that I proposed to act immediately, and would ascertain for myself what this hidden danger in the camp was; and as a first step I would be obliged if the Pasha would signal for a general muster of the principal Egyptians in the square of the camp.

A Compulsory Muster and Start.

The summons being sounded, and not attended quicky enough to satisfy me, half a company of Zanzibaris were detailed to take sticks and rout everyone from their huts. Dismayed by these energetic measures, they poured into the square, which was surrounded by rifles. On being questioned, they denied all knowledge of any plot to steal the rifles from us, or to fight, or to withstand in any manner any order. It was then proposed that those who desired to accompany us to Zanzibar should step on one side. They all hastened to one side except two of the Pasha's servants. The rest of the Pasha's people, having paid no attention to the summons, were secured in their huts and brought to the camp square, where some were flogged and others ironed and put under guard. "Now, Pasha," I said, "will you be good enough to tell these Arabs that these rebellious tricks of Wadelai and Dufile must cease here, for at the first move made by them I shall be obliged to exterminate them utterly?" On the Pasha translating the Arabs bowed, and vowed that they would obey their father religiously. At the muster this curious result was returned: There were with us 134 men, 84 married women, 187 female domestics, 74 children above two years, 35 infants in arms, making a total of 514. I have reason to believe that the number was nearer 600, as many were not reported from a fear, probably, that some would be taken prisoners.

On the 10th of April we set out from Kavallis, in number about 1,500 for 350 native carriers had been enrolled from the district to assist in carrying the baggage of the Pasha's people, whose ideas as to what was essential for the march were very crude.

An Execution.

On the 11th we camped at Masambonis, but in the night I was struck down with a severe illness, which well nigh proved mortal. It detained us at the camp twenty-eight days, which if Selim Bey and his party were really serious in their intention to withdraw from Africa was most fortunate for them, since it increased their allowance to seventy-two days. But in all this interval, only Shukri Aga, the chief at Mswa Station, appeared. He had started with twelve soldiers, but one by one disappeared, until he had only his trumpeter and one servant. A few days

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after the trumpeter absconded. Thus only one servant was left out of a garrison of sixty men, who were reported to be the faithfullest of the faithful.

During my illness another conspiracy or rather several were afloat, but one only was attempted to be realized, and the ringleader, a slave of Awash Effendi's, whom I had made free at Kavallis was arrested, and, after court-martial, which found him guilty, was immediately executed. Thus I have summarized the events attending the withdrawal of the Pasha and his Egyptians from the neighborhood of the Albert Nyanza. I ought to mention, however, that through some error of the native couriers employed by the Egyptians with us, a packet of letters was intercepted which threw a new light upon the character of the people whom we were to escort to the sea coast at Zanzibar. In a letter written by Ibrahim Effendi Elham, an Egyptian captain, to Selim Bey at Wadelai, were found—"I beseech you to hurry up your soldiers. If you send only fifty at once we can manage to delay the march easily enough; and if you can come with your people soon after we may obtain all we need." Ibrahim Effendi Elham was in our camp, and we may imagine that he only wrote what was determined upon by himself and fellow-officers should Selim Bey arrive in time to assist them in carrying out the plot.

The Perilous March.

On the 8th of May the march was resumed, but in the evening the last communication from Selim Bey was received. It began in a very insolent style—such as: "What do you mean by making the Egyptian officers carry loads on their heads and shoulders? What do you mean by making the soldiers beasts of burden? What do you mean by" etc., etc., all of which were purely mythical charges. The letter ended by abject entreaties that we should extend the time a little more, with protestations that if we did not listen to their prayers they were doomed, as they had but little ammunition left, and then concluding with the most important intelligence of all, proving our judgment of the whole number to be sound. The letter announced that the ten rebel officers and their adherents had one night broken into the store-houses at Wadelai, had possessed themselves of all the reserve ammunition and other stores, and had departed for Makkaraka, leaving their dupe, Selim Bey, to be at last sensible that he had been an egregious fool, and that he had disobeyed the Pasha's orders and disregarded his urgent entreaties, for the sake of ingrates like these, who had thrust him into a deep pit out of which there was no rescue unless we of course should wait for him. A reply was sent to him for the last time that if he were serious in wishing to accom-

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pany us, we should proceed forward at a slow rate, halting 24 days on the route, by which he would easily overtake us with his 200 soldiers. This was the last we heard of him.

The route I had adopted was one which skirted the Balegga mountains at a distance of 40 miles or thereabouts from the Nyanza. The first day was a fairish path, but the three following days tried our Egyptians sorely, because of the ups and downs and the brakes of cane-grass. On arriving at the southern end of these mountains we were made aware that our march was not to be uninterrupted, for the King of Unyoro had made a bold push, and had annexed a respectable extent of country on the left side of the Semliki River, which embraced all the open grass land between the Semliki River and the forest region. Thus, without making an immense detour through the forest, which would have been fatal to most of the Egyptians, we had no option but to press on, despite Kabrega and his Warasura. This latter name is given to the Wanyoro by all natives who have come in contact with them. The first day's encounter was decidedly in our favor, and the effect of it cleared the territory as far as the Semliki River free of the Wanyoro.

Meantime, we had become aware that we were on the threshold of a region which promised to be very interesting, for daily as we advanced to the southward, the great snowy range, which had so suddenly arrested our attention and excited our intense interest (in May 1, 1888), grew larger and bolder into view. It extended a long distance to the south-west, which would inevitably take us some distance off our course unless a pass could be discovered to shorten the distance to the countries south. At Buhoho, where we had the skirmish with Kabrega raiders, we stood on the summit of the hilly range which bounds the Semliki Valley on its north-west and south-west sides. On the opposite side rose Ruwenzori, the snow mountain, and its enormous eastern flank, which dipped down gradually until it fell into the level, and was seemingly joined with the tableland of Unyoro. The humpty western flank dipped down suddenly, as it seemed to us, into lands that we knew not by name as yet.

Between these opposing barriers spread the Semliki Valley, so like a lake at its eastern extremity that one of our officers exclaimed that it was the lake, and the female followers of the Egyptians set up a shrill lululus, on seeing their own lake, the Albert Nyanza again. With the naked eye it did appear like the lake, but a field-glass revealed that it was a level grassy plain, white with the ripeness of its grass. Those who have read Sir Samuel Baker's "Albert Nyanza" will remember the passage wherein he states that to the south-west the Nyanza stretches

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"illimitably." He might be well in error at such a distance, when our own people, with the plain scarcely four miles away, mistook the plain for the Nyanza. As the plain recedes south-westerly the bushes become thicker—finally acacias appear in their forests, and beyond these again the dead black thickness of an impenetrable tropical forest; but the plain as far as the eye could command continued to lie ten to twelve miles wide between these mountain barriers, and through the centre of it—sometimes inclining towards the south-east mountains, sometimes to the south-western range—the Semliki River pours its waters towards the Albert Nyanza.

In two marches from Buhoho we stood upon its banks, and alas! for Mason Bey and Gessi Pasha had they but halted their steamers for half an hour to examine this river—they would have seen sufficient to excite much geographical interest. For the river is a powerful stream from 80 to 100 yards wide, averaging nine feet depth from side to side, and having a current from 3½ knots to 4 knots per hour. In size it is about equal to two-thirds of the Victoria Nile. As we were crossing this river the Warasura attacked us from the rear with a well directed volley, but fortunately the distance was too great. They were chased for some miles, but fleet as greyhounds they fled, so there were no casualties to report on either side. We entered the Awamba country on the eastern shore of the Semliki, and our marches for several days afterwards were through plantain plantations, which flourished in the clearings made in this truly African forest. Finally we struck the open country again immediately under Ruwenzori itself.

A Great Snowy Range.

Much, however, as we had flattered ourselves that we should see some marvellous scenery, the Snow Mountain was very coy and hard to see. On most days it loomed impending over us like a tropical storm cloud ready to dissolve in rain and ruin on us. Near sunset a peak or two here, a crest there, a ridge beyond, white with snow, shot into view—jagged clouds whirling and eddying around them, and then the darkness of night. Often at sunrise, too, Ruwenzori would appear, fresh, clear, brightly pure, profound blue voids above and around it. Every line and dent, knoll and turret-like crag deeply marked and cleary visible; but presently all would be buried under mass upon mass of mist until the immense mountain was no more visible than if we were thousands of miles away. And then also, the snow mountain being set deeply in the range, the nearer we approached the base of the range the less we saw of it, for higher ridges obtruded themselves and barred the view. Still we

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have obtained three remarkable views, one from the Nyanza Plain, another from Kavalli, and a third from the South Point.

In altitudes above the sea I should estimate it to be between 18,000 and 19,000 feet. We cannot trust our triangulations, for the angles are too small. When we were in position to ascertain it correctly the inconstant mountain gathered his cloudy blankets around him and hid himself from view, but a clear view from the loftiest summit down to the lowest reach of snow obtained from a place called Karimi makes me confident that the height is between the figures stated above. It took us 19 marches to reach the south-west angle of the range, the Semliki Valley being below us on our right, and which if the tedious mist had permitted would have been exposed in every detail. That part of the valley traversed by us is generally known under the name of Awamba, while the habitable portion of the range is principally denominated Ukonju. The huts of these natives, the Bakonju, are seen as high as 8,000 feet above the sea.

Climbing the African Alps.

Almost all our officers had at one time a keen desire to distinguish themselves as the climbers of these African Alps, but unfortunately they were in a very unfit state for such a work. The Pasha only managed to get 1,000 feet higher than our camp; but Lieutenant Stairs reached the height of 10,077 feet above the sea, but had the mortification to find two deep gulfs between him and the Snowy Mount proper. He brought, however, a good collection of plants, among which were giant heather, blackberries, and bilberries. The Pasha was in his element among these plants, and has classified them. The first day we had disentangled ourselves of the forest proper and its outskirts of straggling bush, we looked down from the grassy shelf below Ruwenzori range, and saw a grassy plain, level seemingly as a bowling green—the very duplicate of that which is seen at the extremity of the Albert Nyanza—extending southerly from the forests of the Semliki Valley.

We then knew that we were not far from the Southern Lake discovered by me in 1877. Under guidance of the Wakonju, I sent Lieut. Stairs to examine the river said to flow from the Southern Nyanza. He returned next day, reporting it to be the Semliki River narrowed down to a stream forty-two yards wide and ten feet deep, flowing, as the canoemen on its banks said, to the Nyanza Utuku or Nyanza of Unyoro, the Albert Nyanza. Besides native reports he had other corroborative evidence to prove it to be the Semliki. On the second march from the confines of Awavela we entered Usongora, a grassy region as opposite in

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appearance from the perpetual spring of Ukonju as a draughty land could well be. This country bounds the Southern Nyanza on its northern and northwestern side.

A Wonderful Salt Lake.

Three days later, while driving the Warasura before us—or, rather, as they were self-driven by their own fears—we entered soon after its evacuation the important town of Kative, the headquarters of the raiders. It is situated between an arm of the Southern Nyanza and a Salt Lake about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, which consists of pure brine of a pinky color, and deposits salt in solid cakes of salt crystals. This was the property of the Wasongora, but the value of its possession has attracted the cupidity of Kabrega, who reaps a considerable revenue from it. Toro, Aukori Mpororo Ruanda, Ukonju, and many other countries demand the salt for consumption, and the fortunate possessor of this inexhaustible treasure of salt reaps all that is desirable of property in Africa in exchange with no more trouble than the defence of it. Our road from Kative lay E. and N. E. to round the bay-like extension of the Nyanza, lying between Usongora and Unyanpaka, and it happened to be the same taken by the main body of the Warasura in their hasty retreat from the Salt Lake. On entering Uhaiyana, which is to the south of Toro, and in the Uplands we had passed the northern head of the Nyanza, or Beatrice Gulf, and the route of the south was open, not, however, without another encounter with the Warasura.

A few days later we entered Unyanpaka, which I had visited in January, 1876. Ringi, the king, declined to enter into the cause of Unyoro, and allowed us to feed on his bananas unquestioned. After following the lake shore until it turned too far to the south-west, we struck for the lofty uplands of Aukori, by the natives of whom we were well received —preceded as we had been by the reports of our good deeds in relieving the Salt Lake of the presence of the universally obnoxious Warasura. If you draw a straight line from the Nyanza to the Uzinga shores of the Victoria Lake it would represent pretty fairly our course through Aukori, Karagwe and Uhaiya to Uzinga. Aukori was open to us, because we had driven the Wanyoro from the Salt Lake. The story was an open sesame; there also existed a wholesome fear of an expedition which had done that which all the power of Aukori could not have done. Karagwe was open to us because free trade is the policy of the Wanyambu, and because the Waganda were too much engrossed with their civil war to interfere with our passage. Uhaiya admitted our atrance without cavil out of respect to our numbers, and because we

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were well introduced by the Wanyambu, and the Wakwiya guided us in like manner to be welcomed by the Wazinja.

Sufferings From Fever.

Nothing happened during the long journey from the Albert Lake to cause us any regret that we had taken this straight course, but we have suffered from an unprecedented number of fevers. We have had as many as 150 cases in one day. Aukori is so beswept with cold winds that the Expedition wilted under them. Seasoned veterans like the Pasha and Captain Casati were prostrated time after time, and both were reduced to excessive weakness like ourselves. Our blacks, regardless of their tribes, tumbled headlong into the long grass to sleep their fever fits off. Some, after a short illness, died; the daily fatigues of the march, an ulcer, a fit of fever, a touch of bowel complaint caused the Egyptians to bide in any cover along the route, and being unperceived by the rear-guard of the expedition, were left to the doubtful treatment of natives, of whose language they were utterly ignorant. In the month of July we lost 141 of their number in this manner.

Out of respect to the first British Prince who has shown an interest in African geography, we have named the Southern Nyanza—to distinguish it from the other two Nyanzas, the Albert Edward Nyanza. It is not a very large lake. Compared to the Victoria, the Tanganyika, and the Nyassa, it is small, but its importance and interest lies in the fact that it is the receiver of all the streams at the extremity of the south-western or left Nile basins, and discharges these waters by one river, the Semliki, into the Albert Nyanza, in like manner as Lake Victoria receives all streams from the extremity of the south-eastern or right Nile basin, and pours these waters by the Victoria Nile into the Albert Nyanza. These two Niles, amalgamating in Lake Albert, leave this under the well-known name of White Nile.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

BRILLIANT RESULTS OF STANLEY'S JOURNEY.

The World Hears the News—Stanley and Emin Pasha Arrive at Mpwapwa—Newspapers Aglow With the Intelligence—Intense Interest of All Civilized People—Unfortunate Report of Emin's Death—General Rejoicings on Account of Emin's Safety—The *New York Herald* Resolves to Send a Relief Expedition—Captain Wissmann's Dispatch From Zanzibar—The German Government Rendering Every Possible Assistance—Stanley's Thrilling Narrative—Incidents of the Homeward March—The Explorer in Perfect Health—Stanley's Summons to Conduct the Expedition—"Twenty Various Little Commissions"—A Hero Who Shirked No Task—Great Geographical Discoveries—The Aruwimi Explored from its Source to Its Bourne—The Immense Congo Forest—"Cloud King" Wrapped in Eternal Snow—Connection Between Two Great Lakes—Traversing Ranges of Mountains—Under the Burning Equator—Fed on Blackberries—Six Thousand Square Miles of Water Added to Victoria Nyanza—Animals, Birds, and Plants—New Stores of Knowledge—The Hand of a Divinity—Events as They Occurred—Sufferings and Losses—"Horrible Forms of Men Smitten with Disease"—Sickening Sights—Death of a White Man—Emin Pasha and Jephson Threatened with Instant Death—Prisoners in the Hands of the Mahdists—Jephson's Letters—Stanley's Faith in the Purity of His Own Motives—Guided By a Higher Power—Terrible Hardships of the March—"Agonies of Fierce Fevers"—What Vulgar People Call Luck—Strange Things in Heaven and Earth—A Summary of Bravery—Uncomplaining Heroism of Dark Explorers—Incentives to Duty—Stanley's Letter to the British Consul at Zanzibar—Number of Persons Brought Out of Central Africa—Fifty-nine Infant Travellers—Eighteen of the Pasha's People Lost—Burdens Increasing with Each Advance—Carrying the Helpless One Thousand Miles—Four Days' Fighting—Prejudice Against the Pasha Among the Natives—Talking of No Use—Valuable Discovery—Large Extension of a Lake—Mountainous Islands—Completeness of Stanley's Story—Review of the Expedition—Magnificent Results—Immortal Fame of the Great Hero.

ON the 4th of December, 1889, the world rang with the news that Stanley and Emin Pasha, attended by several hundred others who had left Central Africa, had arrived on the East coast This intelligence was hailed with every demonstration of delight, and the newspaper press throughout all civilized nations recorded the fact that the great explorer had at last accomplished his task.

Previous to this, on November 21st, the Emin Relief Committee in Berlin had received the welcome intelligence of Mr. Stanley's arrival at Mpwapwa, in the territories of the German East African Protectorate. The intelligence of the intrepid Pasha's safety was hailed with greater

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relief for the reason that, owing to an unfortunate telegraphic error, it was at first believed that he had perished. The dismay caused by this mistake was naturally great, especially as the Emperor was reported to have had confirmation of the sad news from the Imperial Commission. His Majesty was said to have at once communicated with the Relief Committee and to have evinced the deepest emotion. It seemed doubly tragic that the courageous Governor of the Equatorial Province should have perished, after all his wanderings and dangers, when almost within sight of home and on the borders of German territory. Happily the mistake was soon discovered, and served only to enhance the general rejoicing over the Pasha's safety.

The *New York Herald*, with that generous spirit of enterprise which has always characterized it, resolved to meet the returning explorer with a relief expedition. Under date of November 11th, it published the following dispatch from its correspondent at Zanzibar:

ZANZIBAR, Nov. 10, 1889.—Captain Wissmann has sent me word that I can go up country with my expedition to meet Mr. Stanley, and carry him supplies of tea, quinine, tobacco and other necessaries. Captain Wissmann will give me an escort in addition to my own men, but he says that I must fly the German flag. Captain Wissmann comes here from the coast to-night. The German government asked him yesterday to give me every assistance.

Stanley's Thrilling Narrative.

The *Herald* published the following letter which describes the later incidents of the extraordinary march.

Mr. Stanley says: First of all, I am in perfect health and feel like a laborer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath.

Just about three years ago, while lecturing in New England, a message came from under the sea bidding me to hasten and take a commission to relieve Emin Pasha at Wadelai; but, as people generally do with faithful pack horses, numbers of little trifles, odds and ends, are piled on over and above the proper burden. Twenty various little commissions were added to the principal one, each requiring due care and thought. Well, looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task and that good will, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as well as circumstances permitted.

Over and above the happy ending of our appointed duties we have

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not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian Peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The Mountains of the Moon this time, beyond the least doubt, have been located, and Ruwenzori, "The Cloud King," robed in eternal snow, has been seen and its flanks explored and some of its shoulders ascended, Mounts Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon Cones being but giant sentries warding off the approach of the inner area of "The Cloud King."

On the southeast of the range, the connection between Albert Edward Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza has been discovered and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains has been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture land as would make your cowboys out West mad with envy. And right under the burning equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from snow beds. We have also been able to add nearly 6,000 square miles of water to Victoria Nyanza.

Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries. I always suspected that in the central regions between the equatorial lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new facts.

The Hand of a Divinity.

This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa. A regular divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will, but nevertheless guided us and protected us.

What can you make of this, for instance? On August 17, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march, to follow our track, they decide to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere.

The results are that three-quarters of their force die of slow poison. Their commander is murdered and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton and obliged to return home. A fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the

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Congo and the survivor is found in such a fearful pest hole that we dare not describe its horrors.

Upon the same date, 150 miles away, the officer of the day leads 333 men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic; his white companions, vexed and irritated by the sense of the evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. Thev are surrounded by cannibals and poison tipped arrows thin their numbers.

More Sufferings and Losses.

Meantime I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions; through forests my scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

Taking the same month and the same date in 1888, a year later, on August 17th, I listen, horror-struck, to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred, wnile the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot four weeks before, is simply sickening.

On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow, breathes his last. On the next day, August 18th, 600 miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Madhists.

Emin's Peril.

Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death we arrived a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom.

Jephson's own letters fully describe his anxiety. Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm.

I gave as much good will to my duties as the strictest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was first, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands.

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Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet every one that started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures is here to-day safe, sound and well. This is not due to me. Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me.

Hardships of the March.

These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments nave ruffled their tempers and harassed their hours.

They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers; they have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live.

This in not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings or the cheery energy which they bestowed to their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks, and urged the poor souls on to their goal.

The vulgar will call it luck. Unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains the feeling that, of verity, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

A Summary of Bravery.

I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture it would have a great interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the unfortunate for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians, who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty, of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to the *Herald* correspondent who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and who with his gifts of composition, may present a very taking outline of what has been done, and is now near ending, thanks be to God forever and ever.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

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The following letter from Mr. Stanley relates the additional incidents of his homeward march. It was sent to Mr. Smith, Acting British Consul at Zanzibar.

GERMAN STATION, MPWAPWA, November 11, 1889.

Dear Sir:—We arrived here yesterday on the fifty-fifth day from Victoria Nyanza and the 188th day from the Albert Nyanza. We number altogether about 750 souls. At the last muster, three days ago, Emin Pasha's people numbered 294, of whom 59 are children, mostly orphans of Egyptian officers. The whites with me are Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, Mounteney Jephson, Surgeon Parke, William Bonny, Mr. Hoffman, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, Signor Marco and a Tunisian, Vitu Hassan, and an apothecary. We have also Peres Girault and Schinze, of the Algerian mission. Among the principal officers of the Pasha are the Vakeers, of the Equatorial Province, and Major Awash Effendi, of the second battalion.

Since leaving Victoria Nyanza we have lost eighteen of the Pasha's people and one native of Zanzibar, who was killed while we were parleying with hostile people. Every other expedition I have led has seen the lightening of our labors as we drew near the sea, but I cannot say the same of this one. Our long string of hammock bearers tells a different tale, and until we place these poor things on shipboard there will be no rest for us. The worst of it is we have not the privilege of showing at Zanzibar the full extent of our labors. After carrying the helpless 1,000 miles, fighting to the right and left of the sick, driving Warasura from their prey, over range and range of mountains, with every energy on the full strain, they slip through our hands and die in their hammocks. One lady, seventy-five years of age, the old mother of the Valkiel, died in this manner in North Msukuma, south of Victoria Nyanza.

Four Days' Fighting.

We had as stirring a time for four days as we had anywhere. For those four days we had continuous fighting during the greater part of daylight hours. The foolish natives took an unaccountable prejudice to the Pasha's people. They insisted that they were cannibals and had come to their country for no good. Talking to them was of no use. Any attempt at disproval drove them into white hot rage, and in their mad flinging themselves on us they suffered.

I am advised that the route to the sea via Simba and Mwene is the best for one thing that specially appears desirable to me—an abundance of food. I propose to adopt that line. As regards the danger of an attack, this road seems to me to be as bad as another.

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We have made the unexpected discovery, of real value in Africa, of a considerable extension of the Victoria Nyanza to the southwest. The utmost southerly reach of this extension is south latitude 2° 48′, which brings the Victoria Sea within 155 miles only from Lake Tanganyika.

I was so certain in my mind that this fact was known through the many voyages of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda, that I do not feel particularly moved by it. Mackay, however, showed me the latest maps published by the society, and I saw that not one had even a suspicion of it. On the road here I made a rough sketch of it, and I find that the area of the great lake is now increased by this discovery to 26,900 square miles, which is just about 1,900 square miles larger than the reputed exaggerations of Captain Speke.

If you will glance at a map of the lake toward the southwest you will find that the coast line runs about northwest and east-southeast; but this coast line so drawn consists mainly of a series of large and mountainous islands, many of them well peopled, which overlap one another. South of these islands is a large body of water, just discovered Lake Uriji, also which Captain Speke so slightly sketched. It turns out to be a very respectable lake, with populated islands in it.

I hope that we shall meet before long.

I beg to remain your obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

These reports from Mr. Stanley, containing the history of his journey, give a dramatic completeness to the story of his expedition. He has rescued Emin Pasha just when he stood in the sorest need of rescue. In the interval between his first and second meetings with Emin the latter's feeble dominion crumbled to pieces under the assaults of the Madhists. Emin's demoralized army was in full revolt, and Mr. Stanley, who was hastening back to the appointed rendezvous for the final operation of rescue, learned that there was no time to lose. Emin and Jephson had been prisoners for five months. Mr. Stanley pushed forward, waited for nearly a month to gather up all the fugitives, and then left the Albert N[illegible]nza homeward bound. We have heard nothing so full nor so direct from him since the interesting letters published in April, 1889, in which he announced that he was setting forth on the final expedition towards Emin, of which we now know the triumphant result. These letters, written in August, 1888, broke the silence of fourteen months. Stanley had been lost to the world from June, 1887. He was again to be lost until the date of his very welcome message—despatched, of course, in advance by messengers to Zanzibar, and thence telegraphed to this country.

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He met Emin for the first time in April, 1888, after struggling through the almost impenetrable forest described with such vivid force in his letters. He found Emin unwilling to return with him, but he left him to reconsider his determination while he went back towards the Aruwimi to look after his rear guard and to gather up his own supplies. He reached the station only to receive news of the direst disaster—the murder of Major Barttelot, the abandonment of the station—and the day after he received the news, though he was of course unaware of it at the time, Emin Pasha, at the other extremity of the line, fell into the power of the Mahdists. Stanley set out to join Emin without any knowledge, though perhaps not without some apprehension of the catastrophe, but he showed such diligence in his march that he was in time to act with decisive energy. The event crowns his wonderful enterprise in a becoming manner, and it will have an effect which everyone must have thought impossible—in adding even to his reputation for courage, for perseverance, and indomitable will. The rescue of Emin Pasha is glory enough for Stanley, and the world applauds his brilliant success.

Emin's Love for His People.

Emin took a prodigious time to make up his mind, and no wonder. He was still hoping against hope that he might recover his old authority and go on with his life work, the civilizing of the Equatorial Province, and with that of the whole Soudan. His was not the vacillation of the man who cannot choose between two courses of seemingly equal advantage; it was the reluctance of a devotee to give up what alone seemed to him to make life worth living. In all this Emin was perfectly consistent with himself. It was no change of purpose at the last moment that made him cling to Central Africa; he had always said that he would never leave it with his good will. It was not he that asked to be relieved, or, at any rate, to be relieved in the way suggested by his generous friends in England. His latest letter, it will be observed, written in the first flush of his gratitude, acknowledges only an appeal for "assistance for my people." Personally, he wished only to be helped to stay; not to be helped to retire. There can be little doubt that, with all the chances against him, he would have preferred to remain—either to win his province back again to law and to civilization, or to leave his bones in the waste.

A poet in want of a theme for a tragic soliloquy need ask for nothing more suggestive than Emin's reflections on quitting Africa. In the great venture that led him there for good, he had embarked his all of genius, energy, and hope. His devotion to his work led him to change his very name in order to remove all traces of his Frankish origin. From Dr.

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Edward Schnitzer he became Emin, or "the Faithful One," and he, in a manner, forgot his German origin in his perfect sympathy with his new compatriots. His province was in a frightful state when it came into his hands as the lieutenant of Gordon and the servant of the Khedive. In three or four years, he had reduced it to peace, contentment, and order; banished the slave traders from his borders; introduced agriculture and industry; established a regular weekly post; and turned a large deficit per annum into an immense surplus. When he could no longer hold it for the Khedive, he held it on his own account. He was in a fair way to become the Rajah Brooke of Central Africa, the pious founder of a State. "His whole heart," says Dr. Felkin, "seemed to be centred in the welfare of his people and the advancement of science, and no idea of fame appeared to enter his mind."

Courageous to the Last.

When Mr. Stanley found him the second time his glorious experiment had come to an end in unmistakable failure, and he was a prisoner in the hands of his revolted troops. But mischances of much the same kind had happened to him before, and he had survived them all.

His letters abound in stories of war and rumors of war, of treachery and revolt, and of all those accidents which must so largely checker the lot of a ruler of a semi-barbarous State set in the midst of utter barbarism. It is clear that he had the same hope of surviving them this time, and that Mr. Stanley's arrival presented him with the most painful alternative ever submitted to his judgment and his feelings. Before, it had been merely a choice between victory and death. Now there was really no choice at all, for in gratitude to Mr. Stanley and to those who had sent him, he was compelled to accept the offer of retreat. No one is to blame, but one man assuredly is to be pitied, and that is the hero who has been brought back to unwelcome ease and safety from as glorious a field as ever tempted the spirit of man.

African Barbarism Doomed.

Stanley's history of his last great expedition is thoroughly characteristic of the man. It is full of thrilling interest, challenging our admiration for the writer and awakening a tearful sympathy with that company of heroes whose courage overstepped innumerable dangers.

The hardships of this great journey will become a fading memory; its successes have already become historic.

The Dark Continent is dark no longer. To Stanley and his undaunted comrades the world owes a debt of gratitude which it will be difficult to repay. Africa has at last been opened up to the civilization of the future.

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Its vast tracts of wilderness will stimulate the enterprise of the pioneer, and the day is not far distant—within the lifetime of our children's children, perhaps—when the shrill echo of the engine's whistle will be heard on the rugged sides of snow-capped mountains which Stanley has explored; when those illimitable forests will resound with the woodsman's axe, and when the law of commerce will change the tawny native from a savage into a self-respecting citizen. Barbarism will retire from its last stronghold on the planet, as the darkness disappears when the sun rises over the hilltops. Long life seems a boon when such a magnificent problem is in process of solution.

Our readers will be impressed by the strong though underlying religious tone of the history. Stanley has been overmastered by the grandeur of his own achievement. He declares his belief that a higher power guided him through the perils which encompassed his little army. He builded better than he knew and better than he had planned, and attributes it to the fact that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

The Unseen Power.

This is not an unusual attitude for real greatness to assume. Under an Egyptian sky Napoleon followed the same train of thought and expressed the same conviction. What he found himself able to do was so much greater than his most ambitious dreams that he willingly shared the glory of his victories with that unseen Power which made him a Man of Destiny. So Stanley, hewing his way through hordes of cannibals, unscathed in scores of pitched battles, defying the most portentous diseases which a tropical climate can foster, accomplishing his purpose against infinite odds, and at last reaching the seacoast "in perfect health," and feeling "like a laborer on a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath," brings the history to a close with the words, "Thanks be to God, forever and ever."

The dire distresses of this long journey of two and a half years, are beyond the reach of language. He merely hints at some of them and leaves the rest to the imagination. We ponder his pathetic references to the sturdy loyalty of companions and followers, "maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers," falling into their graves through the subtle poison with which the natives tipped their arrows and spears, bravely fighting their way through interminable swamps only to succumb at last, and the conviction steals over us that such a story has never been told before and may never be told again.

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The victories of peace are not far distant, and this Dark Continent will shake itself free from barbarism and start on a career of progress which will excite the admiration of the world.

For this magnificent prospect we are indebted in part to the intrepid explorers who preceded Stanley, but mostly to Stanley himself.

Grand Reception to Stanley.

On December 5th, 1889, Stanley's party reached the coast, arriving at Bagamoyo at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Major Wissmann had provided horses for Stanley and Emin, and upon them they made their triumphal entry into Bagamoyo. The town was profusely decorated. Verdant arches were built across all the avenues and palm branches waved from every window. A salute of nine guns was fired by Major Wissmann's force and the same number by the German man-of-war. All the officers of the expedition were sumptuously entertained at a luncheon at Major Wissmann's headquarters.

Emperor William of Germany sent greetings. A message of congratulation came from Leopold, King of Belgium. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, soon forwarded a cordial dispatch, expressing satisfaction at Stanley's brilliant success.

At a banquet in the evening Stanley was toasted, and in reply said he thanked God he had performed his duty. He spoke with emotion of his soldiers whose bones were bleaching in the forest, and remarked that with him and those of his party work was always onward. He bore testimony to the Divine influence that had guided him in his work.

Emin Pasha's reception was extremely cordial. Unfortunately, owing to his poor eyesight, he met with a serious accident, and by falling from a balcony was more severely injured than he had been in all his wanderings and conflicts. The world was moved to sympathy for his misfortune and hope for his recovery.

On the 14th of December, 1889, the United States Government, through our Secretary of State, sent the following congratulatory message:

"STANLEY, Zanzibar:—

"I am directed by the President of the United States to tender his congratulations to you upon the success which has attended your long tour of discovery through Africa and upon the advantages which may accrue therefrom to the civilized world."

From the extraordinary interest taken in Mr. Stanley's explorations and particularly in his last expedition, it is plain that he is regarded as something more than a geographical discoverer; nor can it be said that his highest mission has consisted in rescuing those who were in peril,

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like Livingstone and Emin Pasha. Stanley's explorations have a broader and deeper meaning than this. He has done more than any other man to open the heart of Africa, and to prepare the way for the onward march of civilization and those Christianizing influences which elevate nations, which tame savage races, which bring the blessings of education and refinement. It is only in the light of such results as these—results which are sure to be realized in the near future—that we can measure the meaning of Mr. Stanley's achievements in the Dark Continent.

Stanley would be a great hero if he had done nothing more than save those whose lives were in danger; nothing more than penetrate some of the mysteries of Africa; nothing more than cross the continent from sea to sea. Where one man with his brave band of devoted followers has gone, civilization will march, and the path which our hero has marked through the wilderness will become the highway of empire. Great as is our hero's fame at the present time, it will be greater as the ages go by. When the wilds of Africa are wild no longer and the immense resources of that wonderful country have been developed, it will be acknowledged by all the nations of the globe that one of the chief agencies in this magnificent consummation was the intrepid explorer whose fortunes have been followed by all civilized nations.

We who read the thrilling narrative of the foregoing pages, surrounded by all the comforts of life, are not really able to take in the situation; we do not understand the length, the breadth, the height, the depth of it. We do not appreciate the imminent perils, the extreme privations, the agonizing sufferings which have attended the brave men who have sought the sources of the Nile, and by their daring exploits and heroic deeds have thrown back the curtains of mystery and have made the Continent of Africa one mighty object of wonder and interest. It may be questioned whether Mr. Stanley himself has been able to weigh the value of his discoveries and the brilliancy of his exploits. Not a general, he was more than a general; not a fortune seeker, he has brought a fortune to the world; not a conquerer of kingdoms, he has marked the way and laid out the ground for kingdoms whose glory will be equal to that of any of the empires famed in history.

It is fitting, therefore, that the dignitaries of the earth, the crowned heads of Europe and a nation like ours, where all men are crowned, should preserve the fame, admire the successes, and tell the magnificent results of Stanley's heroic deeds.

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CHAPTER XL.

WHAT STANLEY AND EMIN HAVE DONE FOR AFRICA.

Stanley's Arrival at Cairo—Warm Greetings—A Talk with the Explorer—A Fortune Left Behind—Great Preparations to Welcome Stanley—Banquet Attended by Distinguished Persons—Stanley's Letter to Mr. Bruce—A Story that Would Have Thrilled Livingstone—Two Hundred Thousand Spears—White Cotton Dresses—An Unexpected Meeting—The King Finds a Refuge—Mohammedan Intrigues—Terrible Slaughter—Christians in Africa—Stanley has an Opportunity for Adventure—An Imposing Deputation—Christian Converts Mightier than Kings—Students of the Bible and Prayer Book—A Tough Scotchman—"Peace and Good Will to Men"—Stanley Sends Greetings and Best Wishes—Stanley's Return Anticipated in London—Offers for a Prize Poem—An American Girl Wins the Prize—The Poem Celebrating Stanley's Return—"Back from the Dead."

MR. STANLEY arrived at Cairo January 14, 1890. His coming was the signal for a general stir through all the place, and people of every nationality, race and color rose up to give him welcome. The dispatch from Cairo announcing his arrival was as follows:

"Stanley arrived here at noon to-day, meeting with a great and notable reception at the station from Sir Evelyn Baring, General Sir Francis Grenfell, acting United States Consul General Grant and others. He went to the Khedive's palace in state. He made an official call on him lasting half an hour, and was decorated with the grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, a very distinguished honor. He was warmly greeted by a large crowd at the Shepherd's Hotel.

"Stanley looks very well, his bronzed face showing below a white German cap and above a suit of 'dittoes.' The members of his party are in excellent health and spirits. He thinks Emin will be here in a month.

A Talk with the Explorer.

"Stanley gave me a few minutes' conversation to-day. He said the rumors of his death were due to the non-arrival of letters sent by bands of picked messengers who were stopped by hostile tribes five days from

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where Barttelot was killed. He himself found two parties of his messengers there when on his way to the coast.

"Stanley says that Emin, with his great influence and tact, would be an invaluable agent at Suakim or Wady Halfa. Backed with military authority, he would pave the way for a better understanding between the Egyptian government and the native tribes—an excellent method for bringing back the Soudanese.

A Fortune Left Behind.

"Emin left seventy-five tons of ivory behind him. Stanley speaks in the highest terms of his party. He dines with the Khedive on Thursday. King Leopold sent an officer with a letter of congratulation to the great explorer."

Another dispatch from Cairo, dated January 19, 1890, announced that great preparations had been made for a banquet to Stanley the next night, to be given by the Egyptian government. Riaz Pasha was to preside. On the previous night the whole party dined with Sir Evelyn Baring. Stanley, though quite well, announced that he would not go to Europe for some time, but would remain in Egypt for rest and to recoup his strength. Private telegrams reported Emin's progress toward recovery to be slow but sure.

The welcome to Stanley took place according to the foregoing announcement, as will be seen by the following:

"CAIRO, Jan. 20, 1890.—Riaz Pasha, the Premier, presided at the banquet in honor of Mr. Stanley. Numerous distinguished Europeans were present. One of these was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. In proposing the health of Mr. Stanley Riaz Pasha eulogized the services of Emin to the world and to science. In responding Mr. Stanley recounted the main points of his journey and dwelt upon Emin's vacillation. He said he had offered to Emin, in case he preferred to stay in Africa, to make him Governor of another fair province.

"He touched feelingly upon Emin's accident, and thanked the audience warmly in behalf of himself and his companions for the great honor accorded to them."

Stanley's Letter to Mr. Bruce.

The latest of Mr. Stanley's fascinating letters to reach us for publication is one written to Mr. Alexander L. Bruce, the son-in-law of Livingstone. It is dated from Ugogo, in October, 1888, and it must have been written at about the time that Mr. Stanley reached Mpwapwa, and once more came within the purview of civilization. It gives an encouraging account of the great progress of Christianity in Central Africa, and it shows that

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Bishop Hannington's murderer, Mwanga, has met with his reward. The persecuted native Christians have been powerful enough, in alliance with the Mohammedans, to drive him into exile. He had been received in his flight by the French missionaries, in noble requital of charity and goodness for the brutality with which he had driven them forth from his dominions. He is now waiting for an opportunity of returning to claim his inheritance, which is held by a nominee of the Mohammedan party, who soon began to act for themselves when the immediate danger which dictated their temporary alliance with the Christians had passed away.

Mr. Stanley's point is that the native converts are now strong enough to make a revolution in one of the most powerful of the African kingdoms, and that this, if he could have foreseen it, would have delighted the heart of Livingstone, and would have made him more than ever content to quit the scene of his lifelong labors. The Christians of Africa, it is evident, are passing through all the stages which marked the earlier growth of the faith in Rome—from persecution to an enforced toleration, and from that to political supremacy. Much may be hoped now that the butcher Mwanga is a fugitive from his capital, so soon after his butchery of the most unoffending of men. He had sent forward a party to solicit the aid of Mr. Stanley in restoring him to his throne. The astute explorer, borrowing a hint from the statecraft of Uganda, "dissembled" until he came to a place of safety, and then spoke his mind with becoming freedom on Mwanga and his deeds. One ought, no doubt, to set this ruffian a better example; but it is impossible to repress a glow of satisfaction at the thought that he has so soon met with an instalment of his deserts.

UGOGO, Central Africa, October 15, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. BRUCE:—I have no idea of sending any couriers ahead until I reach Mpwapwa, but I write this to lay by ready for the opportunity. I am about to write to you a true story—such a story as would have kindled Livingstone, and cause him to say like Simeon, "Now let Thy servant depart in peace."

We had arrived at a certain point on the shores of the Albert Edward Nyanza, and we had to decide which of several dangerous routes seaward we should take. To the south lay Ruanda, a vast kingdom governed by King Kigiri; to the south-south-east lay Mpororo, with a people noted for their daring and ferocity; to the east-south-east rose the plateau walls of Aukori, a land defended by 200,000 spears. Trending northerly lay an extent of country which after a few days would take us to Uganda with its half a million of spears and 2,000 guns. After a

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detailed description of each land and its resources, the officers decided that, as there was not much choice left, the decision should rest with me.

As the straightest and most direct route lay through Aukori, I chose the latter. So far as preparations for hostility—if any were offered we were as perfect as it was possible for us to be. The marches were shortened. The advance halted frequently to enable the rear guard to be in touch and within sound of the foremost rifles, and most admirably close order was maintained. At the same time, though every one knew the importance of being ready at a moment's notice, no one gave any reason for offence to be taken. That is, we were not defiant. Well, we arrived within one day's forced march from the King's capital, due west of it. We were quietly encamped when we were made aware that a body of superior people had arrived. They wore cotton dresses, spotlessly white, and just as well clothed as any of the tidiest natives of Zanzibar. We were rather surprised, as you may imagine. They were introduced to us by the King's messengers as the Waganda.

An Unexpected Meeting.

I dare say you have followed the history of this expedition from the beginning. You know how Junker telegraphed his painful details of the needs of Emin Pasha; you know how Felkin pleaded to the public for assistance to be sent to Wadelai; you know how I was prevented from going near Uganda by Lord Iddesleigh and the French Minister, therefore you will know what we supposed this information that the Waganda were in Aukori to forebode to us. After all my endeavors to steer clear of Uganda, why here the Waganda stood before us nearly two hundred miles from where they ought to be. The Wanyankori by themselves were altogether out of all proportion to us, but if the Waganda were to be added to them—we had only to choose some soft grassy ground to lie on. We found the Waganda were a deputation from a body of 3,000 Waganda, who were camped a day's march east of the King's capital, or about two days' march from us. I believe you are aware that the Waganda are exceedingly diplomatic in their way. These Waganda amazed me by the manner they warded off all inquiries as to what they wanted. At night the deputation came to my hut and revealed to me one of the most astonishing bits of real modern history that I know of. The Church Missionary Society's missionaries who are involved in this period and its troubles no doubt have given the British public full accounts; nevertheless, I will give you the pith of what Zachariah, a Waganda convert of the deputation, told me, so that you can compare the two accounts.

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Mwanga, the King of Uganda, the murderer of Bishop Hannington, had proceeded on his bloody course from bad to worse, until the native Mohammedans united with the Christians, who call themselves Amasia, to depose the cruel tyrant. The Christians were induced to join the Moslems, not only because of his sanguinary butcheries of their co-religionists, but because he had recently meditated the extermination of all Christians. He had ordered a large number of goats to be carried on to an island, and he had invited the Christians to embark in a flotilla of canoes for their capture, as though for a grand sport or feast. A Christian page warned his friends not to accept the king's invitation. They accordingly declined, and went and hid themselves, leaving Mwanga in a great rage at being baffled in his scheme. He had intended to have allowed the Christians to feed on the goats, and afterwards to starve. The union of the Moslems and Christians was soon followed by a successful attempt.

The King Finds a Refuge.

Mwanga resisted for a short time with such force as he could muster, but his capitals, Rubaga and Ulagalla, being assaulted and taken, he had to fly. Embarking in canoes he and his party made their way south over Lake Victoria, and sought refuge with Said bin Saif, an old friend of mine in 1871, now called Kipanda in this country. Kipanda, it appears, ill-treated the royal fugitive, coveted his guns and his fair women, and Mwanga resolved to fly again before it was too late. He took refuge this time with the French Mission at Ukumbi, which happened to be nearer to Kipanda's station than Mackay's mission house. The French, ever hospitable, received him kindly, and availed themselves of the opportunity to convert him. They were successful, and Mwanga became a Roman Catholic, as I daresay Nebuchadnezzar would have done under the same circumstances. Previous to this, Mwanga had expelled the missionaries, both French and English, from Uganda; expelled them in the most shameful and humiliating manner, robbed their stations of every article, and their persons of every upper garment—even their hats were taken, and they were pushed adrift on the lake. The missionaries after incredible dangers arrived at the south end of the lake, the French party settling at Ukumbi, the English with Mackay at Usambiro. It was not long, however, before an avenging Nemesis drove the tyrant to seek refuge at the new homes of the poor missionaries whom he had so cruelly treated.

After Mwanga's flight the victorious religionists of Uganda chose Kiwewa for their King. Matters went smoothly for a short time until the Christians discovered that the Mohammedans were endeavoring to

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detach the king's favor and good-will from them. They were heard to insinuate that as England had a Queen the Christians intended to place one of Mtesa's daughters on the throne instead of Kiwewa. The new King did not long remain undecided about the course he should adopt; but the Mohammedans informed him that before they could accept him as a genuine co-religionist he would have to undergo the rite demanded. Kiwewa, however, though he had been ready enough to alienate the Christians, had compunctions on this point, and said that he preferred deposition to conforming with their demands.

A Terrible Slaughter.

Somewhat staggered at Kiwewa's obstinacy, it was resolved that force should be used, and twelve Watongole were deputed to seize Kiwewa, and personally perform the operation. Among these Watongole was my gossip Sabadu (see "Dark Continent"). Poor tricky Sabadu! He met his fate. Kiwewa warned of all this prepared by filling his house with armed men. As the Watongole came to the house they were seized and slaughtered. Kiwewa killed two with his own hand. The alarm was soon spread through the capital, and the other chiefs of the Moslem party flew to arms. An assault was made on the King's house, and in the strife Kiwewa was taken and slain. The rebels then elected Karema, another of Mtesa's sons—the Cain who had slain his brother, Ma'ando, the large-eyed boy who I thought in 1875 would have been King of Uganda after Mtesa. Karema is the person who now reigns over a divided Uganda. For the Christians have several times made head (five times, I am told), and have maintained their cause well, sometimes successfully, but the last time they were sorely defeated, and most of the survivors have fled to Aukora. There is a body of about 3,000 in Aukora, while several hundreds are scattered through Uddu.

Some time after this last revolution the Christians of Uddu heard that Mwanga had embraced the Christian faith, and, convinced that his conversion was real, sent and tendered their allegiance to him. Mwanga then came to Uddu with an English trader named Stokes, but as their means of offence were inadequate Mwanga took possession of an island east of Sesse, and there he remains with about 250 guns; while Stokes, it is said, has gone back to the coast to purchase more guns and a large supply of ammunition—upon a promise that Mwanga would recoup him with ivory eventually. Meantime Marema is king of the mainland, and Mwanga, gathering to him all the Christians and disaffected, with the natives of Sesse and the islands, has assumed kingly authority over the islands of the Lake. In the civil war almost all the notables of Uganda

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mentioned in "The Dark Continent" have been slain in battle or destroyed by violence, and those who were king's pages in my time in 1875 are now titled chiefs.

Fine Opportunity for Adventure.

After the conclusion of this astonishing narrative I demanded to know what they wanted with us. Then came another display of their diplomatic gifts, and, finally, they told me that they had been sent by their chief to invite me to lead them to the invasion of Uganda to depose Karema and make Mwanga king! Here was a splendid opportunity for adventure! I would make my story too long altogether if I were to tell all that took place, but you will please understand this much. The late events at Lake Albert—though naturally suspicious—had made me more than usually so. The clever—I might say the remarkable—powers of the Egyptians for dissimulation and guile had been frustrated solely by a rigid attention to orders; and our salvation here from plunging into new adventures, however promising, could only be possible by adhesion to the lines laid down by those who were responsible for this expedition. Besides, personal susceptibilities and feelings or sympathies ought to find no place in a plain matter of duty.

I suspected the Waganda, and in order to get a little nearer the Alexandra Nile I told them that I could give no definite answer until I had reached Ruampara (south of the capital), when I was sure my people could be fed while absent. It was accordingly agreed that the deputation should return to their chief, report what they had seen and heard, and come again to Ruampara. Meantime we pursued our march; and finally, when we were but a day from the Alexandra Nile, the deputation came again, to be told plainly that I did not believe the story of Mwanga's conversion, that I had no faith in such a wicked fellow becoming so pious a Christian all at once, that his murder of Bishop Hannington was such a crime that on my own responsibility I could not venture even to assist him with a rifle, or to send him a gift of any kind until our people at home could decide upon it.

Mightier than Kings.

As the deputation was now five days from their camp and the King's capital was four days, and as we were only one day from Karagué, the King, who favors Mwanga, and the Waganda had to submit, for with the greatest ease we could have gained safety long before they could reach the capital where the fighting men are principally assembled. But if the narrative is true—and I have now no reason to doubt it—what would have pleased Livingstone so much is that a body of Christians can become

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in twelve years so numerous and formidable as to depose the most absolute and powerful king in Africa, and hold their own against any number of combinations hostile to them. What can a man wish better for a proof that Christianity is possible in Africa? I forgot to say that each member of the deputation possessed a Prayer Book and the Gospel of Matthew printed in Kiganda, and that as soon as they retired from my presence they went to study their Prayer Books. Five of their following accompanied us for the purpose of pursuing their religious studies on the coast.

I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa—who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith—as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions—the stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle-bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labors to the good kindly people at home who trusted in them.

A Tough Scotchman.

I suppose you do not know Mackay personally. Well, he is a Scotchman—the toughest little fellow you could conceive. Young too—probably thirty-two years or so, and bears the climate splendidly—even his complexion is uninjured—not Africanized yet by any means, despite twelve years' continued residence. These Mission Societies certainly contrive to produce extraordinary men. Apropos of Scotchmen, can you tell me why they succeed oftener than other people? Take Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay, real Scotchmen with the burr. They stand pre-eminent above all other missionaries, no matter what nationality. It is not because they are Scotchmen that they succeed. It is not because they are better men in any one way or the other, physically, mentally or morally—of that we may rest assured—but it is because they have been more educated in one thing than all others. While I say this I review mentally all whom I know and have met, and I repeat the statement confidently. That one thing is Duty.

These missionaries, Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay, piously brought up, are taught among other things what duty is, what it means; not to yield to anything but strict duty. Thus, Moffat can persevere for fifty

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years in doing his duty among the heathen; and Livingstone, having given his promise to Sir Roderick that he will do his best, thinks it will be a breach of his duty to return home before he finishes his work; and Mackay plods on, despite every disadvantage, sees his house gutted and his flock scattered, and yet, with an awful fear of breach of duty, clings with hopefulness to a good time coming, when the natives of the country will be able to tell out to teach other the good news of "Peace and good will to men."

My letter is of sufficient length, I hope, to justify me in the belief that I have done a part of my duty towards you. I am sorry that I cannot say that I have received a line from you. With all that, do not think that I have been writing *at* you at all. I would rather believe that you have written, but that the letters have miscarried in some way. Give my best wishes to your dear and noble wife, and remind the children of my existence. Yours ever,

(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY.

To A. L. BRUCE, Esq.

The extraordinary interest awakened in Mr. Stanley's return—an interest which has pervaded all classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest—is shown by the quick response to an offer which was made by the *New York Herald* from its London office. The journal announced that it would give a prize of twenty guineas, that is, one hundred dollars in our money, for the best brief poem upon Mr. Stanley's return. Residing in London at present is Miss Harriet Ford, a Yankee girl, born and reared in Seymour, New Haven county, Connecticut.

An American Girl's Welcome to Stanley.

Miss Ford possesses the needful qualifications for paying a fine tribute to such a hero as Stanley, and, having entered the contest to secure the prize, she was successful. The readers of the journal were to vote upon the merits of the poems after printed. Miss Ford's production received upwards of five thousand votes, and won the prize by a handsome majority. This gifted young lady sends to the editor of this work the poem which obtained the prize, with exclusive permission to use it in our "Stanley's Explorations and Adventures."

The brevity of the poem is withal a merit, is one of its marked features, and it is seen how much can be condensed into a brief space.

BACK FROM THE DEAD.

A nation's heart that beat with pride
At thy brave deeds and courage true,
A heart that throbbed with anxious fears

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When dangers dread encompassed thee,
And silence seemed to shroud thy fate,
That heart is waiting now for thee
As never maiden watched for love,
Or counted days, or counted hours
When he she loved was from her side.
A nation's arms that ready were
To rescue thee from murd'rous clans
Or save thee toil in thy brave search,
Those arms are stretched to welcome thee
As would a mother greet her son,
Whose life or death hung by a thread,
And God had giv'n him back to her.
A nation's voice that spoke thy praise,
And cheered thee on to do or die,
And trembled when thy loss was feared,
That voice now rings with gratitude,
And echoes sound from everywhere,
A gratitude the world must feel
To thee for knowledge of itself.
A nation's thankful prayers are raised
To that Great Guide who guards unseen,
Who led thee on to rescue one
The world had given up for lost—
A brave man by a brave man saved.
May that same hand that guided thee
Protect thee still, and bring thee safe
Across the seas to English soil.

The one grand result of this plowing through the Dark Continent, this living contact with barbarism by Stanley and Emin Pasha, will be a work of preparation. They have opened the pathway for Christianity and civilization. They have laid through those dark forests and jungles the highway of empire. How much need there is of this may be seen from the uniform testimony of all recent explorers.

Man-eating Savages.

When Dr. L. Wolf discovered a new route to Central Africa up the Sankuru, a plot to kill the party was hatched by Bassango-Mino natives, who openly discussed it, not knowing that one of Wolf's men could understand them. "See!" cried the chief, "they have no spears or arrows. We will kill them all, and take their beautiful things." Wolf walked up to the chief, fired a revolver close to his ear, and the savage dropped to the ground with fright, and then begged the white man to go on his way in peace. Grenfell tried blank-cartridges on the Tchuapa river until they ceased to be a virtue. "You shoot with smoke," shouted the hostiles, "and smoke never hurt us yet." A few whizzing bullets,

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which splashed water over their canoes, gave them other views, and they retired to a respectful distance. Grenfell has never shed a drop of blood in all his long journeys on the steamer "Peace." When he could not advance without killing the natives, he retired. One day he turned his prow toward a crowd of howling natives who were poising their spears on the shore. He came near enough to throw among them a cloth full of beads, brass wire and gew-gaws, and then withdrew.

On another occasion when his vessel grounded on a sand-bar, and a fleet of menacing savages bore down upon him, his wife, with a woman's ready wit, threw among them a double handful of beads, and in their scramble for the treasures the savages forgot to attack until the boat was again in the channel. Grenfell's prudence and humanity paved the way for friendly relations with many a tribe who had received him with threats of destruction. The reputation of being a great wizard has been a convenient resource for many an African traveler. When the Bangala refused to sell food to Coquilhat, and he was in a sad plight, he told them, as they met for a palaver, that unless they became friendly and helpful he would summon his brothers to his aid. It happened just then, though Coquilhat did not know it, that a steamer was approaching the town, and the natives, looking down the river where his finger pointed, saw the puffing little vessel. For a while after that there was nothing too good for a man who could summon steamboats by a wave of his hand.

Curious Sights on the Congo.

The explorers have found that probably one-third of the people of the Congo Basin, which is supposed to contain about 20,000,000 souls, are cannibals. For 1,300 miles up the great river, from Bolobo, above Stanley Pool, to a considerable distance above Nyangwe, nearly all the tribes are cannibals. Some of the largest Congo tributaries, like the Mobangi and the Aruwimi on the north, and the Tchuapa and Lulongo on the south, are thickly peopled with them. They are the dominating tribes in more than one-half of the Congo State, and some very curious discoveries have been made about them. As a rule, they do not eat women. Though some tribes, like the Manyema, say the flesh of a man is much more savory than that of a woman, it is believed the chief reason the fair sex usually escape the cooking pot is because their commercial value is greater, and comparatively few of them are killed in war.

Cannibal tribes are often superior in physique, intelligence and in their arms to the natives who abhor their practices. The largest building yet found in equatorial Africa, the assembly hall of the Monbuttu cannibals, is over fifty feet high and 150 feet long, and its immense roof is supported

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by five rows of posts made of trunks of trees. The Monbuttu are the most famous cannibals of the Congo Basin. When Schweinfurth visited them they followed the tribes around them simply as game, killed as many of the enemy as they could, smoked the flesh and bore it away as provisions.

Suspension Bridges.

Among the curious sights of the Congo Basin are the suspension bridges, a net-work of stout vines thrown across the streams. They are usually the private property of a chief, who collects toll of the passengers. The finest specimens of these bridges are said to be those made by the Manyema cannibals in the Upper Congo Basin. They are so skilfully made and firmly anchored that they hardly move under the tread of marching people.

The best native servants of the Congo State are the Bangala cannibals, who thickly populate the banks of the Congo above the Mobangi. Five thousand of these cannibals, many of whom manned the canoes which gave fearful battle to Stanley, and chased him down the river, crying, "Meat! meat!" are now enrolled among the state militia, and are trained to service as soldiers, boatmen and station laborers.

Tribes that do not indulge in this atrocious practice have the greatest horror of cannibals. Coquilhat's men at Bangala could not repress their disgust when they saw scores of natives walking about nibbling human flesh, which they held in banana leaves. Von Francois described the terror of his fat servant when they reached the cannibal tribes of the Tchuapa river. Nothing could induce him to leave the boat, and he was wisely precautious, for the natives regarded him with greedy eyes, and more than once begged the whites to make them a present of the man as a token of friendship. Knowing the whites abhor the practice, the natives often deny at first that they eat human flesh, but when they can no longer conceal the fact of their indulgence they boldly justify it. The Manyema told one explorer that their neighbors were thieves and ought to be eaten. "They come here," they said, "and steal our bananas, and so we chase and kill and eat them." A small tribe near the Kassai told Kund and Tappenbeck that they were not friends of theirs, for when their friends came to see them they always brought them a few men to eat.

A Noble Animal for Eating.

The Bangala were rather bright in some of the answers they made to Coquilhat's words of protest.

"This is horrible," he said to a chief whom he caught at dinner.

"On the contrary, it is delicious with salt," was the reply.

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"This is a bad use to put a man to," Coquilhat remarked to another.

"All your talk about man being such a great being," the chief answered, "shows that human flesh is the best sort of food. It is a noble aliment, while the flesh of mere animals is a vile sort of nourishment."

The more intelligent cannibals admit that when they eat men they destroy a source of wealth, but they say they cannot renounce a great pleasure to secure a doubtful gain.

A distinction must be made between those cannibals who only occasionally taste human flesh, and those with whom it is an habitual food resource. The Bangala, for instance, believe that the bravery and other qualities of a victim are imparted to those who partake of his flesh. A white man who lived long among them says he only saw three cannibal feasts in five months.

There are many tribes, however, like those along the Aruwimi, with whom human flesh is an article of daily diet if they can get it. It was among these people at the mouth of the Aruwimi that a Haussa soldier in the service of the state had a thrilling experience. He and two others were left at the site of a station the state intended to establish. The natives took his two comrades out in canoes on a pretence of fishing, and from the bushes where he had concealed himself he saw their dead bodies brought back, and all the preparations of the cannibal feast. He was captured and destined to the same fate, but before the preparations were made he managed to escape. For weeks he lived in the woods, subsisting upon roots and a little raw manioc he stole at night from the gardens. He was finally caught again, but being too emaciated for service, he lived on the fat of the land while acquiring the requisite plumpness. He was finally rescued by Arabs, just as he was about to be sacrificed.

Waging War to Get Meat.

Captain Van Gele has told of the densely peopled portion of the Lower Mobangi, where tribes make war for the single purpose of procuring meat. He saw a war expedition of the Baati which numbered fifty canoes. At the mouth of the Aruwimi River a station has just been established whose garrison includes several hundred Basoko cannibals. It is believed that by decreasing the opportunities for indulging in this practice the men-eaters who are in the service of the state will be gradually weaned from it. The state fully intends to exert its influence as far as possible to prevent cannibalism. It is an encouraging fact that one tribe is known, the Baluba, who voluntarily abandoned cannibalism, and now regard the practice with disgust. Though it will undoubtedly be a

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very slowp rocess, there is reason to believe that as the influence of white men extends, cannibalism in the Congo Basin will gradually disappear, at it has from many Pacific islands.

Thousands of Dwarfs.

In his first expedition across the continent, when Stanley traced the Congo to its mouth, he heard at Nyangwe of fierce dwarfs who were said to live in great forests to the North, and to be most intractable little creatures, fighting like demons with poisoned spears and arrows, eating the bodies of their fallen foes, having no settled abode, but wandering from place to place through the forests. It was thought these stories were greatly exaggerated by Arabs, who wished an excuse for declining to send an escort with Stanley on his way down the river. It was not until 1885 and 1886 that our explorers discovered the Batwa dwarfs spread over a great area in that part of the Congo Basin which is directly south of the great northern bend of the river. In one season Grenfell and Von Francois found them in large numbers in two different river basins over 200 miles apart. Grenfell had previously found them on the Upper Lomami, southwest of Stanley Falls. Between the Lomami and the Congo the Arabs say they have had many a hard fight with them. Further west, on the Bussera and Tchuapa rivers, Grenfell and Von Francois had a number of unpleasant encounters with them.

At the furthest points reached on both these rivers the hostility of the howling little folks prevented further advance. Their arrows, slimy with poison, were showered by hundreds upon the wooden sun roof of the steamer, or dashed against the steel net-work that protected the deck. Looking up the precipitous bluffs above the Tchuapa, the explorers could see the little coffee-brown people clambering where it seemed impossible to maintain a foothold, and they saw them, too, swinging with the agility of monkeys from limb to limb on great trees, creeping far out on branches overhanging the river, and launching their shafts in mid-air at the impertinent strangers who had dared to invade their privacy. Over 275 miles further south Wissmann met them in the country of the Bassonge, and he described the specimens he met as ill-shapen, woe-begone bits of humanity, despised by their neighbors, and living in tiny huts. Far west near the Kassai river, among the Bakuba, Dr. Wolf met them also. They seemed to be timid little souls, quite unlike their fierce brethren who had given such a warm reception to Grenfell and Von Francois.

These curious people, as revealed to us by explorers, inhabit a region a little larger than the State of Maine. They are lighter in color and not

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so pugnacious as the Akka, whom Schweinfurth discovered on the upper waters of the Mobanji-Makua, and of whose fighting qualities Stanley has recently had the most unpleasant experiences. Both the Akka and the Batwa are cannibals. It was an Akka dwarf who told Emin Pasha, when quitting his service, that he was going home because he was tired of beef. The Akka, from four feet to four feet six inches in height, are believed to be the smallest people in the world. The Batwa are a little taller, and, according to the several authorities, they seem to average about four feet six inches in height. In only a few places do they form the exclusive population. They wander around among other people whose language they speak, and whom they supply with the products of the chase; for there are no hunters in the great Congo forests like these active little fellows. Eight or more families of them rear their rude huts together on some good hunting grounds, and when in a few months game becomes scarce, they move on to other fields, and again dig their pits for elephants, buffalo and hippopotami, which are impaled on sharpened stakes as they break through into the trap. From the boughs of trees also they hurl their spears at creatures going to drink, and, if need be, they follow the wounded animal for days.

"Don't go Near the Dwarfs."

The dwarfs attack their enemy in the night, creeping noiselessly up to set fire to the huts, and then shoot the hapless victims as they rush out. Tribes who have not met them and won their friendship are in deadly fear of the dwarfs. "Don't go near the dwarfs," said the Congo people to Grenfell. "They permit no stranger to enter their country, they shoot with poisoned arrows, and they are ugliest of mortals, with big heads and bearded chins upon the smallest of bodies." Sure enough, the explorers found that many of them wear thin beards, but they are not particularly ugly and have no other marked physical peculiarity except their extreme smallness.

When the dwarfs are on the march to new camps they sleep at night on the branches of trees out of the reach of wild beasts. Their surplus meat they take to the nearest chief, exchanging it for vegetables or for brass wire and beads, with which they buy women for wives; and thus they are assimilating with the people among whom they wander, and many of their offspring are larger than their fathers. Anthropologists are speculating upon the origin of these curious people, who were known to the ancient Greeks, and whom Herodotus and Aristotle described.

Next to cannibalism, the most terrible practice in the Congo Basin is that of human sacrifices on the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of

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important persons. The richer the family of the deceased person the more numerous are the victims. Many photographs of Upper Congo huts that have reached this country show the ridge-pole adorned with human skulls—ghastly relics of these murderous scenes. The natives cannot understand the horror with which the whites regard the practice. "Surely," they say, "since you white men are so much richer than we are, you must sacrifice many slaves when your great men die." Because far up the tributaries slaves can be bought much cheaper than on the Congo, canoe parties are sent for hundreds of miles for the sole purpose of buying victims for human sacrifices.

As a rule these helpless captives meet their fate without a tremor. They are blindfolded, bound to a stake in a sitting or kneeling posture, and a single blow of the skillful executioner's knife decapitates them. Coquilhat made a picture of one of these terrible scenes at Equator Station, where fourteen strong men met their fate surrounded by a howling mob, whose din was enhanced by a dozen ivory horns and the roar of drums as the knife descended. Though men form the greater number of victims, wives or female slaves are often strangled and thrown into the open grave or buried alive in it. Only once have the whites seen a woman beheaded, and the shrieks of the poor creature were in striking contrast to the dogged and sullen submission to the fate of the other victims. Coquilhat says the men regarded his opposition to the custom with pity or contempt, but some of the women secretly said to him, "It is bad."

The good day is coming when this terrible custom and other savage enormities will be abolished in the Congo State. King Leopold's government is rooting them out as far as its influence extends. It is placing gun-boats on the upper river and building military stations on the Aruwimi, the Lomami and the Sankuru to put an end to Arab slave raids, and to the practice of buying or capturing human victims for the executioner's knife or the cannibal feast. Nearly a hundred chiefs in 1888 agreed to abolish human sacrifices and to help enforce the regulations of the State for preserving peace and protecting human life.

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CHAPTER XLI.

STANLEY'S NEW WORLD.

Roger Casement's Account of his Meeting with Stanley—At Stanley Pool—Narrative of a Heavy March—First Sight of Stanley—Chat with the Great Hero—Famous Little Steamer—A Wild Continent—Story of "Chinese" Gordon—Gordon in China—Stamping out Rebellion—Gordon in the Soudan—Gordon's Illustrious Deeds—Gordon's Tragic Death—The Mystery of Africa.

THE world is eager for any information which will throw light upon Stanley's famous exploits. His own account is ample and is read with eager interest. No pen but Stanley's can really write Stanley's adventures and achievements. Except for the hard African names which the reader stumbles against so constantly, and over which he is sure to fall unless he is unusually expert, Stanley's narrative reads like a beautiful tale of adventure, and has all the fascination of romance. He sees things with his own eyes; he gets at things in his own way; he thinks his own thoughts; he acts according to his own will; he accepts advice or rejects it, according to his own pleasure; in short, he is Stanley and no one else. If in any degree his individuality were lost in that of any one else, he would not be half so inviting a figure to the world as he is at the present time.

The foregoing pages contain Mr. Stanley's full account given by himself, and which, if it is ever enlarged upon, will never be more complete in its grand outlines than it is at the present time. Yet whatever lights we can throw upon his great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha will be eagerly welcomed by the reader. Happily we are able to give confirmation of some of Mr. Stanley's descriptions, and also to accompany him in the person of a traveller who has spent five years in Africa. This is Mr. Roger Casement, who, as will be seen from his story, was deeply impressed by Mr. Stanley's make-up and achievements. Mr. Casement has written a brief account of his meeting with our great explorer, and, as we feel sure the reader will find it interesting to peruse this account, we take the pleasure of here introducing Mr. Casement and allowing him to speak for himself:

In April, 1887, I was on my way through the cataract region of the

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lower Congo, leading a caravan of Zulus from Matidi to Stanley Pool, with a party of natives of the Ba-Kongo tribe acting as carriers of my personal loads—tent, private boxes, etc.—altogether numbering about one hundred persons.

The Zulus (sixty-four in number) were employed carrying two heavy cylinders of five hundred pounds each and some smaller pieces of machinery, all belonging to the steamer "Florida," then in course of construction at Kinchasa Station, on the Pool, and only awaiting the very loads I was bringing up to be launched on the waters of the upper Congo and begin her journeyings through the untravelled regions in the interior in search of ivory for the Sanford exploring expedition, of which I was a member.

Towards the middle of April I reached the native village of Lutete, only sixty miles from my destination on Stanley Pool, and here the news that H. M. Stanley, at the head of a great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, consisting of eight white officers, six hundred Zanzibaris, and Tippo Tib, the renowned Arab slave-trader from Stanley Falls, was on his way up country close behind me, caused me to use every exertion to hasten my march, so that I might be able to cross the Nkissi river, which falls into the Congo some fifteen miles beyond Lutete, before Stanley and his expedition should arrive on its banks, for I knew Stanley's journey was of far greater importance than mine, and that he would require all the canoes on the Nkissi to convey his caravan across, during which time I should be compelled to stand aside with a band of one hundred semi-starving men.

A Forced March.

Leaving Lutete I camped next day in Nzungi market place, about ten miles from the Nkissi. I found it quite deserted by the natives, who had fled to the north bank of the Congo. Here I was overtaken and passed by Mr. Jephson, whom I followed, hoping against hope that I might reach the Nkissi before Stanley; but it was still a long way—three hours' march, and my men could only travel at a snail's pace. However, they did their best, poor fellows, and about nine o'clock of the morning on which Jephson had passed us I arrived with my camp equipage and the lighter loads at the Nkissi, which runs through a gorge with steep banks of 250 to 300 feet, rising almost from the water's edge.

All my camp loads, tent, bed, food, etc., were passed over to the opposite shore of the river, about 150 yards across, in two small native canoes, and, sending my native carriers over with them and my two dogs—Paddy (a bull-dog) and Snooks (a bull-terrier)—I returned up the hill to

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see how the Zulus were getting on with the cylinders and hoping they might yet arrive before Stanley.

Entering the deserted village of Selo, which crowns the hill overlooking the river, I found it rapidly filling with Zanzibaris and Soudanese in long white shirts and blue uniforms, who, as they arrived in the shelter of the huts and trees, threw down their loads or piled their guns and crept away into corners and quiet spots out of the blaze of the mid-day sun.

I observed a young white man in shirt and flannel trousers moving about what had been the chief's house, and he, catching sight of me, came forward, and answering my greeting, said:

"Mr. Stanley is in there," pointing to the hut in the inclosure. "Would you like to see him?"

"Very much," I replied, "if he isn't too tired after his march."

Leading the way, he showed me into the hut, where I found myself face to face with Stanley. He was sitting on a box or old camp-chair—I forget which—making a frugal breakfast off a cold roast Congo fowl, some hard, brown ship-biscuit, and a cup of tea without milk. His bronzed features, lit up by a pair of bright blue eyes and set off by the white moustache he wears and the gray hair which encircles his forehead, produced a very pleasing impression on me as I introduced myself and told him why I was travelling on the road to the Pool. He knew something of the Sanford expedition, and asked after several of its members with whom he was personally acquainted—after having called to William (his white attendant, who had shown me in) to bring another tin cup and some cigars.

I drank a cup of tea and smoked a cigar which he offered me, while Stanley talked about mutual acquaintances on the Congo, and laughingly alluded to the way he had been besieged by applications to accompany the expedition on his march up country, from former members of his earlier explorations on the Congo—now officials of the Congo Free State.

Work to be Done.

I asked him if he noticed much change or any improvement in the country since he had quitted it in 1884.

"Well," he replied, "I don't see much improvement anywhere. There are more white men out now, of course, but it strikes me they have too many books at headquarters in Boma, and too much office-work and writing of dispatches, when men might be better employed doing something through the country. There are plenty of bridges to be built over

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these small streams which rise suddenly after a night's rain, and hinder a caravan's crossing for two or three days sometimes. Why, there's the Lunzadi just back there, which, when I left the Congo, had a bridge over it, and now this morning I could hardly get my donkeys across by the log or two remaining."

I told him the natives along the route were very much afraid of his Zanzibaris, and had been running away from the villages a day or two in advance of his coming, and of the difficulty I experienced in finding enough food for my men.

"Yes," he said, "I am particularly surprised at the absence of food in the country and the change in the manner of the people. When I went down country in '84, before going home to Europe, every village I passed through the chiefs presented me with something, and by the time I reached Matadi I had twenty-five goats saved to give to Vivi Station, where food was always scarce. Why, I remember in this very village of N'Selo," looking round on the deserted huts, "where now there is not a soul, I had a couple of goats given me then and plenty of food brought for my men."

At this moment we heard the strange chant the Zulus had composed during our journey up country, the burden of which was "Yah, Kongo," repeated several times in quite a musical cadence, and they appeared in a few minutes, staggering along under their heavy loads, each party striving to be the first to gain the river.

Steamers on African Waters.

Bidding Stanley good-bye, I hastened after my men, who were now descending the steep hill in a rush. Three days after we reached the Luila river, having kept closely behind Stanley's march each day, amid the ruck of native carriers with ammunition loads and straggling or sick members of the expedition. The Luila was in flood, and it was found necessary to put the boat together to cross this stream, ordinarily only knee-deep, a proceeding which delayed the march almost an entire day. We camped on the far side on a grassy stretch, and next morning we continued our journey, Jephson, Barttelot, and I following the main party. The next day Stanley reached the Pool, and camped on the hill above Leopoldville station, where I found him on my arriving the subsequent evening with the Egyptian flag floating near his tent. On the morrow I continued my journey to Kinchasa, where I found the hull of the "Florida" ready for launching, only requiring the engines to be fitted in her.

Stanley had, however, requisitioned her as she stood from the chief of

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the Sanford expedition, for the entire flotilla of steamers on Stanley Pool were incapable of holding all the men and loads of the relief expeditions, and he wished to use the shell of the "Florida" as a barge, to fill her with men and loads, and tow her alongside the State steamer "Stanley." Even then he would be forced to leave several hundred loads behind, in charge of Mr. J. Rose Troup, an officer of the expedition, to follow by a second trip of the "Stanley" after she had conveyed the main body up to the Aruwimi river.

For several days during the end of April all was bustle and excitement round the shores of Stanley Pool, loading the various little stern-wheel steamers of the State, and the two missions and at our station, endeavoring to construct a hasty slip to effect the launch of the "Florida." All our efforts were in vain; the beam cracked and bent beneath her weight, and the upright support beneath her sank deep in the mud as we tried to induce the unwieldy frame of steel to glide down the inclined plane of greased logs into the river.

On the third day of our exertions Stanley rode over to Kinchasa on his white donkey to see how we were getting on, and, finding our difficulties by no means diminishing, he announced his intention of returning with a force of two hundred men, and by sheer force getting the "Florida" into the water. On the following morning he reappeared with about two hundred Zanzibaris, and accompanied by Stairs, Nelson, and Jephson, and after some tremendous shoving and hauling the "Florida" commenced to move down the slip. Redoubling our exertions, all of us white men lending a hand wherever we could get in an arm or a shoulder to shove, while Stanley stood on the bank and urged on his men by words of encouragement, we at length got the steamer on the run, and, while the beams cracked and bent and the logs sank into the mud as she slid over them, the "Florida" shot gracefully into the waters of the Congo, where the "Stanley" speedily took her in tow down to where the expedition loads were being embarked at the Baptist mission station.

Plain Orders.

One of our few bottles of champagne was produced, and while we drunk the health of the newly-launched "Florida" ("Let it be very little health," urged Mr. Stanley, as we were filling the glasses) the Zanzibaris, who had successfully effected it, drew up in front of the veranda to listen to a speech in Ki-Swahili from Stanley, who assured them in forcible terms that if they damaged the steamer of his friend, Swinburne (the chief of the Sanford expedition), or stamped heavily on her thin iron decks while

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travelling up to the Aruwimi on her, he would play a different tune on their heads with his stick.

All cheeringly assented to the proposal as they broke up and hastened back to the mission station to complete the preparations for embarking.

On the 30th of April everything was ready. Swinburne, Troup and I walked down to the mission grounds, about a mile off, to bid good-bye to the members of the expedition and watch their departure for the Aruwimi and the unknown lands which lay beyond it.

At last everything was complete; the donkeys had with difficulty been got on board the steamship "Stanley" and her companion, the "Florida;" the men, Zanzibaris, Soudanese and Somaulis, were all in their places in each of the little steamers of the fleet. Steam was hissing from the funnels; the captains were only awaiting the word to let go the ropes, and one by one, as Stanley issued the orders, the vessels were cut adrift, and their stern wheels slowly revolving threw up sheets of foam and spray behind them as their prows shot into the current, and they began their long journey against the strong waters of the Congo, up to the distant forests and swamps that lay around Yambuya.

Cheer after cheer broke from those on board, white and black alike, as they moved off from the bank on which we were standing, doing our best to look smiling and gay, as we responded to the farewells which we feared (the majority of us there remaining) would prove farewells forever.

Stanley was the last to leave, accompanied by Herbert Ward, in the little Baptist steamer "Peace," the only screw-boat then on the Pool, and bidding each of us good-bye as he grasped our hands he stepped on board and waved his cap ere he set his face up river resolutely to think of the great task which lay before him.

"Something Broke."

Swinburne, Troup and I returned to Kinchasa, half an hour later, wondering if we should ever see any of the men again we had parted from that morning.

On reaching Kinchaso, what was our astonishment to find the black crew of the "Peace" and many Zanzibaris about the station, while we could see the little steamer herself alongside our beach. Hurrying to our dining room we found Stanley giving some instructions to the engineer of the steamer, and in answer to our "Why, Mr. Stanley, how is this? We thought you were a couple of miles up the Pool," he replied: "So we ought to have been, but when we just got opposite the station here in the bad water off the islands something broke and the rudder wouldn't

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act. We were at the mercy of the stream and almost drifted on the rocks of the island there.

"I thought we should have to swim for it and turned to Ward, saying it was time to jump, but luckily we escaped the rocks and were able to get into your beach, Swinburne, and so here we are until to-morrow, I fear.

"The engineers will have to work all night at repairing the damage."

We did not share Mr. Stanley's chagrin at the delay, for it gave us the pleasure of his company that evening for dinner, Swinburne turning out of his room with a feeling of thankfulness that he had a room to offer his old leader and friend.

Our little dinner that night was one of the pleasantest of my experiences during my five years in Africa. Dinner over, during our coffee and cigars (for we sometimes possess these luxuries down on Stanley Pool) Stanley most graphically described his descent of the great cataract below the pool—how he had dragged his camels two miles nearly over an island at the mouth of the Gordon Bennett tributary to avoid the Livingstone rapids, which raged and howled outside the island.

"I wandered for two days along the north bank seeking a place to descend," he said, "but all was a hideous roar of waters tossing their huge waves up one hundred feet from the surface—such a sea of broken billows that the Great Eastern herself would be like a chip of firewood thrown upon it. Lying flat on my face on an overhanging cliff which rose high above this raging, roaring mass of water, I watched it foaming and boiling along far below me. No one else has stood on that cliff, I am sure. It lies hidden away somewhere below the Gordon Bennett entrance into the Congo, and from it the most magnificent view of the rapids is obtainable."

I was deeply interested in his graphic description of his descent of the river on that "Dark Continent" journey, and ventured to ask him if he thought a white man could travel through tropical Africa without means, men or armed followers, as Rene Callie did through the Soudan about 1820. He looked at me and replied:

"People have tried that since Callie. There was that German who attempted a somewhat similar journey on the east coast, but did not succeed." Then I saw a smile stealing round the corners of his mouth as he continued.

"You might perform the journey from Matadi to the Pool on stilts, Mr. Casement, and I have no doubt you could accomplish the remainder of the distance on your head if you liked to devote enough time to it, but

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what good you would derive from it, or any one else, when you emerged at Zanzibar, I don't really know."

With this parting shot Stanley left us for the night, telling Ward to be up early for the morning start.

After Stanley's departure I waited at Kinchasa until an opportunity offered of travelling up to the Equator station, some three hundred and fifty miles beyond the Pool, where I took up my quarters while awaiting the arrival of the steamer in which I hoped to be able to penetrate the tributaries of the Congo lying above that point.

ROGER CASEMENT.

A Wild Continent.

It must have occurred many times to the reader that no life on the globe is more rude, barbarous and uninviting than that found in Africa. What could tempt one to forsake the comforts of civilization, and remain in this dark land among hordes of savages and men more debased than savages, who, for gain, will trample upon every human instinct, rob helpless men and women of their liberty, and prove themselves to be brutes in human form? Yet Africa has had its heroes—brave souls who have done wonders towards enlightening and transforming that dark country.

One especially, whose name has been frequently mentioned in the foregoing pages, merits a more extended notice than he has hitherto received. We refer to General Gordon. When Gordon was made governor of the Soudan he sent Emin Pasha further south to be governor of the Equatorial Provinces. Gordon may be said to have discovered Emin, just as, in another sense, he was discovered by Stanley.

Baker appeared on the scene before Gordon loomed up as the most majestic figure standing against the Orient sky; a full account of his struggles and conquests has already been given. Standing in this impressive group of heroes is famous Charles George Gordon, Major-General, whose popular title of "Chinese" Gordon made his name known to every civilized nation on the face of the earth. His career reads more like a romance than a simple recital of historical facts.

How Gordon Began Life.

Beginning his life as a soldier in the trenches before Sebastopol, a simple Lieutenant of Engineers, he rose to the highest rank ever given to a foreigner in China, after having subdued a formidable rebellion; then transferred his services to the Government of the Khedive of Egypt, where he won fresh laurels in his fight against slavery and barbarism in the Soudan; returned to a comparatively peaceful life in the service of his own Government, and finally went back to the scene of his former struggles in

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Africa to be killed, in manner most inhuman, by a follower of the Prophet. Probably the story of no other military man of the age furnishes a more romantic history than that of "Chinese" Gordon, and the fact that his death in all probability resulted from the delay of his own country in sending to him the relief which he needed until it was too late to make it effectual, will add to the heroic interest which attaches to his fate.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

"Chinese" Gordon was born at Woolwich, England, January 28, 1833, so that he had scarcely completed his fifty-second year when he fell a victim to the troops of the Mahdi. His earliest employment as a soldier was at Pembroke, but the Crimean war drew on all the resources of the British Government, and Lieutenant Gordon was ordered to the Crimea in December, 1854. He was sent to the front, where for several months he was actively engaged in the trenches before Sebastopol.

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For the next six years Gordon's work was more peaceful, and less to his taste as an active soldier. He was selected as Assistant Boundary Commissioner in Bessarabia, and afterwards ordered to fulfil a similar duty in Armenia. During his stay at home after these services the war with China broke out, and young Gordon was directed to join the army which was advancing on Pekin. He arrived in time to take part in the capture and witness the destruction of the famous Summer Palace, on October 12, 1860. It was immediately subsequent to this event that he entered on the striking and independent career which won for him his famous name of "Chinese" Gordon. He had been promoted to the rank of Captain, and after the surrender of Pekin he had been made Brevet Major as a recognition of his bravery at that engagement. The Tai-ping rebellion had by this time assumed formidable proportions, and in 1862 had made such progress that the ravaging bands had arrived almost within striking distance of Shanghai. Gordon was sent there, and was engaged with British troops to drive the rebels away. Just before he arrived at Shanghai the merchants of the city had subscribed money to raise a contingent of native troops to defend the place, the defenders of which were officered by two Americans named Ward and Burgevine.

Fate of Two Americans.

The French and English allies joined these forces, but little could be done with them, and the insurgents were constantly gaining ground. In 1863 Ward was killed and Burgevine was dismissed for robbing the treasury of the city to pay himself and his men. General Stavely then selected Gordon to command the levies, but as he was engaged in a survey which he desired to complete, he declined the position, and a Captain Holland, of the Marines, was appointed. Captain Holland met with a crushing defeat before Taitsan, and the Tai-ping leaders published a jeering account of his audacity and failure. This incident brought Gordon at once to the front, and abandoning his survey, he assumed command of the allied forces which were engaged in defending the Imperial Government.

The rebels soon found that they had a new force against them, and one at which they could no longer jeer. Gordon at once carried the war into their quarters. He rapidly captured Fushan and relieved Chanzu, which had been besieged, and then, having shown that he was to be feared, settled down to solid work at Sung-kiang, after having received the rank of Brigadier-General. His first attention was directed to the force under his orders, and he was obliged to bring both officers and men under strict discipline. The officers were of all nations and the men were native Chinese. He instituted a system of punishment for the native forces and

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one for the foreign officers. Having thoroughly disciplined his army and provided himself with a flotilla of steamers and Chinese gunboats he was soon prepared to take the field again. Of the three rebel centres Taitsan and Quinsan were taken in rapid succession, and by a brilliant series of assaults. He made it a condition with the Imperialists who joined him that there should be no barbarity practised on the prisoners taken, and as a result of the 2,000 prisoners taken at Quinsan 700 joined Gordon's army.

Gordon Enraged.

Soochow fell before Gordon's victorious army, and the leaders of the rebellion found they were put to death despite the promises made to Gordon that they should be spared. This so enraged the General that he sought Li Hung Chang, the Imperialist leader, revolver in hand, swearing that he would kill him. The Chinaman escaped, however, and Gordon became pacified after a public letter of apology had been written by Li Hung Chang. Afterwards he made his final victorious campaigns, ending with the storming of Chang-Choo-Foo, when the rebel leader said, after being captured, "Were it not for Gordon and his men I would have defied all the Futai hosts to have taken the city from me." The capture of Chang-Choo-Foo stamped out the rebellion, and as the British Government then declined to allow its officers to longer serve under China, Gordon disbanded his army, and, after receiving as an honor the "yellow jacket" and the title of "Ti-tu," which gave him the highest rank in the Chinese army, returned home.

From 1865, when he reached England, to 1871, General Gordon lived at Gravesend, employed in the work of improving the defenses of the Thames. Then, after a brief service as Commissioner at Galatz, he succeeded in 1873 Sir Samuel Baker in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt as Governor of the tribes of Upper Egypt. In February, 1877, Gordon was himself made Governor-General of the Soudan, in place of Ismail, and then followed two years and a half of an activity unequalled in the whole of his career. The rapidity of Gordon's movements had by this time made him famous and terrible from one end of the Soudan to the other. He was no sooner away from a post, however, than the good effect of his presence was lost, and in July, 1878, the western part of his dominion was again all in a blaze, and it was all that Gordon could do to put down the revolted slave dealer, his old enemy, Suleiman. It was not until the middle of 1879 that this revolt was thoroughly extinguished. The reconquest of the west was the last great work that Gordon undertook as Governor of the Soudan. Disgusted with the support which

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the Khedive gave him, he finally resigned his position and returned to England.

General Gordon's public services after leaving the Soudan were not of a very prominent nature until his return to Khartoum in the early part of 1884 as the British plenipotentiary to arrange for the safety of the Egyptians and Europeans threatened by the warlike operations of the Mahdi, and for their retreat from the Soudan. When Mr. Gladstone determined that all military operations excepting those for the release of outlying garrisons should cease in the Soudan, General Gordon was selected to represent Great Britain in the Soudan, "to report on the military situation there, to provide in the best manner for the safety of the European population of Khartoum, and of the Egyptian garrisons throughout the country, as well as for the evacuation of the Soudan with the exception of the seaboard."

Plan for Restoring the Country.

Gordon, upon receiving his instructions, informed the Government that, in his opinion, the proper way to carry them out was to restore the country to the different petty Sultans who existed at the time of the conquest of the Soudan by Egypt, leaving the Mahdi altogether out of the calculation, so far as the transfer of the country was concerned, and that it should be optional with these Sultans to accept his supremacy or not. It was with the understanding that he should carry out this plan that General Gordon left London on January 19, 1884, and reached Berber, on his way to Khartoum, on February 11. He wrote from there that he was "in high spirits and very sanguine as to the success of his mission."

He at once threw himself into his work with all his old energy. Before leaving Berber he sent forward orders to Khartoum removing Hussein Pasha from the Vice-Governor-Generalship and appointing in his place Colonel de Coetlogen. He also had the city placarded with a proclamation proclaiming the Mahdi Sultan of Kordofan, remitting one-half the taxes, and permitting the trade in slaves to be carried on. On the morning of February 18 he entered Khartoum. His first work was to build a bonfire in front of the palace of the Government books, the bastinado rods, and all the implements of Egyptian oppression. He was hailed by the people as "Sultan," "Father," and "Saviour of Kordofan." This jubilation, however, was confined to Khartoum and the country immediately surrounding. The Mahdi was not satisfied to have the petty Sultans reinstated, and he at once began to mass his troops between Berber and Khartoum. Khartoum was soon surrounded by the rebels. On March 15 General Gordon sallied forth and attacked them near Hal-

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fay. He was repulsed through the treachery of two of his Arabs, and was sent flying back into the city. With his usual promptness he court-martialled the Arabs and had them shot. Since then the city had been constantly besieged by the Mahdi's troops and the news from Gordon had been conflicting. He had been reported killed several times, and the report that he had succeeded in fighting his way out had been as often published.

"The soldier of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword"—this line from Macaulay's spirited ballad on Naseby Fight would describe the character of Colonel Gordon if it did not place "the Bible" and "the sword" so precisely on the same level. For though a soldier of unshaken courage and most distinguished ability, no man could regard the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war with deeper abhorrence than Colonel Gordon did, and no man could be more completely indifferent to the prestige and eclat which surround the successful soldier. War, in his eyes, was a terrible necessity, to be justified only by the fact of its necessity, and to be conducted without one thought of personal glory, but with the constant, unsleeping desire to diminish to the utmost the sorrow and suffering which it entails. It was in this spirit that Colonel Gordon, then a Major of Engineers in the British army, undertook the command of the "ever victorious army" (as it came to be called) against the Tai-ping rebellion.

Raw Recruits.

The men whom he commanded in those operations were raw, untrained recruits, and he had to lead them against armies vastly superior in numbers and elated with success. To inspire them with the requisite courage and confidence it was necessary that he should himself be present wherever the fire was hottest and the danger most extreme. But he went into battle armed with no more formidable weapon than a small cane; and this circumstance caused his Chinese soldiers gradually to come to the conviction that the cane was possessed of magical properties which insured protection and success to its owner. The source, however, of Colonel Gordon's calmness and intrepidity in danger lay in his religious convictions. He regarded himself, literally, as a mere instrument in the hands of Omnipotence, with a set work before him to do, and regarded, therefore, as matters of entire indifference the conditions amid which that work had to be done—whether amid the shot and shell of a battle-field, or amid the dangers of a waterless desert. A religious fatalism is commonly supposed to breed a listless and apathetic habit of mind, but in Colonel Gordon it provoked a devouring energy. Alike in China or in Central

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Africa he had his "work" to do. In China it was to suppress the Taiping rebellion, in Central Africa to extinguish the horrors of the slave trade; and his work he felt himself, as it were, under a divine compulsion to carry through, with a total disregard of personal health and comfort, and an utter scorn of fatigue and danger.

The despatch which startled the world with the unwelcome news of Gordon's assassination read as follows, having been sent from Korti: "Colonels Wilson and Wortley, who were with the expedition to Khartoum, have arrived here. They brought the news of General Gordon's death. It was learned that one of the treacherous Pashas among General Gordon's forces marched the garrison to the side of the town nearest Omdurman, saying that the rebel attack was expected at that point. In the meantime another traitorous Pasha opened the gates at the other end and allowed the Mahdi's troops to enter, and they easily captured the town. General Gordon was stabbed just as he was leaving the Government House."

Thus fell one of the bravest men that ever lived—a bold spirit, a daring, conscientious, severe, iron man. He was an extremist—a fanatic, if you please—yet a power in a country that takes account of only this kind of man. If Gordon had lived the condition of Central Africa would doubtless have been far different from what it is to-day.

The Mystery of Africa.

It is impossible to read Mr. Stanley's reports of his adventures without reflecting once more upon the great mystery of Africa. What is it that through all ages has rendered the mass of that grand continent, three times the size of Europe, full of extravagantly fertile regions and of mineral treasures, so useless to mankind? There they are, millions upon millions of rich acres, millions of pounds' worth of treasure, millions of people physically strong; and, except on a thin coast-line along the Mediterranean, and in a wonderfully narrow valley of the northeastern corner, the progress of mankind, till within the last fifty years, has been no better for them.

Natural riches such as Europe does not possess, nor perhaps our own country either, have served only to keep alive, for the most part in horrible misery, populations which never advance, never improve, build no city, develop no art, found no lasting society—do nothing, in fact, but end lives of terror or rapine by deaths often of exceptional pain and horror. The Africans have not even developed creeds. The old-fashioned explanation, the solidity of the configuration of the continent, which has no internal sea and no deep fiords, is evidently imaginary. Africa is no more solid

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than Asia, and in some of the thickest and most remote corners of Asia, in Central China, in Samarcand, in the depths of Arabia, in Central India, some of the greatest and most independent civilizations have arisen. If Africa has no sea it has great lakes; if it has no fiords it is penetrated to its very centre by mighty rivers, the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Orange, the Limpopo, the Zambesi, and several more, only one of which has ever attracted a race capable of constructing stone buildings on its banks.

So far from the desert and the forest being the obstacle, the deserts have been traversed on camels for ages; half Africa is capable of cultivation, which itself implies capacity of travel; in large sections of it the population is thick on the ground, and even on the lower grounds, or in the Doabs, where such awful forests as that of the Aruwhimi stretch, there are, as Mr. Drummond testifies, thousands of miles of footpath so incessantly trodden that natives are never without a guiding line. Another explanation is that the obstacle is the climate; but that is almost as superficial as the first. Continents are populated by their peoples, not by wandering visitors from elsewhere; and the climate of Africa, though in places deadly to the European, does not kill its own peoples, who are, for the most part, men of exceptional physical vigor and endurance. That is why the curse of the slave-trade has descended on Africa, and also why her children, though transported to other regions, oppressed, beaten, and half-starved, multiply faster than either of the great colonizing races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard.

Healthy Natives.

Ask the British soldier what the Zulu is like as a fighting man, or the British sailor what he thinks of the mere strength of the "nigger" cook, or any doctor in the Louisiana swamps, or those of Mozambique, how he compares the capacity of negro and white for resisting malaria. Besides, Africa is not a place, but a wilderness of places, and on its enormous plateaux the climate is often as good as that of Italy, and far better than that of Bengal, where the people swarm like flies. Sierra Leone is in Africa, but so also is the Orange Free State, where ill-health may be said to be unknown, and the few people might be excused if, like the savages of Guiana, they held witchcraft to be the only origin of disease.

Nor is the better theory of her separateness a full explanation of the uselessness of Africa. Men could hardly be more separate than the Assyrians, or the Chinese who reared the social order of the earlier native Empire, or that strange people of Egypt who built Luxor and wrote the hieratic books, and who can have borrowed nothing because they were

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earlier than all. No civilized man, it is said, not even the Roman, ever discovered the Quorra; but did any such man discover the Nile? There was, it is suggested, white blood in the first Egyptian, white blood, and therefore the transcendent gift of accumulating knowledge. Granted; but was there white blood in the subjects of the Incas, who built, in a seclusion as perfect as that of a separate planet, great cities, smelted metals and worked in them, terraced the mountain sides with watered gardens, invented the quipus, and organized a social polity so elaborate that the modern Socialists of the Continent, though they do not know it, are but imitators of the old Peruvian ideas!

Why are not Negroes Civilized?

And, finally, the great "negro" theory, the incompetence said to be always found in the children of Ham, which is so constantly advanced, does not meet the facts. All Africans are not negroes, or even black men. Brown races, no darker than the races of India, dwell or wander in a large portion of the continent. The Zulus and a host of such tribes are Asiatic in form, though burlier; and Stanley relates that he found "finely formed" tribes "light bronze" in color, in the very recesses of the horrible forest of the Aruwhimi. Why has not some one clan amidst so many races mastered and civilized the negro tribes, as similar clans mastered and civilized the original Australoids of the Asiatic deltas? They were not impeded, we presume, by modern ideas about the righteousness of conquest, or by any hesitation in using discipline to enforce the needful education.

It would be no explanation to say, as we seem to remember that Sir R. Burton has somewhere said, that the native of Africa lacks the natural morale necessary to develop a civilization. That only pushes back the research one step further, for why does he lack it any more than any other of mankind? Moral strength surely is not dependent on geography; and in Christian morality, or any sound morality, the Chinese is as lacking as the negro. Besides, is the idea well founded? It is not necessary to cumber ourselves with democratic nonsense about the equality of races, who are no more equal than individuals are, in order to ask whether the low moral nature of the African may not be exaggerated, whether, at all events, it is not high enough to allow of a coherent society.

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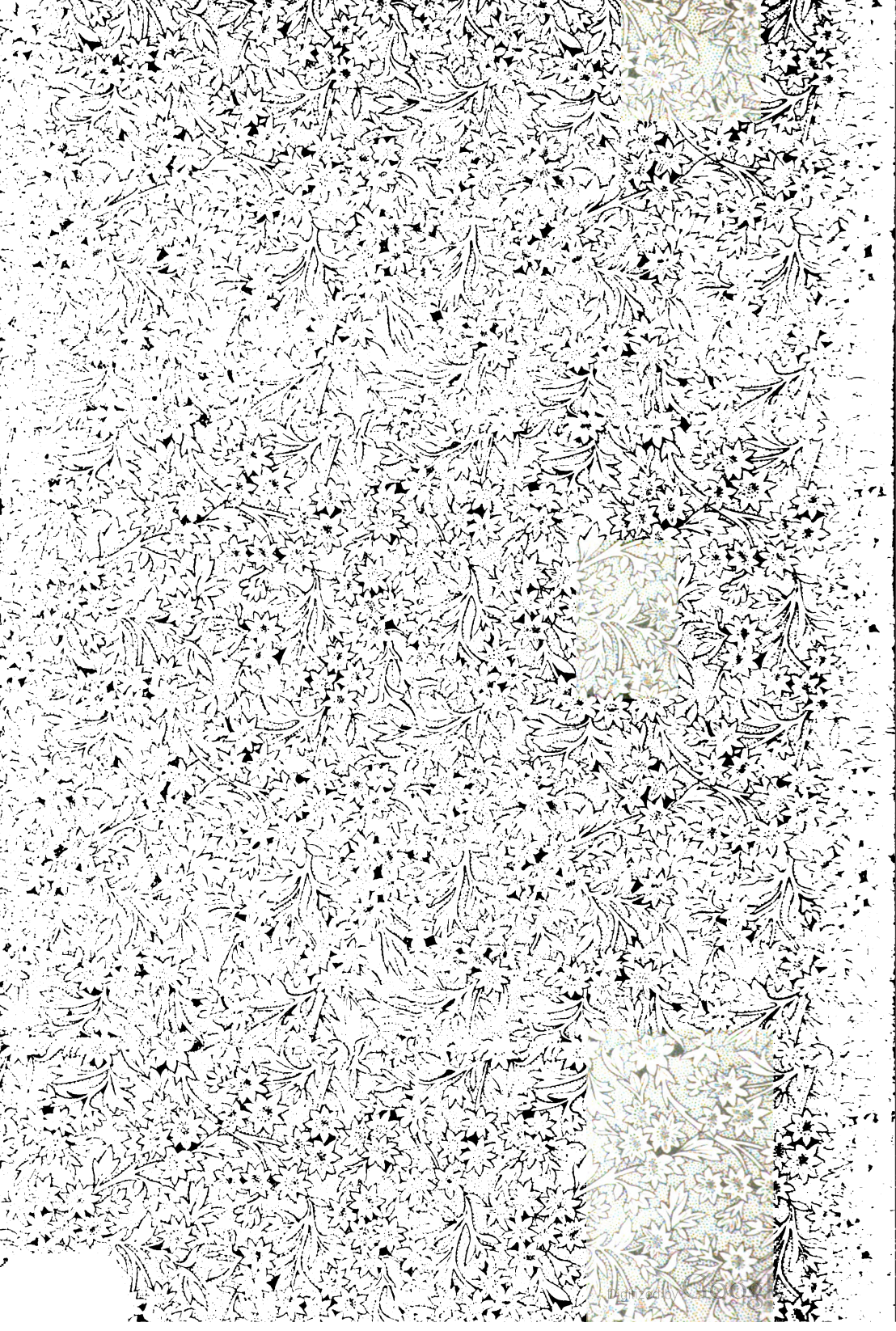

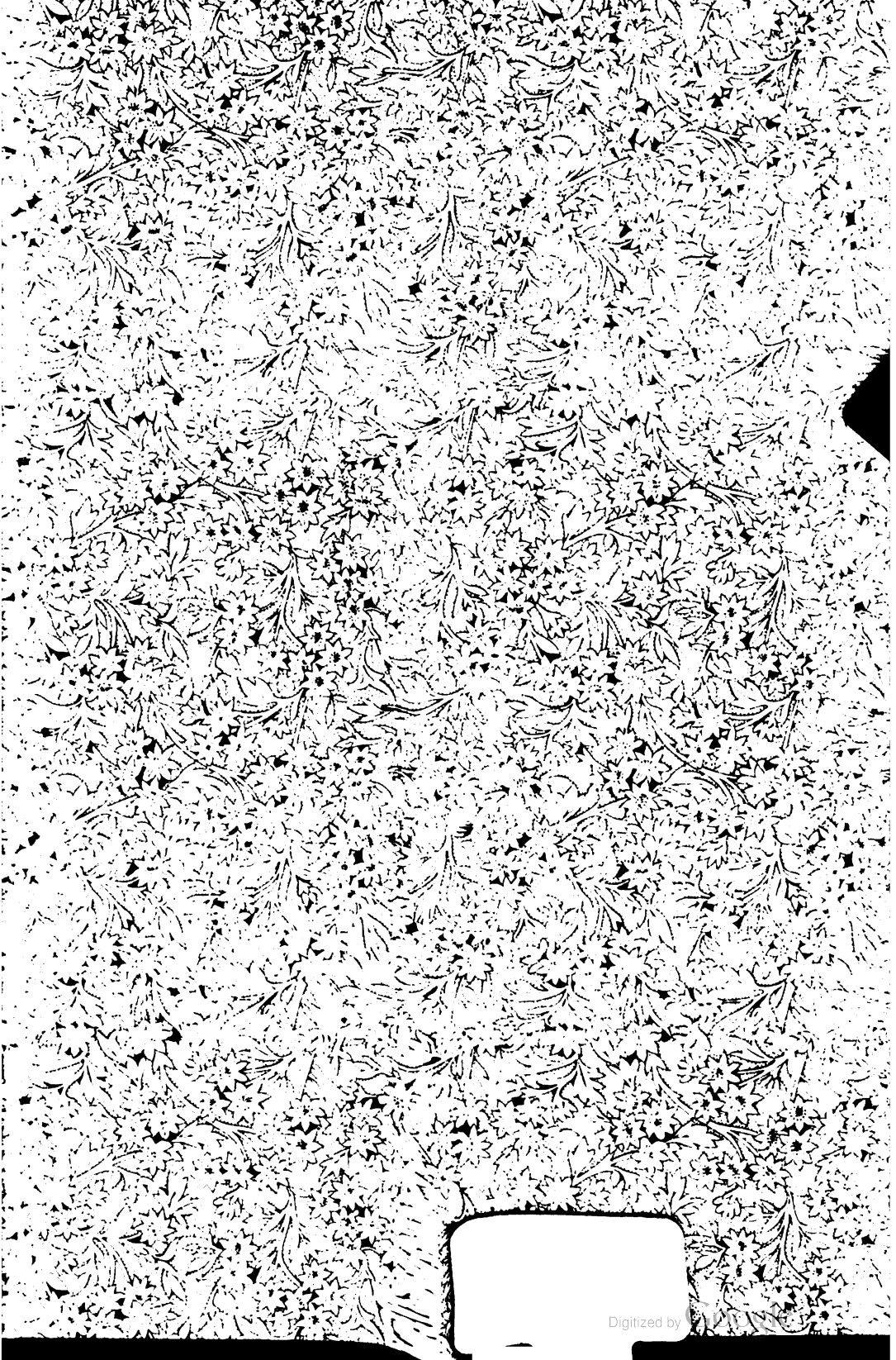
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